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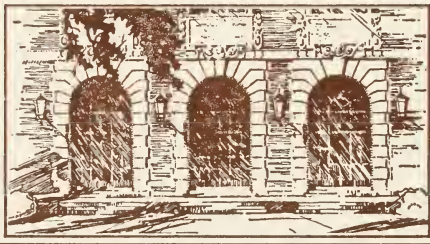
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In

REMINISCENCE

*HIGHLIGHTS OF MEN AND EVENTS
IN THE LIFE OF CHICAGO*

BY

F. E. COYNE

U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, 1897-1901.

Postmaster of Chicago, 1901-1905,

by Appointment of Presidents

William McKinley and

Theodore Roosevelt

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CHICAGO 1941

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Preface

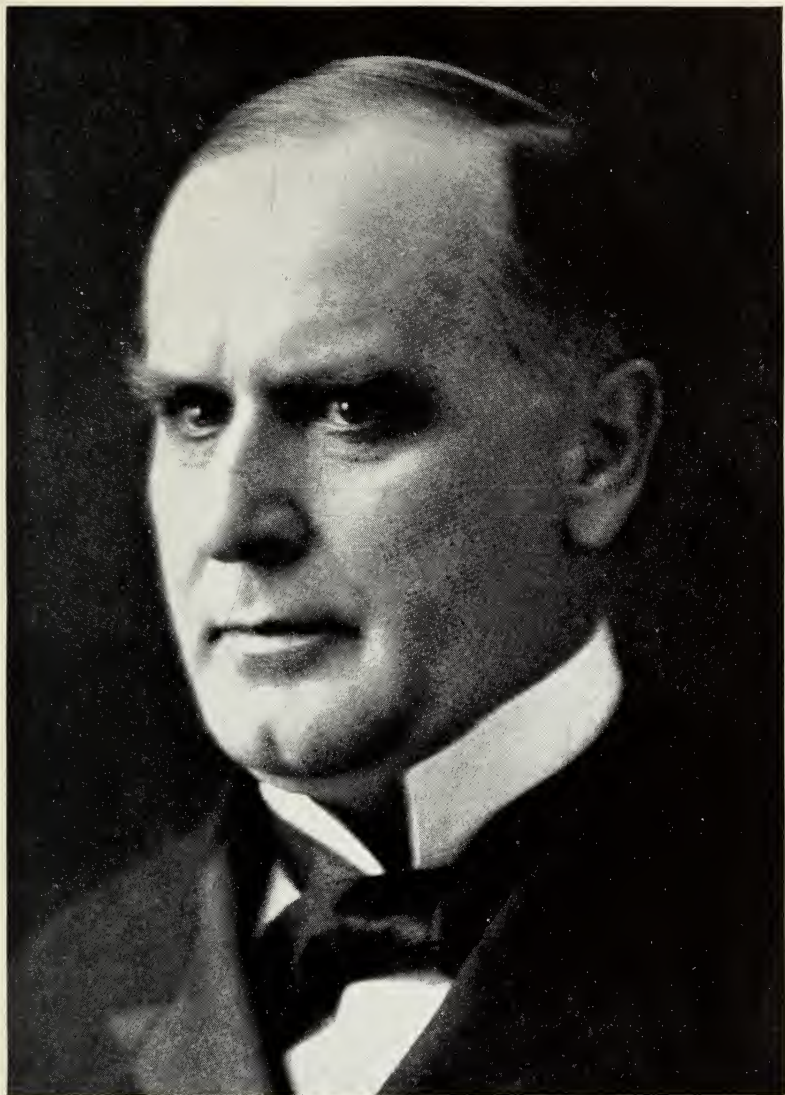
When I started preparing these notes I was at first moved with the thought and intention of collecting and putting them in writing as a sort of a saga of my rather eventful life—for family purpose only.

As I proceeded along that line and had committed to type some six or eight thousand words, my wife and children, after carefully considering what notes I had collected, expressed the wish that I would complete the work and bring it out in book form. I hope that those who compliment my efforts by calling this a book, will be moved by the same spirit of generosity and grant me such indulgences as are generally accorded to poets and oldest inhabitants, bearing in mind that eighty years of age is a little late in life for a man to embark on the ocean of thought in so fragile a vessel as his first literary effort.

So in grateful acknowledgment of the help of my family and favors from friends in Chicago, I dedicate to them all—this compilation of reminiscences—leaving it to them to call it what they will.


*“He showed us in his life how a citizen should live,
and in his last hour taught us how a gentleman could die.”*

U. S. SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE



For F. Z. Coyne of Chicago Ill.
Carleton O. Mar 1 1896.

Frankfort Ky. Mrs.
W. M. Trimley



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Book One

CHAPTER I

My first sight of Chicago was in 1879. I was then returning to my home in East Orange, New Jersey, from a trip out West. I had gone there to settle down and "grow up with the country", as in those days was quite commonly done, in response to the well-known and widespread advice of Horace Greely to the young men of the East.

I came into Chicago on the C. B. & Q. Railroad, and our train was switched to the old Michigan Central Depot at Lake Street, over a trestle that looked like a railroad on stilts. The rails were well out in the water of Lake Michigan, the shore of which was not far from Michigan Avenue.

Having read and heard a great deal about Chicago, I stopped over for a few days, to get a view of the city that only a few years before had been almost entirely wiped out by fire.

The morning after my arrival, I started out for a walk and found myself in South Water Street, absolutely jammed with wagons and trucks, loading up with produce for outlying stores. The commission houses at that time were thickly located on both sides of the street, from La Salle to State Street. I stopped on the Clark Street bridge and took a look at the river traffic. There I saw a large steamship that would compare favorably with such vessels as I had seen in New York, making her way

with the assistance of tugboats up the river, with a load of grain from Lake Superior. Small towboats, noisy and smoky, were rushing up and down the river tipping their smoke stacks as they passed under the bridges. I saw two schooners loaded with lumber with yards hauled aback and "cockbilled" so as to pass through the traffic. That type of vessel was new to me and a casual acquaintance told me that they were "Lumber Luggers" from Northern Michigan.

All of these sights were amazing, and gave me an understanding of the "Chicago Hustle" that I had heard and read so much about in the West.

This was also my first experience in being "bridged". While I waited for the bridge to close, a line of wagons and horse cars on both sides of the river extended back for several blocks; also there were perhaps as many persons on foot as there were in vehicles. This was before the adoption of quick acting power bridges.

How much more amazing it is to contemplate the changes that have taken place since 1879 and compare the Chicago of today with the Chicago that I saw on my first visit. The regeneration of South Water Street, the Wacker Drive, the new Rush Street Bridge, the tall buildings, on sites formerly occupied by dealers in country produce, all of these improvements are the result of the indefatigable efforts of Charles F. Wacker for the beautification of the City of Chicago.

Naturally, my uppermost thought, during the first visit was that of the great fire. I had an old friend in Chicago with whom I contacted and he, owning a horse

and buggy, took me around for a couple of days, showing me first the only house on the North Side that survived the fire in that section of the city.

It was the old Ogden residence, that stood in the middle of the block, North of Washington Square—the site now occupied by the Newberry Library. The story of how it was saved was interesting. The owner, with the assistance of several men with ladders, had covered the side of the house towards the approaching fire with water-soaked carpets and rugs, which with the green trees surrounding the house, and in Washington Square, saved the house from the fate that met all of the houses for miles around. My wife who is aiding me in recalling some of these events was an eye-witness to the valiant efforts to save the Ogden house, for she then was a child of six years living on North Clark Street only a few blocks away.

Her father, after considerable difficulty, had succeeded in obtaining a team and truck, and had started to load their furniture, when it became apparent that the fire was approaching so fast there was scarcely enough time for him to save the family; so throwing a few belongings into the truck, he bundled the family in and covered them with a paulin to protect them from the sparks and embers, carried by the high wind that was driving the fire, at almost race horse speed. They drove out Clark Street to Elston Avenue and joined thousands of other refugees on the prairies. As they were passing the Ogden house they saw the men working—as they thought—on a hopeless task.

About twenty years after, Mrs. Coyne attempted to show me about where their house had been, but the section was so built up that she could not pick the exact location. While we were trying to find the site of her old home, Mrs. Coyne and I compared notes and found that while her father was passing through that terrible experience of saving my future wife, I was selling New York papers in East Orange, yelling my head off: "All about the Chicago Fire! Thieves hanging from lamp posts!" There was warrant for what we yelled, as the papers stated that, "Ghouls had been caught and hanged to the nearest lamp post." We boys were unable to agree as to whether to pronounce it "gools" or "gowls" so we called out that *thieves* were being hanged.

The fire started on October 8th, 1871. After the West Side was practically destroyed the wind changed and the flames spread across the south branch of the river to the South Side. After licking up the South Side the wind changed again and the flames crossed the main branch and cleaned up the North Side of the city.

There had been a long period of dry weather and the houses, being built mostly of wood, burned like tinder. In all, there were seventeen thousand four hundred and fifty buildings consumed, and two hundred and fifty lives lost. The population of the city was, in 1870—306,605. One hundred thousand people were left homeless and the property loss was \$196,000,000.

This was the largest fire in the history of this country until the time of the San Francisco Earthquake fire—1906.

CHAPTER II

During the few days I was in Chicago I managed through the kindness of my horse and buggy friend, to see quite a lot of the city. After viewing the Ogden house we went to the West Side, to where the fire started in Mrs. O'Leary's cow shed.

I had heard and read a great deal about that famous cow and her illustrious owners, and do not wonder that many people scoff at the idea that there ever was such an animal. That is not strange at all, when one considers the many conflicting tales that have been told in print and speech about the origin of the Chicago Fire.

One story is to the effect that Mrs. O'Leary did not have a cow, and could not milk one if she had it! Away with that story—for there never was a woman by that name, owning a cow, who could not extract more of the lacteal fluid from the creature than any man or woman living.

Another story goes on to state that Mrs. O'Leary would not give her old man his supper until he took the lamp out with him to milk the cow. Then he, in a fit of temper, gave the cow a kick because she was holding out on him; then the cow kicked at O'Leary but hit the lamp and that started the fire. Then again, I saw, not many years ago, a picture in a comic paper showing Mrs. O'Leary milking the cow from the *Port* side facing forward. If that picture was correct, the cow probably kicked at Mrs. O'Leary and landed on the lamp. That story is reasonable for anyone who has ever milked

knows that no self-respecting cow would submit without protest to so gross a breach of cow conventionality.

From what my friend told me while the cow story was still young, I am constrained to believe that Mr. O'Leary came home later than usual, and put off milking until after he had his corned beef and cabbage. Then he took the lamp and milk pail intending to go about it in the usual way; he placed the bucket under the source of supply and was getting along all right until the cow switched her tail around his face, nearly blinding him, causing him to boot the lamp over; thus setting fire to the hay before he could stop it.

In conclusion, I am convinced that the O'Leary's did own a cow; that the lamp did set fire to the hay; and that their house and all others for miles around were consumed in the great conflagration; but, I never did hear what became of the cow.

The next place we visited was "Packing Town" and the Union Stock Yards. The large packing houses, the cattle, sheep and hog pens, even at that time, covered hundreds of acres. It was a world in itself as I saw it, and a busy world at that. We spent several hours there and then did not see all that was to be seen, although we visited one of the hog killing houses and a beef butchering establishment.

As we were leaving we saw something not uncommon in those days—an escaped long-horned Texas steer, on a dead run with several mounted cowboys (the real thing) in pursuit. They did not catch up with the beast until he had thrust his head through a saloon window and a policeman had emptied his gun into him.

The second day we went by train to see the town of Pullman and the immense shops of the Pullman Palace Car Company. That was well worth the trip. We first walked through the town, which was laid out in orderly fashion and kept as clean as any "Spotless Town" ever built. The houses were built to suit the needs and means of the employees and as I was told, let to them at reasonable rates of rental. One could almost estimate the salary of each employee by the size and location of the house in which he lived.

Then there were the shops, and, greatest of all, the Giant Corliss Engine. If I was correctly informed it was the largest stationary steam engine ever constructed. It had been installed as an exhibit in the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876 and was used to furnish power for the whole show. At the close of the Fair it was purchased by Mr. Pullman and moved to his plant.

What I saw during my first visit to Chicago, so impressed me that I came to the conclusion that the best place to go was where the growing was good. That fitted Chicago to a nicety. So, four years later, in the Spring of 1883 I returned to make it my permanent home.

I was like thousands of others who, impressed by the "Spirit of Chicago", were constantly coming in to join in the making of the great "City by the Inland Sea". In the decade between 1880 to 1890 the population of the city had practically doubled.

CHAPTER III

Chicago at this time was nearing the end of one of its most important improvements, lifting itself out of the mud by raising the grade of street and sidewalk levels, which took several years to accomplish, as it involved the raising of many buildings. At this time, the work in many of the outlying wards had not yet been completed, so that one walking along the street in one block would be obliged to ascend four or five steps to the elevated board sidewalk and then descend to the level of the next block. The streets and car tracks had mostly been raised.

A resume of Chicago as I saw it on my return in 1883, brings to mind memories of the principle points of interest, and public places that naturally would interest a newcomer. First of these were the hotels and theatres, in the central part of the city.

Among the hotels the old Palmer House, at the corner of Monroe and State was the most outstanding of the hotels at that time. It was in all probability the best known hotel in the country west of New York. There was one attraction there that advertised the Palmer House as the hotel with the floor of "Silver Dollars".

There were more stories told about these "Silver Dollars" in circulation, than there were dollars!

When I first saw them they were in the floor of Bill Eden's barber shop, around the corner on Monroe Street. That was the Palmer House barber shop, and was a part

of that hostelry, except that it was owned and operated by Col. Will Eden.

Those silver dollars certainly did circulate. They were passed around like the stories about Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Not so long after I saw them, I read an article in an eastern paper referring to the "Silver Dollars in the *restaurant* floor of a Chicago hotel".

One time while I was in Newark, New Jersey, I nearly got into a hot argument with a man who insisted they were in the floor of the *main lobby*. In another story I read, reference was made to the silver dollars in the "bar-room floor of the Palmer House". Then, lo, and behold; "Jafsie" of Lindberg notability, saw them in the floor of the *lobby*. How they got back in the lobby is a puzzle to me. Those silver dollars surely had a wonderful circulation.

Now the astounding truth is that there were *no silver dollars* at all, in the premises!

The real truth came out when the Palmer House was demolished, to make way for the palatial hotel now on the old site. It was then discovered that the silver dollars in the floor of the barber shop were only *halves* of dollars, that had been sawed into two parts. At least that was what the Chicago papers said, when the old building was torn down. All of the above goes to show how one dollar can be made to serve the purpose of two.

Next in importance among the hotels was the old Grand Pacific, which for so many years was located at Clark and Jackson Streets. John B. Drake the popular proprietor and founder, was for years as much of a landmark as his famous hotel. For a long time, the

annual game dinner of the Grand Pacific was the talk of the town, and made good reading matter for the papers, throughout the country. Lucky indeed were those who were favored by an invitation to one of those annual feasts.

All kinds of game animals, and wild birds, were served at that dinner. Mr. Drake combed the markets and made special contacts with hunters in order to procure the largest variety of wild meat possible for the occasion.

I believe next in order of that time, was the "Leland" at Jackson and Michigan—afterwards named the Stratford. At the time of which I write the Lelands were the most celebrated hotel men in America. Their's was the first of any importance of the chain hotel systems.

The old Tremont House at Lake and Dearborn was another popular hotel at that time. In recent years the Tremont House has become the property of the Chicago University and converted into a College of Dentistry.

Then there was the Maxwell House, the Matteson House and several other hotels of more or less prominence, including the Revere House, opposite the old Chicago and North Western Depot, on North Wells Street, the Sherman House at Clark and Randolph and the Gault House at Clinton and Madison.

Of course, there were other hotels, and lodging houses to fit the means of the needy, such as "Tom's Lodging House" and the "Newsboys' Home", the latter standing by itself in the middle of the square where Marshall Field and Company's wholesale establishment

was later built. Marshall Field and Co. has since moved to the Merchandise Mart.

The classiest of all hotels in Chicago, was the Richelieu, on Michigan Avenue, built and presided over by "Cardinal Bemis". There is no doubt but the Richelieu, in appointments and cuisine, was unsurpassed in Chicago in its time.

The theatres of down town Chicago in 1883 were "McVicker's" on Madison, near State Street, the Grand Opera House on Clark between Randolph and Washington, Haverly's Theatre, afterwards the Columbia, on Monroe Street, Hooleys Theatre on Randolph between Clark and La Salle, the Olympic on Clark Street, between Randolph and Lake, and the Academy of Music on Halstead Street, a little out of the center of down town but quite popular in its day.

The owner of McVicker's theatre was one of the prominent men of the City, and no list of the civic leaders would be complete without the name of Colonel McVicker. There were other smaller stock theatres in more remote locations. Sam T. Jacks, on Madison Street opposite McVicker's, came later.

Among other amusement places worthy of mention was: "North Side Turner Hall" on North Clark Street near Chicago Avenue, where every Sunday afternoon there were high class band concerts, always well attended mostly by German families, enjoying the music while seated at tables drinking their beer and other refreshments. The place was well conducted in an orderly manner. The music was furnished by Johnny Hand's Orchestra.

If a disorderly character not belonging there, was disturbing or noisy he was gently conducted out of the hall by a couple of members of the Turnverien and if he objected to their gentle methods he was turned over to the police who took him for a ride to the Chicago Avenue Police Station nearby.

It was while living in San Antonio that I became acquainted with a neighbor whose father had been a member of the old Germania Maennechor which was organized in a few hours to sing at the bier of President Lincoln while it lay in state in the court house in Chicago, on its way to Springfield.

It was while looking for more information on the subject that I recently got in touch with Major A. F. W. Sieble under whom my son Mason served as a private in the World War.

Major Sieble, who is now president of the Germania Club, informed me that it was from the inspiration of the songs of the chorus conducted by Mr. Otto Lob, that sprang the organization of the German Maennechor, now the Germania Club of Chicago.

The first Exposition building on Michigan Avenue was another place for occasional entertainment, such as the annual Flower Show, and for exposition purposes, also conventions.

The old "Art Gallery" was nearby at Jackson Street, about where the Art Institute now stands.

Then, not the least important to me in those days was Kohl and Middleton's Dime Museum on Clark Street near Madison. Also there was the panorama, Battle of Gettysburg, and Libby Prison, both on Wabash Avenue.

CHAPTER IV

Mostly noted as the place for high class musical attractions was Central Music Hall, located on State Street near Washington.

Central Music Hall was the home, if not the birth place, of the Thomas Concerts, conducted by the famous Doctor Theodore Thomas, promoter of the finest musical productions of his day and time.

It was in Central Music Hall that Professor David Swing held services, under the auspices of The Peoples Church, every Sunday morning, always well attended.

Professor Swing was succeeded by Doctor Dwight Hillis who in turn was succeeded by Doctor Frank Gonzales, the prince of pulpit oratory, whose sermons or lectures as you choose to call them—I enjoyed for many years following in the Chicago Auditorium Theatre.

I became personally acquainted with Doctor Gonzales and enjoyed the honor of his presence at a stag birthday party, at our home on Warren Avenue. That was some ten years after the time of which I am writing.

One of the special attractions Mrs. Coyne and I attended in Central Music Hall, was, as near as I can remember, in the Fall of 1893 or 1894. I doubt if anyone who attended the concert ever forgot the tragic ending of that night's performance.

It was a special musical concert, given by Professor Roney featuring Blatchford Kavanaugh, no doubt the greatest boy soprano ever known up to that time.

His voice seemed almost miraculous, even to Professor Roney, who had discovered him in his boys choir and had trained him and managed his career.

At the time of which I write, the boy had been singing in public for several years, so there was much speculation over the question as to how long his soprano voice would last, before his man's voice would break in.

The catastrophe came the night we were there! The house was filled to capacity. Many of those present had heard him on other occasions, as he was a great favorite in Chicago.

The boy rendered his first number in his usual good form and was loudly applauded with calls for encore; to which he responded, and was called again. When he came out in response to his second encore, there was no thought I believe in his own mind of what was going to happen.

After the applause greeting his appearance had subsided, he started to sing Robin Adair, I believe that was his song, but I may be mistaken. At all events the first high note seemed to stop him. He looked around at his accompanist as if surprised and bewildered; then tried again, but his voice cracked, and he was through. The curtain came down. Then after a short delay Professor Roney appeared on the stage and announced the sad fact that Blatchford's career as a boy soprano was ended, but he hoped that when his man's voice could be developed he would sing again.

There was a dead silence in the audience for a moment, and then women commenced to cry and men shed manly tears. Quite a number of people, presumably

friends of Professor Roney and the boy, started towards the stage but Blatchford could not be seen.

I am not sure whether anyone remained, but I know that we left immediately, feeling as badly I believe as any of the boy's best friends.

I do not now remember whether he developed a good male voice or not, but have been informed he did not.

CHAPTER V

Lincoln Park as now, was one of the show places, although nothing compared to the Lincoln Park of today.

Garfield Park on the West Side, formerly Central Park, was an attraction, but Jackson Park on the South Side was the largest of all with more natural features than the others. They were all used more for picnic and play grounds than for sight seeing.

The Government pier, and the Water Works Cribs far out in the Lake attracted visitors and could be reached in small excursion boats, when weather would permit.

On the Government Pier, Black Jack Yattow's bumboat did a good business, selling fried fish and cold beer. The fish were lake perch, fresh caught, of which there was an abundance in those days. Every day when the wind and weather was favorable there could be seen hundreds of men and boys with fishing poles out on the piers fishing. And they caught plenty of fish, as could be seen by the long strings of perch they brought in. At times there would be people waiting to buy from them.

The Water Tower and pumping works at North Dearborn and Chicago Avenue, was another place that attracted visitors. The large pumps, drawing water from the intake crib four miles out in the lake was then the chief source of water supply for the City of Chicago.

This recalls to my memory an exciting event in the history of Chicago.

In the early Spring when the ice was breaking up, there was always danger of "Anchor" ice clogging up the intake tunnel, through which the water was pumped to the city mains. There was an iron grating at the opening to keep out debris and chunks of floating ice which sometimes stopped the flow, so men with long poles had to be constantly on hand to keep the opening clear.

On one occasion the men were unable to keep back the ice and the grating was closed and frozen, so that the pumps were powerless and the water supply cut off.

There was great excitement and much fear, over the situation as the man in charge of the crib admitted his inability to clear the stoppage which was getting worse as time went on.

John E. Scully was then a young man, but was a diver and owned a diving suit which he brought out and volunteered his services if the authorities would get him out to the crib in a tug boat—no easy task in itself, as the Lake was full of broken ice all piled up, between the shore and the crib.

They managed to get Scully out there, where he donned his diving suit, armed himself with a sharp crow-bar and got busy about nineteen feet under water. As he cut away the ice from the grating, he did not realize that the pumps on shore were working. So, as the opening became clear Scully was sucked up flat against the grating and held there helpless. However, the keeper of the crib got word to the pumping station to shut off the power, and Scully was drawn up more dead than alive. But he had relieved Chicago from a grave situation.

CHAPTER VI

Most interesting I believe to sightseers, was the old tree that marked the place where the fugitives from Fort Dearborn were overtaken by the Indians and cruelly murdered, or taken prisoner.

Fort Dearborn, situated near the mouth of the river, about where Rush Street bridge is now located, was filled with early settlers who had taken refuge there from the Indians, at the time of what is known in history as the Tecumseh War—1812.

After a state of siege, when supplies were about exhausted, the refugees agreed to evacuate the Fort on the promise that they would be guaranteed safe conduct on the way back to Detroit, the nearest safe harbor at the time.

The terms were agreed upon, the Fort Commander and a mere handful of soldiers, escorting the refugees filed out of the Fort and started on the long trail to Detroit. They had not gone more than two or three miles along the shore of the lake, when a horde of Indians who had been hiding behind sand hills—attacked them where they were huddled under the large tree, with the result that all met the fate as above stated.

The tree stood on the side of the street adjoining the palatial residence of George M. Pullman. It was hard to realize when reading the tablet, that (as years go by) it was so short a time since Chicago was in the hands of savages.

CHAPTER VII

Kinsley's Restaurant was the most popular eating house in its day. It was a catering establishment in every sense of the word. Mr. Kinsley in appearance and manner was the very personification of ideal host. He not only catered to the patrons of his restaurant and stand-up lunch counter, but also had a large business outside, supplying suppers at weddings and other social gatherings. He had the paraphernalia and equipment to take full charge of the catering for a wedding breakfast or banquet, within any reasonable distance of Chicago.

The first Kinsley's was on Washington Street, which some years later moved to Adams Street, facing the Federal Building.

I am here reminded of a luncheon in which I participated, in the Adams Street establishment.

The luncheon was given by Major Busch of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company of St. Louis, to a son who was to be married that evening. Most of the guests were relatives and friends, largely representative of the brewers of Chicago and Milwaukee. I remember one of the Anheusers had come all the way over from London, to attend the wedding. I was returning from a funeral and, as it was a little after lunch time, I dropped into Kinsley's for a snack at the lunch counter. There I ran into Fritz Sontag, who was the Chicago Branch Superintendent of the famous St. Louis brewery. When

he saw me he insisted that I must come and join the party upstairs. He said, "You know they will enjoy meeting the Collector of Internal Revenue, and I am sure you will enjoy the luncheon." Well I knew that meant an hour or two, so I phoned my office to that effect and accepted the invitation. There were about fifty guests at table, and Mr. Bauman, the surviving partner of Mr. Kinsley—then deceased—was one of the guests at the table.

Did I say it was a luncheon? I will say now, it was a banquet! Some of the wines served were in really cob-web covered bottles from the Kinsley cellar, where they had been stored for years; to be served only on such important occasions. The cooks had been taxed to their utmost skill in preparation of the food.

After the coffee and cognac Major Busch who presided as toastmaster called on several guests for short talks, and then called on me, as Collector of Internal Revenue. I arose and apologized "for crashing in" but told them that Sontag insisted and I was glad that he had. Most of what I said was of little importance except a few lines that they never forgot, as I was afterwards told.

I told them that we, in the revenue service, could easily see where the shipping breweries were creating a situation that would put them all out of business before many years, if they continued in the practice of establishing saloons where they were not needed, in order to increase their output.

As an example, I told them of a case in point. Out in the small city of St. Charles on the Fox River, I had

for several years spent the summer months with my family, I commuting every day except Sundays. There had been for years one saloon in the town, kept by a very decent old German, whose father for years had kept the same place. At no time were minors or women allowed in the place, nor was ever beer or any drinks served to a man who had enough. At night the room in the back was the recognized meeting place for the mayor, the banker and leading business men of the town. In the daytime most of the trade came from the farmers who brought their milk to the creamery across the way, grain to the gristmill adjoining.

The beer served was from the Elgin Brewery, a few miles up the river, and it was good beer.

Well, as I told my hearers, some of the shipping breweries wanted that trade, but they could not get it. So one brewery agent from Chicago came out there and succeeded in picking out a sort of a ne'er-do-well fellow to start in the saloon business.

Between the two they managed to get the city officials to authorize another saloon, and a license was granted to the fellow to open up, in competition with the old German. The brewery of course paid for the license and all other expenses, just to get that beer trade.

What was the result? The new fellow would sell drinks to everybody who had money to pay for what they drank. Very soon the new place was violating the laws in various ways, and it was not long before the citizens took up the question and voted both saloons out of business. Now as I stated at the time, the revenue office had seen so much of that sort of business we could see that

the competing shipping breweries were doing more for Prohibition than any other force! After the luncheon, many of those present said I was right. And time showed that I was right. It was proven sixteen years after.

Race Brothers' Restaurant on Madison Street was situated about where the main entrance of the Morrison Hotel is now located.

When they first opened it was an exclusive shell fish and sea food restaurant. They did a thriving business, during the day, and after the theatre at night.

They would close the place for three months in the summer for housecleaning and redecorating and open up on the first day of September with the oyster season.

After a few years, Willoughby Hill and Company who at the time had a large retail clothing establishment at the corner of Clark and Madison Street, opened the "Boston Oyster House" in the basement under the store.

The "Boston" took a lot of the oyster business away from Race Brothers, but they staggered along for a time, until Charles E. Rector in 1885 opened up the basement at the corner of Clark and Monroe Streets. That meant curtains for Race Brothers. When Charles E. Rector opened his first restaurant it was "Curtains", as to quality for every restaurant in Chicago.

Passersby simply could not look down through the opening from the sidewalk, and see Bob Stites in cap, coat and apron, operating that shell counter, without going down the steps to see what it was all about. After that it was all over. It not only made a customer for Rector's but it made an agent out of the customer.

Not alone were the good things to eat an attraction, but the spotless white linen was simply immaculate, in quality and cleanliness. That was one of the chief attractions. There was a reason for that. Mrs. Rector, a most estimable woman, took full charge of the linen and kept strict supervision on the laundry work.

I believe she came to the restaurant nearly every day. Many times as I brought in the bakery goods of a morning I would see Mrs. Rector looking over the laundry work. Table cloths, napkins, cooks' jackets, caps and aprons must be spotless, and ironed to perfection.

Never was there a restaurant or hotel in Chicago, where such matters received so much care and attention. And it was talked about everywhere.

Who having dined or lunched at Rector's could forget the genial smiling proprietor?

Or, who could forget the personality of "Billy Francis", for a long time, floor manager? Greeting all with good-will, but at all times with eyes like an eagle, keeping watch on both waiters and guests, for any breach of good service on the part of the former, or objectionable character of a guest. At the time of which I write, George Rector—now I believe, the foremost authority on what might be called classical cookery— was a mere boy. A few years later his father sent him to France for a course in the Ecole de Culinaire D'Art, to become a real chef!

I remember an incident of about fifteen years later while I was Postmaster of Chicago. I was visiting in New York with Mrs. Coyne and my sister Anne, when I had an invitation to inspect the *Coronia*, at that time the

latest and largest of the Cunard Line ships. We went from there to Rector's for lunch.

The father was not there but George was. He had only recently returned from Paris, a full fledged French chef. It was the first time I had seen him since he was a boy. He sat down with us for a few minutes and then asked to be excused saying that he had been showing the pastry cook a new dessert confection, which he would like to have us sample. Of course, we assented. After a few minutes he returned with the most delightful delicacy we had ever seen or tasted.

It was a french pastry with a red raspberry filling covered with a light frosting, and was the most classy sample of a dessert imaginable.

I mention this only to show that the boy had inherited all of the geniality of his father, and was proud of his profession. That was only in the beginning of the George Rector of today. Long may he live!

Getting back to Chicago, there were other restaurants worthy of mention, for one reason or another, among which was Burcky and Milans on Clark Street between Madison and Monroe. That was the most popular of all in its day. To mention it on the same page with Rector's is like going from the sublime to the ridiculous. But it did catch the crowds, especially those who were looking for the most food for the least money.

Quantity more than quality was the distinguishing feature, with correspondingly low prices.

And while I am on that line of thought I must not forget "Pittsburg Joe", who had a sort of a cabin on South Clark Street where a man could get a lot for his

money by ordering "two out—draw one, and a stack of whites", meaning two doughnuts, a cup of coffee and two flapjacks, all for fifteen cents.

For chops and steaks nobody could beat Billy Boyle's Chop House in Calhoun Place, (better known as Gamblers' Alley), right around the corner from Clark Street. Boyle told me one time when I was collecting my bread bill that when he opened the door of that place ready for business many years before, he threw the key up on the top of the building across the alley, and had never closed. His trade was as heavy during the night as it was in daytime.

No place before or since ever served such chops and steaks as Billy Boyle did in those days.

He had a glass enclosed ice box just inside the door with a lot of chops and steaks on display, where the customer could make his choice of the cut that pleased his eye. That one would be taken back to the kitchen to be placed on a gridiron, over a charcoal fire, and cooked to a turn fit for a king. His steaks and English mutton chops were about two inches thick. He also had the choicest brands of English Ale and Dublin Stout. A large part of his night trade came from the newspaper men who would go over to Boyle's after they had "put the paper to bed".

CHAPTER VIII

As I write about Gamblers' Alley, there comes back to me an incident connected with the Cleveland-Blaine election in 1884.

William (Bill) Riley ran a pool room and bucket shop in a large store on the alley about opposite to Boyle's Chop House. Riley was known to be the chief stake holder in Chicago. Those who knew him believed their money was just as safe in his hands, as it would be in the best bank in Chicago. Many bets had been made on the results of the election. It was reported at the time that before the final announcement of Cleveland's election was received, Riley had a million dollars in bets in his hands as stake holder.

The result of the election was in doubt for a week or more, because of delays in back country returns in New York State. Consequently as conflicting reports came over the wire, there was much "hedging" of bets, which increased the amounts in Riley's hands.

Finally the official returns showed that New York State had gone to Cleveland, by little more than one thousand votes, giving him the electoral vote; that settled the case as far as the betters were concerned, but not with Bill Riley!

The morning the papers announced the final result, there was a rush by the winners to Riley's office, but there was no Riley! Nor could he be located by his office employees!

As the excitement increased, extra papers were run off and the newsboys yelled out the harrowing reports that Riley had disappeared. Gamblers' Alley became crowded with anxious winners and curiosity seekers.

Many believed that Riley had decamped with the stakes.

It was shortly after noon when Riley came walking into the Alley, smiling at the crowd as he made his way to his office and made the announcement he was ready to pay off! It seems that he left his home at the usual time, but went into hiding where he could get in touch with New York City, and be assured that the Republican Managers conceded Cleveland's election; and there would be no contest.

CHAPTER IX

Eighteen hundred and eighty-six was a fateful year in the History of Chicago. It seemed for a while, that the "twin devils of Anarchy", Communism and Socialism, were gaining in their efforts to obtain control of Union Labor.

There were two elements in this movement; one in favor of progress through means of peaceful propaganda, the other through force, backed by fire arms and dynamite bombs. The latter were known as anarchists and made the most noise. They were backed up by their official organ, "The Arbeiter Zeitung".

The first serious outbreak was by the mob at the opening of the New Board of Trade Building at La Salle and Jackson Streets.

Not much attention had been paid to the Lake Front meetings, or the curbstone soap box orators, up to this time, although the Packing House strikes and riots had revealed a serious state of affairs.

When the time came for the opening exercises of the Chamber of Commerce, crowds began to gather after dark at different points, then as if by a prearranged plan, they marched to La Salle and Jackson Streets, bearing red flags and singing LaMarseillaise.

There was a strong police guard surrounding the building, and a reserve force nearby at the Harrison Street Police Station.

The mob was yelling out threats to kill the police. Others wanted to enter the building, which was filled with

invited guests. Carriages were standing in the streets, and windows were smashed. Finally the police called on the reserves and the mob was dispersed. There were no shots fired.

Then came the big strike and riots of the McCormick Reaper Works, and the Packing House strike, at the Stock Yards.

The mobs at the McCormick shops did great damage to property, and there were threats of burning the whole city.

On the night of May 4th there was a large gathering at Hay Market Square—Randolph and Desplaines Streets—in response to a call widely distributed to come, and it was said that they were advised to come armed!

The call for the meeting was signed by men who had been active in other outbreaks. The speakers announced were men who had been outspoken in their advocacy of violent means to overthrow all city, state and national government!

The police were on the alert, and ready to intercede if the meeting became disorderly. A large detail of police was on duty at the Desplaines Street Station, awaiting orders from the Chief. Plain clothes detectives mingled with the crowd—reporting to the station (only two blocks from there), at intervals, as the meeting went on.

One after another of the speakers became more and more violent, until the crowd seemed to be getting beyond control, then the police were ordered out.

I believe Captain Ward was in command as they marched to the edge of the crowd, where it was estimated

five to ten thousand people were assembled. Then the captain, in the name of the law, ordered that the meeting be closed, and that the people go to their homes!

The man addressing the meeting at the time, replied, "We are peacefully assembled."

Right then, a hissing, flaming bomb came flying from an outside iron stairway in an alley diagonally across the street from where the policemen were drawn up. It landed in their midst, exploding as it struck!

There were seven policemen killed instantly, and many others were writhing on the ground badly injured, several died afterwards from their wounds.

Then pandemonium broke loose! Policemen who were not disabled immediately opened fire in the direction whence came the bomb. I doubt if it was ever known how many of the rioters were killed or injured. Bullets were flying in all directions, and from all sides, for a while before the mob was disbursed.

Chicago was boiling over with excitement the following day. The police raided every resort where socialists or anarchists had been in the habit of meeting, and the homes of the leaders as well. All sorts of incendiary circulars, guns, revolvers, ammunition, and instruction for making bombs of every sort were dug up. A large number of leaders were arrested. Eight of these were indicted for conspiracy to kill!

After the usual law's delays, the indicted Hay Market Anarchists were brought to trial before Judge Gary, the oldest, at least one of the oldest, presiding judges in Cook County.

All Chicago was excited over the trial. I might say with equal truth, that the whole country was interested and stirred. Threats were made from all parts by sympathizers, hinting of dire things that would happen if the accused were convicted. Indeed the prisoners themselves thought their friends on the outside would never permit them to be hung. After conviction, and the men were sentenced, the authorities took all sorts of precautions to prevent any outbreak of violence.

All during the trial, crowds were milling around the court house on all sides, but were kept moving by the police. Five were sentenced to be hung, two to imprisonment for life and one to fifteen years.

During this time I was running the restaurant on North State Street, one block around the corner from the court house and jail. We lived in the flat above the store. Many of the jail and court house officials and employees would come to our place for lunch, so I had a pretty good knowledge of what was going on.

When the day arrived for the execution, the situation was really alarming.

Mrs. Coyne was confined to her apartment, because of the expected arrival of our first child. Her mother and sister were as careful as I was not to let her know that we were uneasy about what was going on around the jail. The streets, for one block each way, were roped off and guarded by policemen on every side. On the tops of buildings surrounding the jail, were National Guard soldiers with rifles. The bridges over the river were opened at a given hour and remained so until all the excitement was over.

The sidewalks were crowded thick with people of all kinds but always moving, kept so by the police.

I locked the door of the restaurant and the hallway going upstairs. It would have taken very little violent action to have started a panic that would have precipitated a riot of those thousands of sympathizers of the men who were being executed.

At one time, as I remember, it was just as the men were on the walk to the gallows, Lucy Parsons, a colored woman, wife of one of the condemned men, and one of the leaders, suddenly darted out of the crowd and threw her child across the ropes, screaming out, "Let the child in to see its father murdered!" In an instant she was taken in charge and hustled off to a patrol wagon, many of which were standing around. That was the only startling disturbance that occurred.

I was told afterwards by deputy sheriffs that the condemned men were firm in the belief up to the last minute that there would be an assault on the jail, to effect their rescue. One of the condemned men had blown off a part of his face by biting a bomb that had been smuggled in to him, concealed in a loaf of bread. By that means he had cheated the gallows by killing himself.

A great sigh of relief went up from thousands of Chicagoans when the whole thing was over—and that put an end to anarchistic demonstrations in Chicago. I might add that "pink parlor socialism" got an awful set back that lasted for some time, at least, in Chicago.

Those who received prison sentences were afterwards pardoned by Governor Altgeld, on the ground, as he stated, "They were convicted by a packed jury".

CHAPTER X

No truthful compilation of early or late reminiscences of Chicago would be complete without reference to the First Ward and its two colorful picturesque aldermen.

John Coughlin and Michael Kenna have held their positions since "Hector was a pup"—and will continue to hold them until all of Hector's progeny, direct and sundry, will have passed beyond the memory of mankind—unless "Father Time" with his hour glass and scythe, decrees otherwise.

Bathouse John and Hinkey Dink, as they are more generally known, have had more printer's ink spilled in "writing them up" than all the Prima Donnas that ever came to Chicago.

It is not my purpose to add to the praises that have been lavished upon them, but I must say that after twenty-five years of business experience in the First Ward, I believe their constituents did well by retaining them.

They have a place in the history of Chicago, because for many years they have held a political power in the City Council, of either veto or favoring influence that connected them more or less with every public movement that came before the Board of Aldermen. Also, there were few candidates for Mayor during that time who did not have to reckon with the "Bathouse and Hinkey Dink".

They also cut a big figure in the election of Congressmen from the First Congressional District. Politically, the First Ward was the "Barnum Circus" of Chicago. It was a cosmopolitan show, people from everywhere, all kinds, from roughneck canvas men to star spangled performers. In many respects, Bathhouse John was the ring master.

The First Ward was like that! It had its song birds in the Grand Opera, and a lot of other birds in the old Buckingham Palace, the popular night club on South Dearborn or was it Custom House Place? It had some of the finest hotels in the country, and Tom's lodging house; to say nothing of more humble flops. In the harbor were anchored rich men's yachts, within a biscuit throw of Black Jack Yattow's Bumboat. Coffee John's lunch car was in the next block to the Grand Pacific Hotel with its most popular bar, except one; that one was Hinkey Dink's beer parlor; twenty times more popular than the Grand Pacific, serving the "biggest and coolest" for five cents.

State Street in the old days, had much variation of attractions. From Randolph to Van Buren was the silk stocking business section, below Van Buren it was different, especially back in the old days when it was known as the "Levee". Between State Street and Clark was South Dearborn Street, which for a long time seemed to be at a stand still; except at night. After dark, it was in competition with Custom House Place. The one connecting link on the amusement route was "Hieniegabooblers" on Quincy Street, which was one of the chief attractions of Chicago drummers, showing their country customers

the sights of the city, and it *was* one of the sights; all kinds of tricks and freak equipment, dribble glasses on the bar, a collapsable stairway on the way to the "Museum Upstairs", where there was no museum, except what the unsophisticated saw when the stairs collapsed.

Wabash Aveune, between State and Michigan Avenue ("Boul. Mich.") sort of stood by itself, for a long time, as if undecided whether to vie with the "snooty" Michigan Boulevard or trot along with the more plebeian State Street.

Finally, when the elevated loop was established with a line on Wabash, it sort of gave up the ghost; not realizing that the prediction of some prominent real estate authority, that the loop around Lake, Wabash, Van Buren and Fifth Avenue, would create a "Golden Circle" enclosing that section, which in time would enhance the value of all real estate within the district. A prediction, that in time, did come true.

Hinke Dink's Bar room, with the picture of the "big schooner" on a sign in front, is the foundation for the story that the two-masted schooner at the top of the tower on the Board of Trade Building, was put there to advertise Dink's place because it pointed in that direction, which story might have been believed by some of his customers.

There was one outstanding attraction that brought sightseers to Dink's place, and that was the "performing bar flies", a source of amusement that was then enjoyed by many people outside of his regular clientele. There were always poor fellows hanging around the place, who at times, did not have the price of a glass of beer, and

consequently were not so warmly welcome to the free lunch counter at the end of the bar.

With characteristic ability to overcome difficulties, these poor fellows would stand around apparently unconcerned as to what was going on, until a customer drinking beer would rest his glass on the bar, then while one fellow would do something to attract the attention of the customer, another, with the agility of a gad fly, would reach out, grab the customer's glass, and would be on the way to the free lunch when the customer turned to find his beer gone. That was another popular amusement for city salesmen to show their out of town friends.

Since writing the above I read an Associated Press Dispatch in the San Antonio Express announcing that "Bathhouse John" had conferred upon him the "additional title" of "Sir John Coughlin, Knight of the Bath." This was at a special "Court of St. James" held by fellow members of the City Council.

That is as it should be, but I notice that "Mayor Edward J. Kelly" and former "Mayor William H. Thompson" were among the guests present. It seems rather incongruous to see my old friend, former Mayor Thompson, messing around a Court of Royalty, after his reputed threat to give the former King George of England "a sock in the nose".

Book Two

CHAPTER I

In foregoing chapters describing early Chicago, with the exception of a few interjections for comparisons, I have dwelt lightly on personal contact with the forward growth of the "Garden City"—as it was generally called in its younger days.

In 1883 unemployment was almost an unknown word. Anyone really looking for work, could find it, without much difficulty.

The "Help Wanted" advertising columns in the newspapers were filled, while the "Situations Wanted" were very small in comparison.

After a few days sight-seeing I started out by following up an ad for a young man to work in a meat market and grocery, on West Madison Street. I had noticed that Madison Street was the principal retail center of the West Side.

When I called at the place designated I found that the job had been filled. However, the store owner was very affable and told me how he had secured a job only a few years before.

He then advised me to go right out Madison Street, inquire at each store, and he would make a bet that I would find a job before I reached Ashland Avenue, which was less than a mile from where we stood.

So I followed his advice, going from grocery to mar-

ket, and market to store, with the result that I had a job before I had gone more than half a mile.

I walked into "Fulton Market", a prosperous looking meat and vegetable market on the corner of Throop and Madison Street, asked the proprietor, John Wilson, if he needed any help, telling of former experience, at the same time showing him a letter of recommendation from the man for whom I had worked for the last two years in East Orange, New Jersey.

He sized me up then and asked me my age, which I answered telling him I would be twenty-three in September.

He then told me that he thought I was more of a man than he was looking for: He said that what he really needed was a boy about fifteen or sixteen to board with him, take care of two horses and drive a delivery wagon. He doubted if I would want the job. I told him I was looking for work; and was in a position to board with him and let him try me out for a week, before we agreed on what he should pay me in addition to room and board. He then told me what my duties would be.

First, I would have to get up about 3:30 in the morning, feed and curry two horses; then make a pot of coffee and call him at four o'clock; have one rig ready for him to drive down town to South Water Street to buy his produce for the day's business; get my own breakfast, and be at the store with the other rig at six o'clock to help him unload and get ready for the day's work.

I would run the delivery wagon in the forenoon, help clean up the tools and shop in the afternoon, make special deliveries, and drive home at six o'clock. His

father would drive the other rig home at four in the afternoon. I would have supper at seven. "How did that strike me?", he asked. I said, "Fine!" And that settled it. I moved to his house that night.

After a few days Mr. Wilson asked me if five dollars a week with board and room would be satisfactory, until he could fix a place for me as stallman, in the store. I told him that would be all right if I did not have to wait too long. He laughed and said he thought it would not be many weeks.

I had shown what I could do in the way of cutting meats and waiting on customers, which had not escaped the eye of the man he then had in that position.

After two months with Wilson I was offered a new job on the North Side driving a wholesale milk wagon for Z. C. Peck, a large dealer on North Franklin Street. Steve, Wilson's stallman, told me that Peck was a friend of his and the job was mine if I wanted it. The pay was forty dollars per month and board, about twice what Wilson was paying me.

On the following Sunday Steve and I went over to see Mr. Peck, who seemed to take a liking to me, showed me my room and introduced me to his family as if I had taken the job.

It looked good to me, so I took the job, gave Wilson a week's notice and moved to the North Side the week following.

After hustling milk cans for three months I became acquainted with a baker by the name of E. Peters who had a fine retail bakery on North Clark Street. After a short acquaintance Mr. Peters invited me to come over

and see what a fine place he had. I did so in a day or two and found he really did have a good looking bakery, and was turning out a fine line of goods.

Mr. Peters then confided in me, and told me that he wanted to get into the wholesale business. He said he thought I was the kind of a man he was looking for, to work up the hotel and restaurant trade; he said he had a new wagon and a fine horse, which he would let me have at my own price to help me get started, and was sure I could do a good business.

The work I was doing on the milk wagon was pretty hard. Getting up at two a. m., handling heavy eight-gallon cans of milk all morning, was no child's play; even though I was through at noon.

I talked the matter over with Mr. Peck, telling him that if I should conclude to go with Peters, there need be no hurry, so he could have time to get a man in my place. Peck then told me about other men whom he knew, owning bread routes, who were making as high as fifty dollars a week.

During those days, all of the large bakers disposed of their output, through drivers who had their own horses and wagons, buying their goods at a fifteen percent discount, and selling to the stores and restaurants at wholesale prices.

Peters offered to pay me fifteen percent on bread and twenty percent on cakes. He also agreed to let me have the horse and wagon, including harness, for three hundred fifty dollars on which I could pay one hundred cash, and the balance on time.

I took his proposition under advisement for a week and conferred with some of my milk customers to see what trade I might obtain from them. I was very much encouraged by the prospects. Peters was able to turn over to me one customer worth ten to twelve dollars per day. Mr. Peck secured a customer for me that was good for five or six dollars a day, any day I should start. I had the promise of several other smaller prospects, amounting to ten or twelve dollars. So all in all I could start out with at least thirty dollars per day, possibly more.

Before closing the deal, I found that Mrs. Peters was part of the firm, so the three of us sat down and managed to make out a bill of sale to me for one black horse called Pete, one covered bakery wagon, and one set of harness, all in consideration of \$350.00, payable as follows: one hundred dollars cash, five notes for fifty dollars each, payable as follows: one note payable in sixty days, the other four to be paid—one every thirty days following from the payment of the first note, the notes to be dated accordingly. Peters did not seem to like the idea of me owning the rig before it was paid for in full. Mrs. Peters thought that it was better that the outfit be in my name, so that they would not be responsible for any damages in case of accidents and damage suits. I heartily agreed with her.

Peters and I each held a copy of the agreement, which provided that he would supply me with the goods at fifteen percent discount on bread and twenty percent on cakes, settlements to be made every day, and I to assume all losses for bad accounts. So the horse, harness

and wagon became my property. I gave Peck a week's notice and started in a business of my own.

The first thing I did was to have my name printed on the wagon as "dealer in wholesale bakery goods; hotels and restaurants supplied".

Peters did not like that, so I added "Peter's Vienna Bread, a specialty".

CHAPTER II

In a few weeks from the start I was doing enough business to put me firmly on my feet. I paid up the first note a week before it was due. That left four more notes of fifty dollars each, payable thirty days apart. About that time I secured the trade of Race Brothers' Restaurant, through the influence of Mr. Peck who was a great friend of Eugene Race, the younger of the two brothers. Their trade was good for twelve to fifteen dollars a day.

Then shortly after, Mr. Peck had me meet Mr. Lou Pease, Dining Car Superintendent for the Chicago, Milwaukee and Saint Paul Railroad, which trade was good in bread and cake for three hundred and seventy-five to four hundred dollars per month, nearly half in cake. There is where I struck a snag.

The railroads paid their bills, usually about the 15th to 20th of each month, for goods received the preceding month.

My agreement with Peters provided that I must assume all liability for credit accounts and settle with the bakery every day. He agreed to carry me for one month for the C.M. & St.P. account, but I must then turn the trade over to him to handle direct.

Then I saw that what I had feared for some time was coming to a climax. Peters was really jealous over the success I was making and would like to have that trade for himself.

I was working at the time on Mr. Bodge, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Dining Cars, and

through him had met William F. Boyd, Dinning Car Conductor on the "Limited" operating between Chicago and Fort Wayne. Mr. Boyd, or Billy as he was called by his associates, was from my home town—East Orange, New Jersey. He was a warm friend of my cousin, Richard Coyne, one of the prominent men in that town.

Boyd and I struck up a close friendship, so much so that I told him all about my success, and impending troubles. He offered to help me out if I needed a few hundred dollars, providing I could insure him against loss if anything should happen to me that would jeopardize his loan. I explained to him that I could turn over the C.M. & St.P. account so as to protect him against loss in any event except the failure of the Railroad.

Boyd then asked me if I had any objection to taking Mr. Bodge into our confidence. I answered, "No indeed"; so we sat down together, with the result that Boyd would give me his check for two hundred eighty-five dollars for my note for three hundred dollars, payable in sixty days, and I execute an assignment of the St. Paul account over to him. "Would that be satisfactory?" Was it satisfactory? I'll say it was.

The next day following everything was fixed up, I paid up my daily account with Peters and took up one note on the horse and wagon account. I told him I would be in a position to get along all right in the future.

I had noticed that Peters had a nephew who had recently come from Philadelphia, and I learned through one of the bakers that the nephew was expecting to get my route. The young man had talked too much.

I saw a pretty pickle coming between Mr. Peters and me so I got busy on a plan of my own.

In the first place, I went to see Mr. Bremner of D. F. Bremner & Company with a letter from a mutual friend who knew all about my troubles. Bremner's business was all in bread and crackers. He supplied a large number of drivers handling his goods, mostly to stores; he had no wagon in the downtown trade. All of his drivers owned their rigs. I had been buying cakes from Kohlsaats and my credit was good there, up to \$100.00.

Mr. Bremner received me very graciously when I handed him my letter from Mr. McCoy of McCoy's Hotel. He told me that Mr. McCoy had talked with him over the phone and he would like to know all of the facts in my case.

I placed the whole situation, clearly before him. He then asked what plan I had in mind for getting out of the difficulty. The plan I laid out was as follows: First I would need a horse, harness and wagon. I knew where I could secure a second-hand wagon and harness on a half cash payment, the balance on monthly notes. I had enough money to do that, and a little more. Then as Bremner & Company had quite a few horses and trucks I might hire a horse by the day for a few months to get started.

For such daily payments for goods for the railroads I would render a voucher for each company and let him carry the accounts and I would assign the monthly check to him.

He then asked me if I had an arrangement with Kohlsaats for the cakes. I assured him that I had, with Mr.

Kohlsaas personally. Bremner made no cakes, only bread and crackers. The crackers were mostly for the shipping trade. Mr. Bremner called in his bookkeeper, James Donlan, a business partner, who afterwards became a good friend of mine. Donlan said there need be no difficulty in arranging a plan along the lines I suggested.

After further conference Donlan suggested to Mr. Bremner that their truck horses were all too heavy for a delivery wagon, and thought I ought to have a lighter animal for that kind of work. On that we all agreed. Then Donlan asked me whether I could hold the trade if I got into a fight with Peters. I told him that I was sure I could hold more than half of it.

That would mean at the worst I could depend on a profit to myself of about six dollars per day, allowing half of that for expenses he thought I could work out of the difficulty in a few months.

Well we made a satisfactory agreement, all around; Mr. Bremner asked Donlan to send for Pete Guthrie, to come to the office. Pete was there in a few minutes. He was in charge of the trucks and horses for the company.

Mr. Bremner, after introducing me, said: "Pete, I want you to make an appointment with Mr. Coyne—at his convenience—and the two of you go over to Jack Ahern's Sale Stable and see if you can find a good horse for Mr. Coyne, and tell Ahern to send the bill to me. I judge a good horse can be had for around one hundred and fifty dollars. Would that suit you Mr. Coyne?" Did it suit me? I assured him it would. The next question was when and how would I make the shift?

It was approaching the end of the month, and we all agreed that the first of the next month would be a good time for the start.

So here was the plan: I would put in my order to the Peter's Bakery as usual. I would also place my order at the Bremner Bakery with instructions to have my new wagon loaded at three o'clock in the morning; the horse hitched up and a man ready to drive it down town to meet me at the Kohlsaats Bakery, as soon as he would receive word from me, over the phone, that I would meet him in Kohlsaats's alley, on South Clark Street.

I made all these arrangements believing that Peters might attach my horse and wagon. I preferred to have him steal them. Well the big day came! I placed my order as usual at the Peters' Bakery; also an order at the Bremner Bakery. My orders for cakes at Kohlsaats's.

I was up at two o'clock in the morning and went to the stable, fed my horse, locked the stable door and walked over (two blocks) to Peters' Bakery, just as if nothing was wrong except I was nearly an hour ahead of my usual time.

The bakers looked aghast when I came in the shop. The foreman then informed me that Peters had given them instructions to turn my order over to the "other Fred", meaning his nephew. The bakers seemed to be sorry but I was smiling and bade them goodbye, assuring them that I was not disappointed and would land on my feet.

I then hurried over Clark Street bridge to an all night drug store and called up the Bremner Bakery. The young man who was to bring down my load of bread and

rolls, answered the phone saying he was ready to start, and knew where to meet me. So that was O. K. I was beginning to get a big kick out of it all and enjoyed it.

So I was in a position to serve my trade. I was on my route at four o'clock serving my all night customers without delay, even a little ahead of time, for the day trade.

At about eight o'clock I ran into Peters and the "other Fred", where they were eating breakfast in one of the restaurants that I supplied. Before I entered the place I noticed my horse and wagon outside, with a lot of bakery goods in the wagon. That tickled me.

I stopped at the table next to where they sat, to have some breakfast myself. After I had ordered, I leaned over to Peters and said: "I see you have my horse and wagon outside."

He looked at me as if surprised: "Why no," he said, "that is my horse and wagon, not yours any more."

"Oh," said I, "I am going over to swear out a warrant for you after a while, charging you with breaking and entering, for horse stealing and larceny—you had better get your lawyer to look after your bond because you may find the sheriff looking for you when you get back to the bakery."

I then asked the nephew if he was aware of the fact when he broke the lock on my barn door, that I had a bill of sale for the horse and wagon. He said he did not know that. He thought the outfit belonged to his uncle. His uncle then told him to "shut up". I could see they were both feeling pretty uncomfortable so I told Peters I would be in to see him about noon to talk things over and

would not swear out the warrant, until after our consultation.

Well we met at noon. Mr. Fred Hayes, Peters' attorney, was there—a man of splendid character with whom I was well acquainted. I had a friend with me, not a lawyer.

Mr. Hayes took the position of a sort of a judge, asking each of us what had occurred and what we wanted to do towards arriving at a settlement, that would be fair to both sides, and keep us out of court.

I passed, asking that Peters state his case first. He did, saying he was sorry we had gotten into such a mess, and that all he wanted was the trade that I had built up on his goods, turned over to him and I work on a regular salary; the horse and wagon to be turned back to him, and he would return to me my unpaid notes—not yet due—and he would call square what I owed him for goods which amounted to about seventy-five dollars.

Hayes then asked me what I thought of the proposition. I told him that it was fair enough for Mr. Peters, but not for me.

I then said all of it except the working on a salary would be acceptable, and suggested that he give the job to his nephew, and he and I would fight it out for the trade. At the same time I added that I would not swear out the warrant if he would agree not to run over my route for one month.

Finally, through the spirit of fair play—I believe—on the part of Mr. Hayes my terms were accepted, after Peters and Hayes had stepped into another room for a few minutes.

So I was then again on my own, and started out anew with Bremner's bread and Kohlsaats cakes, old Peters and his nephew bucking me after I had a week's start, but not calling on my trade.

They did not get one-fourth of my business, and gave up after a month or two. I finally built up a trade on Bremner's goods that required a two horse wagon, and a single wagon with a boy to help me.

In a short time I had nearly all the dining car trade running out of Chicago.

I was clear out of debt, owned three horses, two wagons, and a few hundred dollars in the bank, within twelve months of the time I started in with Bremner. I then began to believe it was time for me to be looking for a wife.

Working as I was, from two-thirty in the morning until six or seven at night, left me very little time for social functioning.

However, I did meet the "lady of my choice" and after a short courtship we became engaged one afternoon, after a matinee performance of "The Mikado" on New Year's day 1886. We were married the eleventh of May following.

The lady was Pauline Neihaus, referred to in a former chapter of this work, as the little girl who narrowly escaped from the flames while I was selling papers down east telling "All about the Chicago fire".

After a few months, Mrs. Coyne thought she would like to help in my growing up progress and suggested that she could operate a store for the sale of bakery goods, which would give me another customer on the

route and give her something to do during the day.

We talked that over for a time and then a chance came right to me all of a sudden.

I had a grocery customer on North State Street, who had put up a new building, adjoining the store he was then occupying on a five year lease. His building was about completed and he was looking for someone to take the lease off his hands. He told me that a lunch-room, with bakery goods, ought to do well there. He knew the neighborhood well and had a good grocery trade.

I looked it over, and had my wife come down and see what she thought about it. Mrs. Coyne was very much in favor of the project.

So I took over the lease, fitted up the store for display of goods, equipped a small kitchen in the rear, put in six nice tables with Vienna chairs, and started a bakery lunch room, with a cake griddle and colored cook in the front window.

Our menu contained only dairy dishes, bakery goods and eggs, in any style, also dripped coffee, sandwiches, and griddle cakes made in the window. The North State lunch-room and store boomed from the first day we opened!

There were a great many people living in furnished rooms in that district which made business good for restaurants. There were also a lot of people living in small apartments which made business for the store.

I did so well on the North Side that in 1887 I bought the old Dennet Restaurant on Madison near La Salle, opposite what is now the Hotel La Salle.

The Dennet had been in operation for about two

years, and attracted a lot of attention because of the Biblical quotations framed and hung on the walls. In general appearance they did not differ much from the cards announcing their special dishes, with prices, etc. There was advice for spiritual and physical welfare in plenty.

After I had re-opened the place I was asked many times what had become of the signs. Some would misquote them for fun, in such ways as follows: "A fool and his money soon part", "Corn beef hash, ten cents" and so on.

When I opened up the Madison Street place, I felt that I was now on the way to the point of becoming an "Economic Royalist", but not by way of the "Molasses route".

CHAPTER III

Shortly after we opened the North State Street lunch-room, I became acquainted with one of our regular morning customers, Miss Virginia Penny—a spinster about sixty years of age, gray and rather undersized, not very well dressed; but very bright and evidently of good birth and training.

I afterwards learned that she came from a high standing Virginia family.

One day Miss Penny showed me a clipping from the Chicago Inter-Ocean, then published by Wm. Penn Nixon. The article referred to Miss Penny in a very complimentary way for her work in behalf of self-supporting women, stating that: “She had spent a long life (since early womanhood) and two fortunes that had been left to her, in advancing opportunity for women to earn their living in the business world.”

At the time of which I write, she was having a hard time getting along on small remittances, received on rare occasions, for articles she was sending to different papers and magazines. It must be remembered that at that time her work was not so enthusiastically approved of by a great number of men and women. Many people thought it was wrong for young women to be “thrown into the company of men” in such positions as clerks and stenographers, mixed up in the same room with the male sex. It would not only be bad for the girls, but would have the effect of women taking the places of the men,

and the latter would be walking the streets looking for work.

That was the tone of many of the criticisms aimed at her good work.

Miss Penny complained bitterly of the lack of support, or encouragement received from women's organizations of that time.

She finally admitted that at times she had not sufficient income to pay for her meals, which was no surprise to me for we noticed from the size of her lunch checks that she must be getting along on very little.

Well, one day I stopped in at the Inter-Ocean office, and had a little talk with Mr. Nixon, than whom there were few men in Chicago more interested in public affairs, and possessed of higher humane instincts.

He confirmed all that Miss Penny had told me, but added that she was proud and did not wish to be an object of charity.

Miss Penny had, on several occasions, asked us to hold up a check for a few days—which she always paid within a short time.

So one day I had a talk with her, and told her about my visit with Mr. Nixon and made a suggestion to her which she gratefully accepted.

It was to this effect: That whenever she needed such accommodation she would give her check to the cashier of either our North State Street lunch-room or the downtown place on Madison Street, and feel free to do so. I would hold her checks and when and if she felt able to pay them or part of them, she could do whatever she wished towards their liquidation. I wanted her to feel

that she was not an object of charity. The poor soul accepted the proposition, and said she would not forget my kindness, nor the fact that it was a business accommodation and would repay if and when it would be possible for her to do so. She did from time to time pay off some of her "obligations", as she called them.

She was a quaint little woman, full of courage. She had no scientific facts based on research, but as she herself said, she just got her information by "gadding around" factories and business houses and jotting down figures. She always carried a sort of reticule stuffed with notes she had made and newspaper clippings. Whatever became of her, I do not now recall but think she went back to her old State of Virginia. She was paid up when she left.

I have learned since that Miss Penny wrote a book in 1850, but I have not been able to find a copy. I did however dig up some favorable references to her work in public library records.

In my research efforts regarding her work for women, I note that the first woman doctor was Elizabeth Blackwell in 1849; the first woman minister was ordained in 1853; and the first "Portia" admitted to the bar was Annabella Mansfield in 1869—a friend of Miss Penny!

CHAPTER IV

I had just built up a business that was on a paying basis in the North State Street lunch-room, (much of which came in the morning) from people on their way to town over the State Street bridge, when I got my first bad break, a break in more ways than one.

A large boat passing through the draw one morning, bumped into the bridge and broke the turning gear which put the bridge out of commission. After some delay and investigation, the city engineers recommended a new bridge at State Street and the removal of the old one to Dearborn Street, which had no bridge. The prospects of those changes looked like ruin to me.

A bridge at Dearborn would of course divert travel to that street, and leave State Street closed until a new bridge could be installed. With no bridge at State Street, I was in a blind alley, so to speak.

I had gone in debt for some of my furniture, and fixtures, and things did not look so good. However, I went to my creditors and explained things with the result that I got extensions of my notes and was told to go right along and not worry. After a time, I discovered that quite a few of our customers were going a block or two out of their way to get their breakfast at our place. Then, I soon saw that I was getting some new trade at noon from business men on Michigan Street, who had been in the habit of going across State Street bridge to get their lunch over town. It was not very long before our trade began to increase.

After the new bridge at State Street was in operation, the business increased to a point that compelled me to enlarge the store by moving the kitchen upstairs; at the same time putting in a dumb-waiter. The increased business enabled me to discount my notes before they were due.

The fact that I was so much concerned in the State Street bridge, brings to my mind some interesting facts connected with moving the old one to Dearborn Street.

When the city authorities advertised for bids for the contract to move the bridge to a new center pier at its new location, under specifications prescribed by the city engineers, there were a number of proposals offered that varied considerably as to bid price and time limit, which was considered of importance in the specifications.

One of the bidders, a young engineer, not very prominent in the profession, submitted a bid of a very low price compared to the others with a time limit so short that the commissioners considered it impossible of fulfillment, and wanted to know how he intended to go about it. At this time, the young man saw that he needed a lawyer, and retained one who went before the commission and informed them that his client was not obliged to tell them how he was going to proceed to carry out his part of the contract. So long as his proposal complied with the specifications and his bondsmen were satisfied to back him up, and were responsible for their bond, he should be awarded the contract. There was enough publicity leaked out to arouse public curiosity.

Well he was given the contract, and proceeded to business without delay. He had it figured out to a nicety.

He had engaged two large barges and sufficient lumber to be used for stanchions and upper works for the bridge to ride on.

He had made careful estimates as to how much lifting power would be required to lift the structure off the turntable intact. He figured out how much water should be let into each barge to sink it low enough to get its upper works under the bridge in its required place, so as to produce the upward pressure as the water was pumped out of the barges.

The bridge was in open position and free from all connection with the turntable on which it rested.

The center pier at Dearborn Street was completed with the turntable and connections in place, ready to receive the new arrival. (All of this part of the work had been performed by the city.)

When it was reported about, that the work was to start, there were many curious spectators gathered to see the show.

Shortly after daybreak a tug boat brought up the barges with their upper works in place, pumps and engines ready, with all kinds of wire cable and hawsers needed to do the job.

After the barges were along side, the pumps were started up, there were enough of them to fill the barge quickly, as they were partly filled when they arrived. The barges filled up, then after careful measurements they were poked into their places under the bridge, the pumps were started again, this time pumping the water out.

In the mean time the men, in their places, stood

ready by means of hawsers, cables and turn buckles to see that the bridge was lifted in the right position on the upper works, so as to be dropped in its new berth at Dearborn Street.

When the barges came up slowly as the water was pumped out it was interesting to see how nice everything worked out. Then, as the structure got in the clear and the barges were swung out under the influence of the tug boats, there was a cheer went up that must have given a thrill to the contractor, who stood up there on the bridge or walked about. He looked like the captain of a big liner being warped into her dock in New York City.

It took but a short time to move the bridge to Dearborn Street, swing her into the right position, pump the water into the barges and let her down to where she belonged.

Then there was a louder hurrah for the man who proved that he knew what he was doing. He made (I was told) a nice profit on the job and established a reputation that must have been an advantage to him later in his profession.

CHAPTER V

After our first baby came, there were other things to talk about besides our business. A home was the first natural thought.

We at first contemplated a home on the North Side, and here again I am reminded of some of the great changes in the growth of Chicago.

A new subdivision was building up at the time in Edgewater, a small town, not so well known, but attracting considerable attention because of the character of houses that were being erected and the rural surroundings.

The transportation was over the Chicago and North Western Railroad. We had almost made up our minds to buy one of those houses as the price was reasonable and the terms easy.

At that time Lake Michigan was not as popular as it is today. The general public held it as not a fit place to bathe in and unsafe for sailing. Very few people aside from the fishermen ventured out in boats.

When we informed some of our friends of our thought of locating on the North Side, we were told that it would be bad for the baby, on account of the cold damp air, anywhere near the lake; so we changed our minds, concluded to move to the West Side to get "away from the lake". We bought a house on Warren Avenue, which was then considered, next to Washington Boulevard, the finest residence street on the far West Side, Ashland Boulevard excepted.

In the early history of Chicago, the West Side was considered as the most popular for residential purpose. On the South Side, Wabash Avenue had the first start, then exclusive Prairie Avenue and Michigan Boulevard came to the front.

The one great menace to the future of the South Side was the Union Stock Yards and its environment of rendering establishments and bone dust factories.

With a keen recollection of the odors that were wafted on the south and southwest winds, from the stock yards, I am reminded of the lines attributed to the pen of that famous writer Fanny Hurst as applied to a certain district in New York City. As I remember the lines went something like this:

“In the Ghetto District the children’s noses
Are not hampered by the smell of roses.”

The same lines would apply to the Ghetto District in Chicago at the time I first saw it. It was then like a foreign country. Over on the West Side in the vicinity of Maxwell and Halstead Streets, there was a district that seemed to be given over to Russian Jews, for market purposes.

In the old “horse and buggy days”, I was driving one morning and before I realized where I was I found myself right in the “Ghetto”. I never was more surprised in my life. I had heard something about it in my talks with Jane Addams who knew all about that section of Chicago. I believe very few people, even among those who lived within a mile or two of the place, knew anything about the Ghetto until they actually saw it. It was hard for one to believe that such scenes could be wit-

nessed outside of some city in Russia, as illustrated in a Stodard lecture on foreign countries.

Old men, bearded almost to their waists, dressed in long black coats, offering all sorts of food stuffs, among other things live fish—none of their customers would think of buying fish if they were not alive. Dried mushrooms, hung on strings. Women were surrounded by numerous children, tripping underfoot.

The stands were on the sidewalks and curb stones. Everything offered was cheap, cheap, cheap!

The time of which I am writing was about 1888, and I have been lately informed that the district has grown to two or three times its size, as of that date.

Along about 1896 the North Side began to grow farther to the north towards Rogers Park, and Edgewater.

The first big boom commenced after the Edgewater Beach Hotel was in its promotion stage. The North Side elevated railroad had extended its terminal to Wilson Avenue.

Then started the exodus from the West Side, lead by the H. I society, many of whom, as I remember, were financially interested in the great development that virtually built up a new Chicago in that section.

Real estate values went skyrocketing at a rate that was astonishing. Land values doubled and doubled again, while people were looking on waiting to buy.

The Edgewater Beach Hotel added to its grounds and buildings at a rate that made it superior in appointments and popularity to anything of the kind ever known in Chicago.

Bathing beaches were established all along the lake shore. The lake that a few years before was considered too cold to bathe in and too treacherous to sail on, became all of a sudden as attractive as the swan in its transformation from the "Ugly Duckling".

Along about this time, Chicago had increased its population, largely by annexation of small towns on the South, North and West Sides, such as Lake View, Austin, Town of Lake, Pullman, South Chicago and other adjacent towns. So now to secure more new territory the city began to take steps to annex Lake Michigan, or rather some of the ground from beneath her surface.

Property owners on the North Side owning land running back into the lake and the city authorities and park commissioners went at the work ruthlessly and vigorously with great dredges and sand suckers piling up land along the lake front for miles, establishing the outer drive and reclaiming what came to be the highest priced residential property ever known in the city of Chicago.

Naturally, this made land come into the hands of men of large means who built beautiful homes until today it is known as the "Gold Coast".

As evidence of the great change in regard to the lake as a bathing resort, one needs but to look at the bathing beaches, public and private, all along the beach from Edgewater to South Chicago, the most popular of these is the Municipal Pavilion, at the foot of Oak Street.

I have heard it estimated that more than one hundred thousand people patronize these beaches in a day when weather permits.

When you drive along, passing Lincoln Park on the outer drive, and the bathing beaches, it is hard to realize that this is the same old lake shore that was the last resting place for a few dead fish and an occasional carcass of a defunct cat, as was the case when I first saw it, scarcely more than a decade before.

No relation of facts concerning the growth of Chicago would be complete without something about Captain Streeter of "Streterville".

Under International Law, there are three ways of acquiring title to land: First, by right of discovery; the others by rights of conquest and purchase.

Captain Streeter who owned a schooner or lumber lugger, operating on Lake Michigan, ran aground on a sand reef off Lincoln Park, during a high sea and was unable to move his vessel off, even after the sea went down, as the sand had washed up to such an extent as to form an Island of his boat's resting place.

Streeter continued to live in the boat, and the sand kept washing up until he was able to stake out lots and form a settlement. In the meantime he filed papers in Washington for title to "Island of Lake Michigan" by the "right of discovery"! He then formed a government and elected himself President, with the aid of his wife and several other adventurous souls who had joined him.

He organized an army and navy and fortified the old hulk and shacks against all foreign invasion.

His enemies by this time were owners of land on shore facing the "Island of Lake Michigan"—and the Chicago police.

For several years the picturesque, tall figure of the

old captain with his red hair and whiskers was one of the attractions of sightseers.

The land owners on shore claiming riparian rights, tried through the city government, the State of Illinois and the federal government to attack the old man's claims, but by this time he had backing him, quite a few people who had bought land on the "Island", and had money to fight with.

I cannot recall now just what the outcome was, but evidently the old captain had to abdicate for the intervening space between the "Island" and the mainland was filled in and is now occupied by a large apartment building called the "Breakers" and another building called the "Bachelors" apartment. The two buildings are often facetiously referred to as the "Breakers" and the "Homebreakers". I believe that all of this land is now a part of the "Gold Coast" of Chicago.

A short time ago I saw a dispatch in a San Antonio paper, stating that one of the heirs of the Streeter Estate was going to Chicago to establish claim to part ownership of Streeterville and the "Island of Lake Michigan" which "now has a value of over three hundred million dollars". I expect that the lawyers will have another feast on this bone of contention.

One of the old time figures of Chicago was Justice McCarty whose office was on the corner of the river front and Clark Street, up a flight of stairs above the bridge approach. As I have been told by lawyers who knew him, he regarded his office as of great importance—he was in fact a "Justice of the Peace".

He would try any kind of a case that was brought before him and it was said that what he lacked in knowledge of law, was made up for in the dignity and respect with which he regarded his office and its powers.

I have heard many stories about Justice McCarty (as he insisted on being called), but believe the best one of all was the one which would have done credit to King Solomon of old.

It seems that two vessels about to pass each other in the river nearby came into collision head on.

After an exchange of seafaring expletives, concerning the liability for damages, the two owners rushed up the stairs to the temple of justice, wherein Justice McCarty presided.

It made no difference to his honor that the case was one for a Maritime Court, so he heard the evidence of both parties to the case which established the facts that the boats met *head on*—and that both boats suffered about equally in damages.

The Judge in rendering his decision said: “This is the heaviest case that ever came up these stairs.” Then, after a moment’s pause, he said, “The Court holds that the vessel that struck the other first is responsible for the damage to both, and the costs of the Court will be equally divided between the two owners.” The two owners paid the costs, and must have left with feelings somewhat like the two cats that took the cheese to the monkey to divide.

Charles Kramer, a noted Maritime lawyer whom I knew very well, is responsible for the above, as he told me the story.

CHAPTER VI

There is one outstanding recollection I have of the first administration of President Grover Cleveland.

In the Summer of 1884 Chicago, like the proverbial burnt child, had another fire scare, that for a time caused much uneasiness.

Eugene V. Debs, editor of "The Locomotive Fireman", leader of the socialistic elements in the Union Labor world, had organized a strike against the Pullman Company, which spread to the railway firemen, with all of the destructive features that characterized a labor union strike in those days.

The Pullman shops were fired, railroad property destroyed, and threats were made that the strike would become general in all labor unions at the stock yards and down town Chicago.

The strikers showed very little respect for the State Militia—at that time not a part of the National Guard. The police would be of small avail in keeping order if the riots broke out in the city.

The city was threatened, and the old "Spirit of Chicago" was awakened.

There was a strong force of federal troops out at Fort Sheridan, that could be moved to Chicago in short order, so a committee of citizens called on President Cleveland requesting that he order out the troops for the protection of the city.

On the other hand, a protest was made against the proposed order by labor representatives, backed up by

the Governor of the State of Illinois. Also by a number of "pink parlor socialists" who were opposed to action by the President, unless the request came from the Governor.

I am not sure whether it was on this occasion or in a similar situation that Grover Cleveland expressed his mind in the words—"It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us"—at all events, he issued the order and the federal troops were ordered to Chicago.

There was one small incident connected with the arrival of the federal troops at the Union Depot that recalls Victor Hugo's line in his story of the Battle of Waterloo: "There are no small things in nature and no small facts in history".

When the federal troops lined up on Canal Street and proceeded towards Madison, the mob filled the sidewalks, but there was very little demonstration until a strike sympathizer yelled out in derision a remark that could not be ignored! One of the soldiers raised his rifle and without any word of command sent a Krag Jourgen-son message over the head of the fellow who shouted the remark so quickly that it seemed to bystanders that the soldier was acting under orders.

As soon as the mob realized that the troops could not be fooled with, there were no more demonstrations of any kind against them as they proceeded down town to the Federal building, where tents were erected and camps established in the most business like manner.

After that shot was fired on Canal Street it was discovered by reporters that the "Krag" bullet had crashed through a saloon window about seven feet above the

ground, passed through an ice box, crossed the alley, through a livery stable and was dug out of a concrete wall on the other side of the stable.

There is no doubt but what the moral effect of that one bullet had much to do with the cooling down of the mob spirit, and aroused a great respect for the federal troops.

That action on the part of Grover Cleveland, ordering out the federal troops, at a time when the City of Chicago was in real danger showed that he was the right man of the hour. A settlement of the strike difficulties was soon arrived at.

Away back in the eighties one of the unusual sights of Chicago were the Hannah & Hogg Saloons, there were five or six of them, located in different parts of the city, well known for their special brands of imported ales and Scotch whiskey. They were well kept and conducted in an orderly manner, patronized largely by Scotchmen and lovers of their special brands.

There were three of these places down town, one on the West Side and one on the South Side that I remember.

In front of each saloon, on the sidewalk, was a statue of Bobby Burns, carved out of stone, each one showing by its pose on a pedestal, a suggestion of the Scotch poet and a line or two from one of his poems.

These statues attracted a great deal of attention; they were works of art and must have cost a pretty penny, but they were good advertising matter.

One morning early passers were surprised to see the statues toppled off their pedestals and badly broken.

All had been treated alike. Police investigation and reports of patrolmen seemed to indicate that the perpetrators had selected the best time in the night to fit the different locations, so no one could be found who saw any of the work, as it was being done.

The subject was the talk of the town for several days, as the remains were allowed to rest where they fell; consequently each place was over run with business, some of the places requiring extra bar tenders to serve the curious and thirsty patrons.

There were suspicions in the minds of some that the owners knew more than they wanted to tell, when it was seen how the business picked up after the catastrophe.

At all events Bobby Burns did much—long after his passing—to boost Scotch whiskey, a liquor of which, according to tradition, he was extremely fond.

CHAPTER VII

My memoirs would not be complete without a chapter on Base Ball and Captain Anson.

As I stated in an early page, the Chicago Club park was on the lake front near Randolph Street.

The club was then known as the Chicago White Stockings, which name they carried with them to the West Side and until they became better known as Anson's Colts.

Along about 1892 the players in all of the big league started up a strike which ended in the organization of the "Base Ball Brotherhood", which was the start of the American League, for a while the Federal League.

It was then that "Anson's Cubs" were born, and the name White Stocking was abandoned—and picked up by Charley Comiskey for the new Chicago Club of the American League, which then became the "White Sox".

The Cub grounds on the West Side, became the rendezvous of the old fans—Section A was where they all gathered. That was the "Smokers' Section" in the Grand Stand—no smoking was allowed in any other section. Every good fan had his favorite seat, and knew every other fan present.

Kenesaw Landis was always present and was the most enthusiastic of all. As I remember he never lost his interest in the game, even after he went on the bench.

While I would not go so far as to say that he ever adjourned court to attend a game, I would not be surprised if his clerk did whatever he could to see that the

court calendar did not interfere with the scheduled games of the Cubs.

In passing, I believe nothing in Base Ball history was so appropriate as his appointment as commissioner when such a man was needed. His reputation on the bench, his love of the game and interest in the players, made him the ideal man for the place. Base Ball and Judge Landis are today one and inseparable. I cannot drop this subject without relating a circumstance that came up in his court when I was a character witness for a West Side doctor, who shall be known as Doctor Jones, because that was not his name.

Doctor Jones was being tried for using the U. S. Mails in communicating with a young woman living in a suburban town desiring an illegal operation. The evidence showed in effect that he had answered a decoy letter written by one of Anthony Comstock's agents. Doctor Jones' attorney had his client plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the court—presenting character witnesses in his behalf, among whom I was one, I having known the Doctor for several years as a good citizen, living in my neighborhood.

When I was on the witness stand the Doctor's attorney, (who was rather a goat of a lawyer), asked me if I was the former Postmaster of Chicago? I said yes, then he asked me how long I had known the defendant, how well I knew him, and if I had not always "met him in good company". The Judge cut in rather impatiently and said, "If your client met Mr. Coyne at all, it goes without saying that it was in good company". I bowed and thanked the Judge and that ended my examination.

I might close in saying that the Judge had to impose the sentence of two years imprisonment under the law.

One of the outstanding players on the Colts was Jimmy Ryan. He was the cause of more kids getting in free during the game than any other player. When Ryan walked up to the batter's box the youngsters on the outside were all on the alert for fouls over the grand stand, or outside the third base fence. Jimmy would stroke that straw colored mustache (of bar tender type) and then land every ball that came near him for four or five fouls, and there would be a scramble outside, for whoever got the ball was admitted to the grounds. The fans sitting upon the high seats saw as much fun in this way as they sometimes did in the game inside.

Ryan joined the Brotherhood, and one day while I was out on the South Side to see a game, (the park was five or six miles from the West Side Park) as Ryan stepped to the plate some enthusiastic fan yelled out, "Knock it over to Throop Street, Jimmy!"—he thought he was back on the West Side.

It caused many heartaches in the breasts of the fans when Fred Pfeffer quit and went with the Brotherhood team. In this connection, in spite of other stories of the players to the contrary, the "stone wall infield" did not start with "Tinker to Evers to Chance", but did originate with "Burns (sometimes Williamson) to Pfeffer to Anson", long before Chance succeeded Anson as Captain and first baseman.

Fred Pfeffer was up to his time, the best second baseman that played that position. No hot boulder that came anywhere within his territory escaped. He would

get it either right handed or left, he would get it to Burns on the second sack by a throw or a scoop that never missed; and it worked the same way if the ball came from the bat to Burns, on short, who had the same tricks for blocking, throwing and scoop that made the stone wall infield, for when the ball came to Anson, it never got by, for he was tall, quick and had a long reach.

When Captain Anson was first called "Old Anse", among his players, when they were known as Anson's Colts, he did not object—rather considered it a mark of esteem! But when the management began to ask themselves as to whether he was getting too old to play first base, he got grouchy at the suggestion that he should retire to the bench on account of his age. He had a birthday coming along about that time, and he would play a joke on the manager and give some fun for the fans. Very few knew what was coming off until they got out to the park that day. As the players took their positions, Anson came walking out from the dugout in a regular Santa Claus rig and whiskers—walking out to first base as if nothing was going on out of the usual routine. When he got to his position, facing the infield he stroked his whiskers, pulled his back hair up under his cap, until he looked for all the world like one of the Holy Rollers from St. Joe Michigan; indeed, some of the fans thought it was one.

There is another story of a game at which I was not present, where the joke was on Anson. At a game in the old West Side Park the Colts in warming up were at their batting practice. Anson came up first and swung at the first ball pitched which came over the plate at high

speed. Anson landed on it and must have hit it full in the nose, for there arose a cloud of dust that looked like smoke. He looked at his bat, and then made for the pitcher who skipped to the dug out before Anson could reach him. By that time Anson saw the joke that had been played on him. The ball was phoney, made of plaster of paris for that very occasion. The fans roared when they realized what happened. I do not now remember which of his men threw the ball, nor who had it made, but it was a good joke.

CHAPTER VIII

The first club that I joined in Chicago was the Sunset Club that used to meet in the Grand Pacific Hotel for six o'clock dinner every other Thursday, at which questions of public interest—national and local—were discussed by invited notables to speak on the question up for debate; both sides to be represented, after which the meeting was open to the members of the club for a limited time, as they were recognized by the toastmaster.

The toastmaster was selected and introduced by the secretary, Mr. Charles W. Errant.

The club had no officers, no board of directors, no dues, nor by-laws.

Each member was notified about a week ahead of the subject to be discussed and the chosen speaker for each side.

If the member desired to attend, he filled in the reservation card, and a place was reserved for which he paid two dollars; the proceeds went for the dinner and cost of printing and postage.

There were many good features about the Sunset Club. To begin with the dinner was in keeping with the reputation of the Grand Pacific Hotel which under the management of John B. Drake had become famous for its service and cuisine.

The membership of the club was made up of representative men from all walks of life: lawyers, business men, doctors, mechanics, labor leaders, socialists, "single

taxers'', political leaders, Democrats, Republicans and Prohibitionists.

I cannot recall many of the subjects that were discussed, nor would limited space permit me to put them in print if I could. The two most outstanding subjects that I remember were: "Should the World's Fair (Columbian Exposition) be open on Sunday?" and "What shall we do to uplift the masses?"

On the question of the World's Fair being open on Sunday the speaker for the affirmative side made the statement, that it was much better for the masses to be permitted to roam through the fair grounds and buildings, viewing the exhibits of the arts and sciences, than to be left no other place of amusements except the theatres and saloons.

The Reverend Charles Martyn of New York who spoke in favor of Sunday closing, took exceptions to the presumption that the only alternative to attending the fair on Sunday was to pass the day in theatres and saloons.

He then added that so far as the arts and sciences were concerned it should be remembered "that in ancient times when art and literature were at their highest, morals were at their lowest". This brought a storm of hisses and words of protest from many of those present.

Doctor Martyn paused for a moment and then he said that he was very much surprised at the manner in which his remarks had been received.

He said he had been assured that he would be allowed free rein to express his opinion on the subject but

he now thought he must have misunderstood the secretary.

He then said he was reminded of a story he had heard, about a man who had bought a horse from a dealer, with assurance that the horse was sound and free from bad habits. The new owner mounted the horse to ride him home. He had hardly got in the saddle when the horse having the "string halt" raised a hind foot and kicked the stirrup away from the rider's foot, whereupon the rider looked down and called out to the horse: "If you are trying to get up here, I am going to get off!"

The story was good, there was a thunder of applause and advice to go on from the audience, and the good Doctor repeated what he had said and resumed his argument without further interruption.

The other episode came in the discussion, "What shall we do to uplift the masses?"

George Schnieder was a member of the club and an avowed socialist, so also was Tommy Morgan. The former was of the milder type of the Cowdry kind; but Morgan was more militant and fiery in his speech, which at times was almost anarchistic in character.

Cowdry, by the way, was afterwards the candidate for President on the Socialist Party ticket.

During the debate on the question of "Uplifting the Masses", Morgan, in the course of his remarks, expressed the opinion that if "something is not done soon, the masses might do some uplifting themselves, by the aid of ropes and scaffold accessories, that would lead to much unhappiness to many of us".

Perhaps what makes this thought so fresh in mind

is the fact that even in those times the "pink parlor" socialist was in evidence and always ready to applaud such remarks as a manifestation of sophistry and "fearless thinking".

In a former chapter of these memoirs, the story of the "Haymarket Riot" gives room for thought as to what can result from intemperate speech backed by encouragement of Utopian dreamers.

While the thought of socialism is before me I cannot refrain from bringing in a story of an event that gave the people of Chicago as bad a case of jitters as ever afflicted a small town population over the fear of a small pox epidemic.

One morning, I am not positive, but believe it was in the year 1889, that as I started out early, I noticed a small red paper flag, pasted on the curb stone facing the middle of the street. It was blood red, pennant shaped, about two feet long and about eight inches wide.

As I walked along the block I saw another, and another and soon saw that they were pasted on the curb stones of every block through the down town sections of the city—north, south and west. They had evidently been pasted secretly during the night, and nobody seemed to have any knowledge as to who put them out, or what it was all about, but the general opinion was that it was the red flag of anarchy.

Even the newspapers were unable to throw any light on the subject, and everybody was talking about it.

After the first excitement was over, a few nights later, another lot was pasted over what was left of the first, and on these in large black letters the word

“Bread”. This of course gave a lot of people more jitters. Surely there was a sinister plan on foot to wreak vengeance on the City of Chicago for the execution of the anarchists after the Haymarket riot. Was it a war cry? Bread or Blood! Then came a new set of flags.

In this new set were the words “Aereated Bread”.

Then it all came out. It was a well conceived plan of H. H. Kohlsaas to advertise a renewal of the manufacture of Aereated Bread—a bread made without yeast or fermentation, or leaven of any sort! The bread was made light by the aid of carbonic acid gas, and had a very delicious taste, but its popularity is not lasting.

It takes an elaborate set of machinery to make the bread, including the apparatus for creating carbonic acid gas. It was a singular coincidence that the making of gas for bread should be associated with a scare of anarchy.

CHAPTER IX

In 1887 I accepted an offer of \$3,500.00 for the North Side place and invested a part of it as a first payment on the home on Warren Avenue, often referred to then as the Prairie Avenue of the West Side. Being a Republican and a firm believer in protection of the American wage earner, I soon got on a friendly footing with William E. Mason, then just out of Congress; a friendship that lasted as long as he lived.

In 1890 I was taking a course in Parliamentary Law, in the Chicago Athenaeum. Mr. Mason was my class teacher. Living in the same neighborhood we rode home together quite often.

In our talks about Congress, Mason told me of an incident connected with the preparation of the famous "McKinley Protective Tariff Bill". This incident showed the character of some of the men we had in Congress.

When the bill was framed and ready to be reported out, the Republican members of the committee held an informal discussion, during which the question arose as to what effect its adoption would have on the voters at the next election for Congress. Some members present expressed the opinion that they would lose their seats in the next house because of the opposition, thinking that the Cleveland "Tariff for Revenue" war cry would fool a lot of voters into voting against the "Robber Tariff and McKinleyism"—the slogan that the Democrats had adopted.

I remember quite well Mason's description of Major

McKinley's attitude on that subject. He said the Major stood up and addressed his colleagues as follows: "Gentlemen! I believe the adoption of this bill will defeat me for re-election, and perhaps defeat our national ticket. But is that to be considered if we believe we are reporting out a bill that will be for the benefit of our whole country? If we are right, it is our duty to pass this regardless of our personal interest, or our party's success."

I had read and heard a great deal on the subject of protection. I believed strongly that it was the only policy for our country's interest, which belief naturally attracted me to McKinley. I finally met him in a round-about way.

On the night of the Cleveland-Harrison election, 1892, I was with a crowd of club fellows receiving the returns by telegraph in the rooms of the Menoken Club, a non-partisan organization, with a membership largely Republican. As the returns came in, it could be soon seen that the country was going strong for Cleveland. That campaign had developed a faction in the Republican party known as "Mugwumps"—Republicans deserting their party in opposition to "McKinleyism". A lot of my friends began to jibe me, good naturedly enough and when the final returns showed that Cleveland was elected the crowd began to call "Coyne, Coyne. Speech! Speech!" I arose, addressed the gathering as nearly as I can remember as follows: "Have a good time, fellows; you Democrats have good reason to rejoice over your party's victory, but it pains me to see so many of you Republicans joining in. You can have your fun tonight.

Four years from now I will have mine when I see you Mugwumps falling over yourselves voting for William McKinley for President."

Many of my friends gathered around after the crowd had dispersed and expressed themselves as believing as I did; that the reaction would come after the "sober second thought" and the people would find out their mistake and logically turn back to McKinley.

As it happened, among those who agreed with me was Earnest W. Kohlsaas, a brother of H. H. Kohlsaas, then publisher of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and a warm personal friend of McKinley and an ardent believer in his policy of protection.

Shortly after the occurrence I have referred to, Mr. Kohlsaas called me to the telephone and informed me that his brother had told him about my remarks at the Menoken Club gathering. He also told me that it was a remarkable fact that similar scenes had been reported to him from all over the country. He then asked me if I could come over to his office to have a talk with him. I did so, and after an exchange of views he asked me: "Coyne, how would you like to meet the Major?" I told him that was like asking a small boy how he would like to meet Santa Claus!

Then Mr. Kohlsaas informed me he expected Major McKinley would be in Chicago in the near future and he would try to arrange a meeting.

Some weeks from that time, one afternoon I was in my bakery looking after the installation of some new machinery when my bookkeeper came to inform me that Mr. Kohlsaas was very anxious to speak to me over the

phone. I had an inkling of what he wanted, as I had read a short notice stating that Major McKinley was passing through Chicago on his way to Minneapolis.

Perhaps I was mistaken when I thought Kohlsaats was a little excited, but I would be telling a down right untruth if I were to say that I was not excited. He told me to hurry over to the Inter-Ocean office and meet Major McKinley!

I had only a few blocks to go and I went over there faster than I ever went anywhere. There were too many people on the street for me to run, but I got there in a very short time.

I could never forget that meeting if I lived a thousand years. I was ushered right into Kohlsaats's office and there was McKinley! I was introduced at once and his hand clasp seemed to give a thrill that went all through me. He told me how Mr. Kohlsaats had spoken to him about me, and was glad to have such good friends.

After a few minutes of conversation, the Major asked to be excused for a minute, left the office and returned with a book containing all of his speeches and addresses up to that time. He asked for a pen, and wrote on the fly leaf: "To Mr. F. E. Coyne of Chicago. Cordially yours, Wm. McKinley."

I thanked him and said that when my boy would be old enough to read that inscription and realize that the writer would then be our Chief Executive, he would think his Dad had been in big company. The Major smiled and said: "I am a little curious to know the age of that boy."

"He is past three now," I said, "and I am sure he

will be able to read that inscription by the time he is seven.”

The Major smiled, and then said, “I am sure he will find the printing and binding in that book of very good quality.”

That ended the visit, and we all walked to the elevator. As I entered the car last, I took off my hat and off came McKinley’s. Mr. Kohlsaas said: “Put on your hat, Coyne, we don’t want the Major to catch cold and miss the Minneapolis speech.

That was my first meeting with McKinley, which afterwards grew into an acquaintance that ripened into a friendship, of which I shall have a great deal to write later.

Book Three

CHAPTER I

In the early days of the McKinley-Bryan campaign, many people whom I met on the outer edges of political circles, on being introduced, would ask me if I was the author of "Coin's Financial School". The author of that fantastic work on finance was Mr. William Hope Harvey; generally known as Coin Harvey.

Of course, there was no good reason for any such foolish question, except the similarity of sound. Coin and Coyne.

There was, however, a great deal of difference in the amount of "coin" he was gathering in from his book, compared to what was coming to me in the more prosaic business of coffee and corned beef hash, and Coyne's bread.

I believe, that for a time, Harvey's book had more readers than Elbert Hubbard's story of how McKinley sent the "Message to Garcia"; although the latter had more lasting popularity.

Harvey's book was the most cleverly composed work on "Free Silver" ever written. It came out at a time when William Jennings Bryan had succeeded up to a certain point, in making the "Paramount Issue" of the approaching campaign—the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. Many of my personal acquaintances were carried away by Harvey's style of handling the subject.

He had created a mythical small school boy and named him Coin. Then he would frame up a dialogue between Coin and an ideal business man, or banker, who would ask some hypothetical question pertaining to the money system, which Coin would answer in a very simple way—showing always that the business man was wrong—and, in most cases, make the latter admit that he *was* wrong! Indeed, many readers of the book were converted to Harvey's ideas; at least temporarily.

I doubt if ever before or since, there was a book published that fooled so many people, during the campaign.

I note that Mr. Harvey departed from this life February 11th, 1936 at the ripe old age of eighty-five. I understand that he remained firm in the belief of his theories on the money question up to the last days of his life. Mr. Harvey was as active as ever in 1931, when he was selected as the candidate of the "Liberty Party" for President of the United States.

CHAPTER II

The Democratic Convention in 1896 held in the Colosseum in Chicago, has a fixed place in the political history of our country, as the "Crown of Thorns" and "Cross of Gold" Convention.

I have always regretted that I missed that speech, especially because of the fact that I had a season ticket for the Convention, given to me by John W. Ekhart, a democratic friend of mine, who was on the committee of arrangements.

I attended the convention for the first two days of that week, and then loaned my ticket to another democratic friend, who wished to go on Wednesday, promising that he would return the ticket to me on Thursday morning—the day when it was predicted the nomination would be made.

However, he never did return my ticket and so I missed the speech that led to the nomination of William Jennings Bryan; and for a time threatened his election.

While I was not present in the convention I had many friends who were, so have a very clear recollection of what I missed, from some of those who told me all about it.

John Ekhart sat directly facing Bryan and I shall try to describe the situation as he gave it to me a few days later.

The delegates were all tied up in a deadlock and as soon as Bryan ascended to the platform it was easy to see that they were all keyed up for some fireworks. After

the loud applause of his admirers, and some "boos" from the eastern delegates, had subsided, he started out with the most sensational speech that was ever made in the history of a party convention.

Directly back of Bryan, was a large window, opening out on an open court behind the building. As the speaker stood, his form was perfectly framed by the window, which was not curtained. This was noticeable to many of his auditors who remembered it later on.

As he proceeded in his speech after lambasting "Wall Street" and its "oppressors of the poor", he worked up to a point for his peroration. The light through the window behind him made his figure—in long black Prince Albert coat—seem to be part of a stage setting, put there for a purpose; then as he neared the end—referring to the "barons of great wealth", he roared out: "We will say to them—you shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!" As he uttered these last words he spread out his arms, cross like, at full length, with open hands, which completed a scene that moved all who saw it; and from that dramatic climax the convention was in his hands.

I have heard people say that Bryan had that speech corked up for some time, waiting for the right place to spring it; and that he timed it to the moving of the light to get the effect.

That may be so, and if he did so plan it, he was very successful.

Bryan's campaign was soon under way. Our

country was going through a depression that was the result of free trade.

Factories that had to compete with cheap foreign labor; had been closed. Railroads were going into the hands of receivers. Credits that had been easy before, had been restricted and banks were calling in their loans. Bread lines were in operation in all large cities.

It was a time to appeal to the masses, to the discontented, the unemployed and a time to stir the passions of the unemployed against those to whom they must look for work and wages.

Bryan knew all this and knew well how to work on the masses, by means of his wonderful gift of oratory and power of speech.

His "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech was put on the records, and run off on phonographs throughout the country. His promises of "free silver" made many converts from Republican ranks. At the same time "Coin's Financial School" had a wide circulation and its cleverly written articles were a great aid to Bryan.

I pause for a moment to shudder over the thought of what might have happened if the radio had then been in use as it is today! Bryan would have been elected by his convincing arguments and silver toned oratory; for he surely had the sympathy of the masses, when they heard his voice.

I never saw such a sight as I witnessed when Bryan came to Chicago. He had been widely billed and otherwise advertised for a big show by his campaign committee.

Canal Street was crowded in front of the Union Depot. All down Madison to Market, and Washington to Michigan Avenue, the streets were thickly lined with people waiting to see Bryan. I had a seat at a second story window in the office of S. T. Gunderson in the Chamber of Commerce Building, at the corner of La Salle and Washington, and could see the crowd from Market Street to Michigan Avenue. There must have been not less than two hundred thousand people waiting at the depot and along the line of march.

Finally, when the train which was carrying him arrived, there was great difficulty in getting him into the carriage that was waiting for him. The crowds closed in, trying to get near enough to even touch the horses or the carriage in which he rode.

They fell in behind, and followed in a solid mass the whole length of the route all shouting "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan!" We could hear the roar clear down to La Salle Street.

He rode in a large barouche with the top down, and, instead of sitting on the back seat, he was perched up on the lowered top so he could see all, and be seen.

This show, as I remember, was about the middle of summer, and there was little doubt then but what Bryan would be elected. But, the excitement did not last. There were a lot of Democrats who did not agree with Bryan on the free silver issue, but went along half heartedly breaking away however, after his second nomination, in 1900 by the Populists and "Bryan Democrats". In the second campaign, his "paramount" issue was "Government Ownership of Railroads".

In the election of 1900 he was more badly beaten than before.

In the 1896 election, McKinley received 271 electoral votes, Bryan 176. In 1900 McKinley's electoral vote was 292, Bryan's 155. In both elections, McKinley carried the popular vote, by nearly a million votes.

CHAPTER III

The first Republican Convention I ever attended was in 1884, at Chicago, in the old Exposition Building on Michigan Avenue.

I was present at only one session, during which General John A. Logan was nominated for Vice President. There was some friction over Blaine's nomination for President.

I remember quite well, the applause which greeted Logan's name and the unanimity with which he was nominated.

I thought that his living in Illinois had much to do with it—but it was not long afterwards that opinions were expressed openly from all parts of the country that Logan should have been at the head of the ticket.

I had seen Logan. His manner and poise, associated with his war history, impressed me as it did all who knew him.

I little thought at that time I would become personally acquainted with him—as I did—two years after his unsuccessful campaign for election.

One day William E. Mason, who was a friend of Logan called me on the phone and informed me that John A. Logan was in town, and asked me if I would not like to meet the General.

Of course, I assented and met Mason at the Grand Pacific Hotel, where we went up on the elevator and found Logan alone in his room waiting for us. A few years before Mason had managed Logan's campaign for

United States Senator before the State Legislature, and was the organizer of the famous 101 Club, made up of members of the House and Senate which held the contest in a deadlock for quite a number of weeks.

I might mention parenthetically that the deadlock was broken and Logan elected through a ruse that was carried out by the State Republican Committee; apparently paying no attention to a special election, pending in a strongly democratic district.

The democrats were so sure and confident of their candidate, that they paid little attention until it was too late.

It seems that the Republicans had a number of bogus lightning rod agents working in the district, and where they found a farmer whom they could trust they would take him into the plan of appearing to be not interested in the election.

Thus they organized quite a working force that did not show its hand until afternoon of election day, when they came to the election booths and voted for the Republican candidate.

Along about mid-afternoon the Democrats awoke to the situation and started out a rally cry, but it was too late; when the votes were counted, the Republican had a small majority, which gave Logan 102 votes, the required amount—and he was elected United States Senator.

When we called on the General, Mason remarked that he had telephoned because he thought there would be a rush of callers and the General would be busy receiving. Logan smiled and said: "The crowds don't

come now, Billy, like they did when the campaign was on. We then had cheering crowds wherever we went—fire-works—brass bands and flowers on every side, but after the campaign was over, when I came back home, there were not enough people to make a corporal's guard to meet me."

That is the way of the world; and that is why a man should not get swell headed over any temporary success or become down hearted over any temporary adversity. For after all, all things are temporary.

A few years after General Logan's death I met Mrs. Logan at the home of the Mason's on Washington Boulevard. I was very much impressed by the feelings she expressed for her departed husband. It was indeed with veneration for his memory as she talked to "Will Mason"—as she called him.

I afterwards met Mrs. Logan in Washington, D. C., when she recalled having met me at Mason's home.

After what I have read of the life of Abraham Lincoln and seen of Mrs. Logan, I am convinced that Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Logan had much to do with the shaping of the political lives of their respective husbands.

CHAPTER IV

The tunnels under the main branch of the river at La Salle Street, and under the South branch at Washington Street, were other evidences of Chicago's thrift and ability to overcome difficulties.

At the time of which I write, there were bridges at Rush, State, Dearborn, Clark and Wells Streets, over the main river, and at Lake, Madison, Adams, Van Buren, Polk and Twelfth Streets on the south branch.

The bridges in those days—operated by hand—were on the move a great deal of the time, night and day, because of the growing amount of river traffic. The tunnels afforded some relief, and were used by light vehicles and foot passengers during the rush hours.

There were lumber, coal, and steel barges being towed, and quite frequently large steamships under their own power passing at all hours. It was a common occurrence for a large steamer to get stuck in the draw and hold up traffic for hours at a time. The delay was not all of the annoyance.

In those days the sewage of Chicago emptied into the north and south branches of the Chicago River, where at times it remained stagnant creating a stench upon the water, especially when boats were passing, stirring up the mud. It was in truth unbearable at such times.

Quite often, according to the wind direction, the flow from the river was driven out into the lake towards the water works cribs, which furnished Chicago's water

supply. At such times, the health authorities gave out warnings to "boil the water before drinking".

All of this time there were pumping plants on the south branch at Bridgeport, pumping the water out of the river into a canal that emptied into the Desplaines River from which it flowed into the Illinois, thence to the Mississippi River.

As the city grew in population the sewage naturally increased until a condition existed that was intolerable, endangering the health of the entire population of Chicago. However, the old "Spirit of Chicago", was then aroused and started a movement for relief that proved to be the most stupendous task ever undertaken up to that time.

When the Chicago drainage project was started, even those who were busy working out the plans had no conception of what it was leading up to, or where it was going to end.

I was a member of the first delegation that went to Springfield to obtain an appropriation for the purpose of widening the Chicago river (by authority of the War Department) and digging a drainage canal to relieve the people of Chicago of a very unhealthy condition that threatened the lives of its people. No thought was then given to a ship canal. The main object was to improve the sewage system of Chicago by means of a drainage canal, thereby insuring a dependable supply of pure water.

I believe the first appropriation was \$30,000,000.00 with authority to establish a drainage district and assess taxes on property therein.

Ossian Guthrie, a consulting engineer and geologist of more than ordinary ability, also one of Chicago's oldest inhabitants, had given much study to some such plans, including the practicability of some day providing a navigable waterway, connecting Lake Michigan with the Gulf of Mexico.

There was much attention paid to Mr. Guthrie's theories, but the work at hand was the drainage project.

After the election of a Board of Drainage Trustees, of which B. A. Ekhart, one of Chicago's most energetic civic leaders was President, Mr. Isham Randolph was placed in general charge of construction, and stayed with it until the work was completed.

I ought to add here, that the men and women whose names I dwell upon in these writings are by no means all of those who with time and money did much for the rebuilding of Chicago. Practically all of those I mention were personal acquaintances. The lack of space keeps me within the bounds of brevity in mentioning names of others.

Taking into account the results achieved by the Drainage Board, this was the greatest accomplishment of any city in our country.

Let us sum up. Purification of a water supply to 3,000,000 people; a sewage system that will be good for ages to come; reversal of the current of the Chicago River, making it flow up stream, so to speak, thereby changing it from a putrid, poisonous, bad-smelling bayou, to a clear water stream that invites fresh-water fish from the depths of Lake Michigan. Indeed, lake perch have been taken from down the river as far south as the City

of Peoria, Illinois. That statement was proven in the trial of a damage suit by citizens of Peoria who charged that the "Chicago Drainage Canal had poluted the Illinois River".

Chicago won its case largely on the introduction of evidence of the lake perch. On that point, Illinois should no longer be called the "Sucker State", the honor should go to the lake perch—a more edible morsel than the sucker at all events.

The deepening of the Chicago River and dredging of the Illinois, connected with the completion of the drainage canal led to a revival of the agitation in favor of a waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. In the starting up again of this plan there was difficulty in obtaining the approval of the United States Government, because of the opposition of the War Department Engineers.

It was not until the project was considered from the standpoint of a move to govern the flow of the Mississippi River, as a life and property saving measure, that the Congress took an interest in the plans.

In the Spring of 1927, I was living near New Orleans when Major Thompson, William Lorimer and several other men of political and business life of Chicago arrived on a large steamboat from St. Louis, on a pilgrimage of promotion, with plans to combine into a working force, a movement of representatives of all states affected by the over-flowing of the Mississippi River.

At that time the levees on the river at New Orleans were in a very precarious condition. Thousands of men were piling sand bags above and around the city. At

places the water was only a few inches below the top of the levee.

There was a large gathering of citizens at a luncheon given to the visitors that taxed the capacity of the Roosevelt Hotel.

Mayor O'Keefe of New Orleans welcomed the visitors. There were speakers from New Orleans, and from the Chicago delegation. The affair was practically a hand shaking love feast of the two cities. I had the good fortune to be in New Orleans for the day, and attended the luncheon.

William Lorimer had been working on the plans for almost a lifetime, and was well fortified with facts and figures showing that a combination of the plans, for river safety and navigation, was feasible and would win the approval of Congress and the War Department. Mayor Thompson followed Lorimer, and held out his hand to Mayor O'Keefe pledging all the forces at his command to work with New Orleans for river improvement.

When the two mayors clasped hands, the entire audience stood at attention and applauded with great enthusiasm. It was an inspiring sight to see those two dignitaries, with a combined weight of not less than a quarter of a ton, in a hand clasp of brotherly love.

I believe it was this meeting, that brought about the completion of the spillway above New Orleans, insuring the city against the danger of future floods.

CHAPTER V

I have heard Chicagoans say that nature did little for Chicago—that man did it all. That is a fact only in a small way, while it is true to a great extent that her growth has been the wonderful work of her citizens, nature did much that has sometimes been overlooked or forgotten.

In the first place, lumber for building purposes was easily available from Wisconsin and Michigan by water transportation, inexhaustible building sand on the shores of Lake Michigan, limestone in Indiana, and marl pits in Michigan furnished materials for cement. Indiana and Illinois furnished coal within easy distance of Chicago. Indiana had a superior supply of brick clay. Iron ore was available by water from the Mesaba Range, at the head of Lake Superior, and copper from the Calumet mines in Michigan.

Another provision of Dame Nature was the fertile prairies of Illinois, which made it the great grain producing state; and more than that, the climatic condition made Chicago the ideal center for the storage of wheat. It was the fact that wheat keeps better in the climate in which it is grown; that kept the wheat from going down to New Orleans, the most convenient sea port in the early days; thereby creating the immense elevator interests, so largely connected with the industrial growth of Chicago.

Again, beef and pork naturally kept in touch with the grain, thus making logical the establishment of the

Union Stock Yards and the packing house industry. Here again the climatic conditions aided Chicago, in the storage of meats. Before artificial cooling, Chicago had at hand facilities for cold storage. There was available all the ice they could harvest in the winter months, for the mere cost of cutting and storing it.

All of these features gave invitation for railroads to establish terminals in Chicago, as the facilities for road building and equipment were unsurpassed.

As the railroads became more numerous, street crossings at grade became a serious problem. Every year the number of accidents increased in spite of all precautions in the way of flag men and gates. The number of deaths and injuries were appalling.

Alderman John O'Neil, in the City Council for many years, was the father of the movement to abolish grade crossings entirely, in the City of Chicago. He stuck to his idea in spite of all kinds of adverse criticism, from railroad officials and many property owners. Railroads would be obliged to elevate their tracks, and buildings in many cases would have to be raised, all of which would involve an expense that would be beyond all reasoning. O'Neil was called a crank and his colleagues with few exceptions, referred to him as a "grade crossing Jack".

O'Neil with the true "Spirit of Chicago" stuck to the fight until he won out. One of the grave questions was how could the railroads raise their tracks without stoppage of operation? And how could that be done without paralyzing business? Here again Dame Nature showed herself.

Lake Michigan, for centuries had been washing up

sands, until by wind and water, the great sand dunes of Michigan City had been formed, almost mountain high!

O'Neil had a plan worked out to his own satisfaction whereby the tracks could be raised with little if any interruption of their operations, at a small cost, compared to what it was costing the roads for grade crossing accidents, and delays.

When he first announced that he was going to use sand to raise the tracks there was some surprise. "What? Run the railroads on sand? That's crazy!"

Here was his plan: build retaining walls on each side of the railroad out of limestone from Indiana, place iron girders at street intersections, allowing for slight declivities for under-passes, fill in the sand by train loads, raising the tracks, ties and all, as the sand would build up, hardly disturbing traffic as the work would proceed.

After approval of the plans by the city engineers, the railroads acquiesced, and the City Council with the backing of Mayor Harrison passed O'Neil's ordinance, and the work started at the earliest date possible. Thus again the "Spirit of Chicago", thanks to Alderman O'Neil's perseverance had achieved a great accomplishment in the abolition of grade crossings.

CHAPTER VI

In the matter of street car transportation, the City of Chicago was always behind her necessities.

When the cable system was introduced, it seemed for a while as if the service was up to requirements—when the cable or grip car was not out of commission. At such times there were many vexatious delays, as the stoppages were usually in the rush hours of the morning or evening when people were going to or returning from work, or business.

When the cable system was abandoned for the electric lines there was some relief for a while, but the service was never up to the requirements of the constantly growing population.

It seemed as if there could have been more cars in operation, but this scarcity of cars could be accounted for in the fact so frankly expressed by Charles T. Yerkes, who owned and operated the North and West Side systems. “The strap hangers pay the dividends.”

Mr. Yerkes came from Philadelphia, where he had made a financial success of the street car system in the “City of Brotherly Love”. He was not long in securing a controlling interest in the North and West Side systems of Chicago, and handled them for his personal interests.

The first elevated railroad was installed on Lake Street and ran from West Fortieth Street to Canal.

The South Side elevated at first ran from Van Buren Street to Washington Park, through the alleys and thus became known as the Alley L.

The Northwestern Elevated, on the North Side and the Metropolitan on the West Side came along later and afterwards combined with the others in a union loop structure surrounding the down town business section, bounded by Lake Street, Fifth Avenue, Van Buren Street and Wabash Avenue, making practical the operation over the loop structure by trains of each company, on a double track system.

The elevateds did increase the facilities for those living in the outskirts, and relieved to some extent the difficulties of the short haul riders on the surface lines, but the straphangers were still in evidence.

The elevateds—which for a long time had paid no dividends to stockholders—were pretty playthings for the boys on the stock exchange. They were generally referred to as North Side L, Lake Street L, Alley L, and Polly L. The ups and downs of these stocks made plenty of business for the Chicago Stock Exchange.

I can not now recall how many receiverships were involved, particularly of the Lake Street line. I recall an incident of the old days when the stock exchange was in the “Crilly” Building on Dearborn Street, opposite the First National Bank.

It was during trading hours on the floor of the exchange at a moment when there was not much trading going on. A broker offered one hundred shares of Lake Street L at 7½! Another broker, standing nearby, said in a sneering sort of a way: “Huh! I’ll sell you a million for that price!”

The first broker yelled out: “Sold!” And pro-

ceeded to make a memorandum of the sale. Then there was some excitement.

They were both members of the exchange and under the rules it was a sale.

The trading had only been in small lots—and there was no more chance of getting a million shares at that price, than there would be of buying the First National across the street.

When the excitement was over all agreed that it was a deal, except the broker who offered the million shares. He said he was just joking, as of course it would be impossible to obtain that amount of stock at any price.

Just what was the outcome I do not remember but I believe the buyer let up on the seller and all things ended in good humor.

There has been a lot of talk for many years in Chicago about a subway or underground system of transportation.

The subject has been more or less of a political football in the mayoralty campaigns for a generation; but the nearest it came to a reality as far as I know, would be in connection with the underground system built by the Illinois Tunnel Company, under the supervision of George W. Jackson, who spent more time underground than he did on the surface in working out that system of “subservice electric railways”.

I had considerable experience with the Illinois Tunnel Company in more ways than one, in my own business, and my administration as Postmaster, the latter I shall describe later on.

As our wholesale bakery business increased, I was

obliged to put on more wagons, which were loaded in the alley generally about two o'clock in the morning.

Powers and O'Briens Saloon was next door to me, on Madison Street.

My drivers began to complain to me that they were sometimes blocked in the alley by dirt carts, which were filled from an elevator, coming up from under Powers & O'Briens Saloon.

This was a surprise to me so I called on my next door neighbor—Johnny Powers, Alderman of the 19th Ward, and explained the inconvenience and delay the work was causing me, and asked him what it was all about. He was very nice to me and assured me that he would arrange to have the work halted during such times as my wagons were in the alley.

He informed me that a test was being made as to the practicability of a sub-way, under all the down town streets.

He took me out to a point near Canal and Jackson Streets, where he showed me an opening about fourteen feet high by about twelve feet wide, which he said was a sample of what the subway would be when completed.

So far as I know, that was about as far as any movement went towards building a subway for transportation of passengers in the City of Chicago.

The Illinois Tunnel Company did build a subway under the alleys of the down town district for the purpose of transporting freight in and out of the larger business houses, and hauling debris from buildings being demolished, to make way for sky-scraper buildings, in which there was great activity in those days.

With remarkable (?) foresight the City Council, some time before the beginning of this tunnel building, had passed an ordinance providing for filling in what was known as the lake front park. This gave a splendid place to dump the debris from demolished buildings and the excavation spill from the tunnels. A very wise piece of foresight.

The tunnels were a great convenience for the automatic telephone wires—dial system—at a reduced cost.

This whole work was carried out with very little publicity and very few people knew much about it until the work was completed.

A full description of an experience I had as Postmaster, will appear in a later chapter, pertaining to the transportation of mails through these tunnels.

CHAPTER VII

Jane Addams, than whom the poor and unfortunate people of Chicago had no better woman friend, had become a national figure, long before she passed away.

Of all the men or women I have ever met, not one showed more in manner or in speech so much of good honesty of purpose and determination to do things, as did Miss Addams. Mild and kindly in greeting people; yet modesty and reserve marked her every action and word.

When first I saw Hull House, it was in response to Miss Addam's invitation to attend one of their regular evening meetings, just to see what was going on there.

She showed me through her establishment and told me of some of the difficulties she had met with in building up Hull House, as a community settlement. She had first bought an old warehouse as a foundation for her work.

From that time on I have never lost interest in Hull House. When I was on the Daily News lecture staff, giving my stereopticon and moving picture entertainment (every fortnight) in the public schools, I gave several dates to Hull House and was welcomed by intelligent and attentive audiences.

"Social settlement" work was not so well thought of in Chicago prior to the development of Hull House, but when the people began to realize that Miss Addams was performing a real work, in showing people of restricted means and opportunities how to help themselves,

without arousing class hatred or anarchistic teachings, she received lots of encouragement and material assistance in her most excellent work.

I am not attempting to add anything to what has been said in laudation of Miss Addams. That indeed would be as hopeless as trying to "paint the lily" and I only touch on this subject to remind people of how much she did for Chicago.

H. H. Kohlsaat and I, notwithstanding the fact that we were competitors in the wholesale bakery and lunch room business, were the very best of friends, from the time I started buying cakes from his bakery until we were both busted.

In passing I might add that if we had both stuck to the bakery business, we probably would not have gone broke.

Anyone who had a friend in H. H. Kohlsaat had a friend indeed. He was always ready to lend a helping hand, whether it was for the community at large, or a friend in need.

He was fond of a good joke, and if it was at his expense he enjoyed the telling of it all the more.

One story that he told me was about an experience he had with Joseph Medill when he tried to buy the Chicago Tribune.

Kohlsaat did not understand that the Tribune was for sale, but having had a taste of journalism in his ownership of the Inter-Ocean—which he had just reluctantly sold to William Penn Nixon—he was anxious (naturally) to get back in the game.

The thought occurred to him as Mr. Medill was get-

ting along in years, he might consider a proposition to sell out and retire. They got together and it looked at first as if they might come to an agreement.

As Kohlsaats told me, he made an offer of a million dollars for the paper, exclusive of the real estate, of course; but Medill shook his head and said the paper was worth double that amount and he might consider an offer of something like that. Kohlsaats's immediate cash resources were slightly under a million, but he thought to himself that the paper was worth more, so he proposed a payment of one million cash, and a million in first mortgage bonds.

Medill shook his head and said, "Those bonds would not be considered at all".

"Why?", said Kohlsaats, "with the paper doing the business that it now is, those bonds could be paid off easily in a few years".

Medill looked at him with a smile and said, "Yes, they could be with Joseph Medill running the paper, but God knows what would happen to the Tribune in the hands of H. H. Kohlsaats".

The joke was so good that Kohlsaats had to tell it to a few friends. That was as near as he came to owning the Tribune. I presume today the Tribune is worth twenty million or more; probably more.

The foregoing lines bring to my mind the story Kohlsaats told me about his parting with the Inter-Ocean.

He and William Penn Nixon had been very close friends for years, and remained so, even through their unpleasant experiences as partners in the newspaper business.

After Kohlsaats bought the majority stock in the paper, he took charge and made changes in the business management, as well as in the policy of the paper.

The old Inter-Ocean was often called the "Bible of the Republican Party", under the control of the Nixons.

Kohlsaats was a Republican, but believed the paper should be more independent, and deal in personalities, and measures, on independent lines.

Nixon and he did not seem to be able to agree on so many points, that they finally agreed to disagree, until they could find some way out of the difficulty.

After a while Kohlsaats made the proposition to Nixon that he buy out Kohlsaats's interest, or sell his interest to Kohlsaats, or that Nixon retain his interest, but leave the entire management and policy of the paper in Kohlsaats's hands.

Mr. Nixon—in view of the fact that Kohlsaats owned about two-thirds of the stock—considered this a fair offer, and asked how much time he could have to decide. They agreed on a time limit which was satisfactory to Mr. Nixon. I do not remember how long it was, but the deal was to be accomplished at twelve o'clock noon, on the last day of the time limit.

Mr. Kohlsaats was in his office with his check on the desk waiting for Mr. Nixon, never thinking that the latter would be able to raise the required amount.

At one or two minutes before twelve Nixon came in and laid a cashier's check on the Chicago National Bank (John R. Walsh's Bank) on Kohlsaats's desk and said, "I am ready to close the deal". Kohlsaats told me that he accepted Nixon's check and took another look at the

clock. It had stopped on the minute of twelve o'clock! It was never known to stop before, he said, so far as they could recall.

Mr. Kohlsaas had a hard time keeping out of the newspaper business.

His next venture was taking over the Chicago Herald, and consolidating it with the Morning Record, a morning paper started by Victor F. Lawson calling the new paper the Chicago Record-Herald.

The effect of this was a caustic remark from the acidulous Governor Altgeld, who had it in for Kohlsaas.

Altgeld was quoted as having said, "Kohlsaas believes that the consolidation of two independent papers will make one Republican paper".

A former remark of Altgeld's was that "Kohlsaas is regarded among bakers, as a great newspaper man, and among newspaper men as a great baker". I believe Kohlsaas had as much fun over the above remarks as any one.

John McCutcheon had a lot of fun and furnished amusement for the readers of both papers when he made the cartoon of the McKinley Presidential train with Kohlsaas trying to run it. Then Kohlsaas came back with the same style of cartoon with Medill trying to get on board.

CHAPTER VIII

The McKinley Bryan Campaign, as far as the general public was aware, opened up in 1894, but it was actually put in motion the night of the November election in 1892, announcing the election of Grover Cleveland for his second term, as I referred to in earlier pages of these notes.

William McKinley was well known for his unselfish devotion to his country, in and out of Congress, loyalty to his party, and its traditions, when party lines were at stake.

He volunteered his services to the Union Army, at the age of eighteen serving as a private, was soon elevated to a captaincy and was mustered out as a Major in 1865.

His service in Congress—and as Governor of Ohio—made him known throughout the whole country. His pleasing personality was a magnet that drew people to him, and the politicians of both parties saw in him a real type of the American gentleman and statesman.

I remember the impression he made when he rode a black horse in the parade during the exercises connected with the dedication of the Columbian Exposition in October 1892.

Up to this time the only public mention of his name for the Presidency was in the convention of that year, when he was a delegate from Ohio, voting for the nomination of John Sherman, Ohio's favorite son.

Some of McKinley's admirers tried to start a stam-

pede for him; then some cast their votes accordingly; but McKinley stood up in the convention and announced in unmistakable words that he could never again regard any man as a friend of his who would vote for him while he was there as a delegate voting for John Sherman, the unanimous choice of the State of Ohio.

When the returns came in showing the landslide to Cleveland, largely the result of the "Mugwumps" (disgruntled Republicans) vote, little groups of admirers of McKinley—believers in his protection tariff policies—gathered here and there, all over our country, without any preconceived plan, and, as was afterwards learned, generally discussed the situation somewhat as follows: "McKinley" and "McKinleyism" had been made the issue by the Democratic Party. Cleveland's campaign platform plank of a "Tariff for Revenue, only" had caught a great many independent votes and drew the "Mugwumps" from the Republicans.

The conclusion was, that it would not be long before the voters would realize their mistake and the natural reaction would be a return to the policy of protection, and regard McKinley as their logical leader. That line of reasoning was reflected in the action of McKinley's friends in practically all of the Northern States. The principle groups were in Ohio, New York, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan and Nebraska.

I expect no one man did more to spread the doctrine, than did Charles G. Dawes.

At the time I first met Dawes he was living in Evanston, Illinois. He had formerly lived in Lincoln, Nebraska, where he had gone from Marietta, Ohio.

He had friends in all of those places, and made friends wherever he went, for with no liking for politics in the general sense of that word, he was a good mixer and had a real magnetism that drew men to him, even many of those whom he met, with opposite opinions to his views.

The politicians of Illinois—that is, the “organization”—were not in favor of McKinley.

The state, outside of Chicago, under the leadership of John R. Tanner, and Cook County under the leadership of William Lorimer, were pretty strongly entrenched in favor of Thomas B. Reed—although they were openly advocating Senator Shelby M. Collum as the favorite son of Illinois—the old gag! So Dawes had no easy job ahead of him.

The situation was well described by William E. Mason who was then a candidate for United States Senator, when he said—mocking one of the machine workers—“There ain’t nobody for McKinley but the people!” That described the situation fully, from the standpoint of the machine politicians of Illinois.

It did not take Dawes long to locate men with sufficient influence to carry precincts and elect delegates to conventions, who were not under the domination of the “machine”.

As soon as the lines were drawn a great many men with political ambitions, observing the spontaneous sentiment in favor of McKinley, saw their opportunity to break into politics—on the wave of his popularity. Others, mostly men of business affairs, who had never taken part in politics, moved only by a desire to help the

McKinley movement offered their services. These were sneeringly referred to by the professional politicians as "neophytes in politics".

Dawes, for a new man, showed an ability to organize these forces, into a working body, that was really an eye-opener. The first showing of hands took place in the State Convention at Springfield.

The McKinley forces were well organized. Each member of the organization who had a vote in the convention was in close touch with the leaders, so that any plan or change of plan was soon made known to the delegates. W. J. Calhoun, an ardent friend of McKinley was chosen by Mr. Dawes as the floor leader of the McKinley forces.

There was no fight for the organization of the convention; the test was to come on the instructions of the delegates-at-large to the National Convention at St. Louis.

The State Convention had adopted rules to govern its procedure which provided that the adoption of a motion to lay on the table any amendment or substitute to a principal motion would carry the whole subject matter with it. That was in accordance with parliamentary law in the adopted rules. So the machine had planned that when the motion to instruct for McKinley would be made, one of their leaders would offer a motion to amend by substituting the name of Shelby M. Cullom in place of McKinley which was followed by a motion to lay the motion to amend on the table, in the belief that enough McKinley delegates would be fooled into voting to lay on the table, which with the machine votes would carry the

motion to table and thereby kill the whole subject matter of instructions, and leave the delegates at large free from instructions, as to how they should vote at the National Convention.

After all, that was their real desire, as it was generally understood that the machine was for Thomas B. Reed!

The motion to lay on the table was undebatable, so to clear the minds of our delegates, we had to do some hurry up work to get our men to vote against the motion.

I believe we did have a few "weak sisters" who voted to table, but when the roll was called the votes showed that the motion to table was defeated. Then came up the main question which was debatable and W. J. Calhoun got the floor.

In all my experience in political affairs before or since, I never enjoyed such a thrill as I got from Calhoun's leadership. He stood on a chair in the middle of the floor and delivered a speech in favor of instructions for McKinley, which awoke thrills in his followers, and impressed many of his opponents with respect for his personality. His figure, his voice, his gestures, and his words were all in perfect harmony. It was indeed a splendid picture. Few who were there ever forgot it. When he finished, the public in the gallery and a majority of the delegates on the floor broke loose in a thunder of applause. That settled the fight, for McKinley carried the convention.

I shall have an opportunity in some notes later on to show more of the magnificent manhood of W. J. Calhoun.

After the battle of the State Convention it was no difficult matter to secure instructed delegates in Congressional District Conventions.

After McKinley's nomination in the St. Louis Convention came the call to close the ranks, and get ready for the Fall campaign for election.

William Jennings Bryan, out boldly for the "Free Coinage of Silver at the ratio of sixteen to one" was already in the field, addressing meetings everywhere, preaching to the masses the gospel of hatred for the rich.

The Republican campaign could not be considered as really on the way until the master hand of Mark Hanna took the wheel. He was an organizer, well liked by business men, and laboring men who knew him. He was a man of a most splendid character, friendly appearance, and a warm personality that drew people to him, not the slightest sign of self consciousness, with an ardent regard for McKinley that almost approached the extreme of reverence.

He had been a successful business man, had never taken a personal part in politics, and knew little of the ways of politicians. If I were to draw a picture of him, it would be a composite mixture of William McKinley, Charles G. Dawes and W. J. Calhoun. All three of them were alike in some ways and different in others, but in all, they aimed for one target—the aim to do right.

In all of the cartoons of Mr. Hanna of an adverse nature, none hurt his feelings so much as those that tried to convey the impression that McKinley was a mere pup-

pet in his hands. Not so much for himself, but because it was unkind to and untrue of McKinley.

From my personal observation—and I got to be close to both of them—I would say that if there could have been anything of the kind true, it would be the other way around; that McKinley could do anything with Mark Hanna.

Along about the first week in September, I had an independent canvass made of the 12th Ward, as then numbered, where I thought there ought to be a majority of at least ten thousand votes for the Republican ticket. I had some old canvass books which I put in the hands of reliable men on whom I could depend for a thorough canvass of certain precincts that I believed were representative of the whole ward. The reports were made as to Republicans, Democrats, Independents and unknown.

When the books were returned I was very much surprised. After the first compilation of returns, and estimates based on the whole Ward, I could not see more than about half what I estimated. Then I took up the number of Independents and unknowns and found there were many more of them than usual. So I kept these figures to myself until the official canvass was made, along about the first week in October.

I then made a comparison and found that a large number of Independents' votes had stepped into the Republican column, as well as a few Democrats. Also as near as I could ascertain a lot of unknowns of the former canvass had changed.

I learned from friends in other wards that they had experienced about the same conditions. I believe that

the consensus of opinion was that if the election had been in September, Bryan would have been elected, even without the radio.

After Mr. Hanna took charge the campaign commenced to move. His business men's organization was not altogether favored by the older politicians. They thought it would be playing into the hands of Bryan, and would be used by him to show that the business men's money was to be brought out to defeat him. They were for more "pussy foot" methods.

But Hanna was not that kind of a man. His plan was to get the labor man. His plan was to get the labor organizations to see that what was good for business, was good for labor.

His plan was to appeal to the reason of both. The big parades of the business men was a bold stroke, but the employees took hold with their employers.

From then on the tide commenced to turn in favor of McKinley and continued so until election day.

The final results were, McKinley 271 electoral votes and 7,102,272 popular votes to Bryan's 176 electoral and 6,273,624 popular votes. Palmer and Buckner on the national Democratic ticket (generally known as the "Gold Democracy") received 133,148 popular votes, but no electoral votes. There was no doubt but what the "Gold Democracy" helped McKinley's cause more than was shown on the face of the returns. A large number of those "unknowns" were democrats, who "took a walk" and went all the way over and voted for McKinley.

Of course, I went to the inauguration! Senator Mason had an offer of a private hotel car in which to take

his family to Washington over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, but he and Mrs. Mason preferred to go on the Pennsylvania Limited, and let the rest of the family go in the private car.

I was invited, as well as two others, Colonel Diston and Wallace E. Shirra, all family friends. We had a great time provisioning the car and getting ready for the trip. Traveling on the rear end of slow trains, we were quite a time getting to Washington, but none of us begrudged the time, for Lewis Mason, the Senator's oldest son, was the "Major Domo" of the party.

We had a steward in charge of the subsistence division who could cook and serve to perfection. It was a very enjoyable trip, and the car was parked in a convenient place in the B. & O. yards for the use of the male members of the party while we were in Washington.

Senator Mason had secured tickets for seats in the Senate balcony, right near the Presidential box; also seats on the outside steps of the capitol where we could see the President take the oath of office and hear his Inaugural address.

That part of the inaugural ceremony which takes place in the Senate chamber is more imposing and elaborate than the simple outdoor exercises. All of the senators and members of the lower house of Congress are assembled to see the Vice President and the newly elected senators sworn in.

All of the foreign ambassadors, in full uniform and regalia, are announced as they come in and take the seats assigned to them, according to rank. Then the "President of the United States and the President Elect" are

announced and escorted to seats in front of the rostrum facing the audience, where they remain until the Vice President and senators are sworn in.

President Cleveland looked tired as if he were glad to get through.

Mr. McKinley looked as fresh and well groomed as he always did. The very first thing he did after taking his seat was to look up at the balcony with a smile to his wife and mother in the presidential box. From where we sat we could see it all.

What a wonderful sight it was!

There was a man who had received the highest honor that could be conferred upon him by the people of his country, the country which he loved, and which he had served, from the time he enlisted as a boy, and served through the war, for the perpetuity of the Union. Then fourteen years in Congress; Governor of his state, and now elevated to the highest office within the gift of his countrymen.

After the Senate ceremonies, the President Elect was escorted to the outside steps of the capitol, there to take the oath of office in the open air, in the presence of the multitude.

After the oath was administered the new President delivered his inaugural address, the opening part of which should be read by every school boy in the nation.

“In obedience to the will of the people and in their presence by the authority vested in me, by this oath, I assume the arduous and responsible duties of President of the United States, relying on the support of my countrymen and invoking the guidance of Almighty God.

“Our faith teaches that there is no safer reliance than upon the God of our fathers, who has so singularly favored the American people in every national trial, and who will not forsake us so long as we obey His commandments and walk staunchly in His footsteps.

“The responsibilities of the high trust to which I have been called—always of great importance—are augmented by the prevailing business conditions, entailing idleness upon willing labor, and loss to useful enterprise. The country is suffering from industrial disturbance, from which speedy relief must be had.

“Our financial system needs some revision. Our money is all good now but its value must not further be threatened.

“It should all be put upon an enduring basis, not subject to easy attack, nor its stability to doubt or dispute.”

I am writing only the opening part of his address for the purpose of showing the character of the man. Would to God our country had more men like him today.

After the President's address comes the big show—the Presidential Party leading behind the mounted police and military escort, the foreign diplomats, army and navy officers, governors of all the states with staffs of colonels all mounted, West Point and Annapolis Cadets on foot, mounted Indians in war bonnets and other decorations, regiments and troops of soldiers and marines with bands, all the civic organizations of the District of Columbia, etc. It naturally is the most imposing parade possible in our national official life.

The parade passes down Pennsylvania Avenue,

which is lined on both sides with specially built stands for the sightseers.

On this occasion our party had two windows on the second floor of an office building facing the Treasury Building at the turn, where we could see the parade as it swung around at Fifteenth Street.

When the head of the procession reaches the White House, the presidential party take seats on the reviewing stand, from which the President reviews the parade as it passes.

It was not long after the new President had entered on the duties of his office, until his friends and advisors began to speculate and plan on matters of appointments. When a new administration comes in, of opposite party denomination to the outgoing, there is naturally a large number of appointments to be made.

I remember a statement made by a very close friend of the President, when interviewed on the subject of appointments. He stated that the first consideration would be fitness for the office to be filled; after that his policy would be to reward his friends without punishing his enemies.

Whether the friend was speaking by the card or not he certainly knew what he was talking about; for that was exactly the way President McKinley carried on.

One of the first appointments made by McKinley was that of his secretary, Jimmy Boyle, the man whom he brought from Ohio. He was all anyone could ask for in that capacity, but there was a better place for him—a position for which he was well fitted, and which meant more for him financially and an opportunity to advance.

John Addison Porter acted as secretary for a while, but was not so well fitted for the position. The next appointment was that of George B. Cortelyou, as secretary to the President. That was not only one of the first, but as it turned out one of the best.

Mr. Cortelyou was a man whose attainments were all self made. He first entered the executive service as a stenographer during Grover Cleveland's administration and was by him appointed Executive Clerk.

It was while in that position that McKinley discovered him and made him Assistant Secretary, and then appointed him Secretary to the President.

Mr. Cortelyou was one of the finest men it was ever my good fortune to know—and I have met many good ones in my somewhat eventful career.

During the first year of President McKinley's administration, he had plenty to do besides making appointments. He had taken up the reins at a time when our country was in a sad state of business depression.

Factories were closed, railroads were going into receiverships, farmers were getting little or nothing for their produce, labor of all kinds was prostrated, and all looked to McKinley for the cure.

Of course there were those in and out of Congress, who wanted immediate relief, over night, as it were.

McKinley stood steady, he never wavered nor did he attempt to usurp powers outside of the executive branch of the government. He had too clear an understanding of our system of government to do that.

When he sent his first message to Congress, he did

it in such a way as to impress the members with the fact that if they did their duty he would do his.

There was no attempt to take matters in his own hands, until the legislative branch of government had been apprised of the state of the nation and given a chance to act.

Right here I want to repeat as in parenthesis, a remark that I heard from a man sitting next to me on the inaugural stand. It was during a pause in the procedure when he said to his friend beside him, "That man will not have Congress on his hands". I knew that he referred to President Cleveland's remark, on a certain occasion, either spoken or written that he "had Congress on his hands".

Right after McKinley's message it could be easily seen by those who wanted to see, that there was a restoration of confidence growing. First, the steel mills opened up, railroads were placing orders, banks were offering loans, factories were opening up, wholesale dealers were putting men back on the road, farmers were ordering new equipment, builders were starting up to meet the shortage of buildings.

Lumber mills were applying for hands to go to work in the woods, the coal mines were working to make up for the shortage on hand, traffic on the great lakes was resumed, wages were soon on the increase, and it was not long after that the retail trade started up to a point where advertisements of goods, in large display, and help wanted, were crowding the papers to capacity.

The street cars were putting on extra trailers, and

more trips to accommodate the workers to and from their work.

Then families that had been obliged to concentrate, for economy sake, into crowded quarters, began to expand and look for more room, which, of course, made a demand for more houses.

More houses, more lumber, bricks, plaster, paint, glass, builders' hardware; employment for the building trades—how simple it all is to any one, except to those who will not see.

Well, it did not take Congress long to see that there was a master hand at the helm and that they really were the legislative branch of the government; so they cooperated with the President and brought about the prosperity that was promised.

Good wages in sound money; there was no over supply or surplus, because there was no underconsumption. That autocrat of the breakfast table—old supply and demand—was again in charge of operations.

I had not given any thought to the matter of appointment of any kind whatsoever until it was suggested to me by Senator Mason and Charles G. Dawes, at or nearly the same time, and even then, I at first felt that my business required all of my attention. However, having devoted so much time to political activities, it had been necessary to organize business affairs so as not to require so much personal application, as formerly. That of course was a mistaken idea.

Very soon the newspapers began mentioning names for the different federal offices in Chicago. Few prospective slates were suggested, that did not include my

name. Collector of the Port, Postmaster, Sub-Treasurer, U. S. Marshall, Collector of Internal Revenue—or what have you.

There were candidates in plenty for all of them. One day, my good friend Kohlsaatt called me up and asked me if I could come over and see him, to which I responded without delay.

When I was on the way over there, the thought occurred to me that he wanted to discuss the matter of appointments. I was not mistaken.

He started out with the statement that he was not going to meddle with the affairs of President McKinley pertaining to appointments, and was not going to embarrass him by any requests for favors whatsoever. He added, however, that he had told John M. Hubbard, who had been Assistant Postmaster for many years, that if consulted, he would favor his appointment as Postmaster, therefore he would not like to see me a candidate for that position. I looked at him in amazement, and asked him what made him think I was a candidate for Postmaster.

Well, he said it was perfectly natural for the President's political friends to select men for the various places to be filled—who had been helpful in his campaign; the same was true of Senator Mason. He then added, that as a friend of mine, he would advise that I stick to my business, and not accept any political appointment. I then told him that I was not a candidate for Postmaster nor any position and would not accept any appointment that would take too much time from my business. I added that Senator Mason thought the po-

sition of Collector of Internal Revenue was at my disposal if I wanted it. Kohlsaas then said, "I have no doubt but what the President would like to appoint you but—remember what I say, it would be better for you not to take any office that will take you away from your business". I thanked him for his advice, and wished many, many times I had followed it.

Finally the time came for making up the slate for appointments, and I was slated for Internal Revenue Collector. I had decided that I would stand for the appointment. This was after my business manager had told me that he was quite sure that it would help to build up our wholesale bread business with the retail stores. The revenue office was only two blocks from my Madison Street bakery. I had investigated and found there was very little time required to fulfill the duties of Collector.

If I had known what was to happen in the near future, I would have refused the appointment; for the Spanish American War made it the busiest and hardest of all the federal offices, as will be seen in another chapter of this work.

CHAPTER IX

During my experience in Chicago, there was no man in the State of Illinois who had more personal friends, and admirers, than "Billy Mason" as he was familiarly called throughout the state. And when I say friends, I mean real friends, who were always ready to answer to his call, in fair weather or foul, anywhere, in Illinois from Chicago to Cairo, and from the Indiana line to the Mississippi River.

I might add, parenthetically, that I was at a meeting during the McKinley Campaign, when Mark Hanna, then Chairman of the National Republican Committee, said in his address, that they had "twice as many calls for William E. Mason from all over the country, than for any other speaker on the list".

Mason was not only a popular stump speaker, but an orator, and debator, who had few equals in the House of Representatives and the United States Senate during the time he was seated in each of those houses.

Mason was not of the type of politician who called themselves leaders, when they were only "fixers". He was a character that stood alone, by himself, and, in all of his campaigns, he had to fight the machine.

In one of the foregoing pages I told how I met Mr. Mason and of the friendship that grew up between us; so when he announced his candidacy for United States Senator, I was for him from the start, and so announced myself to him with all my heart.

In those days the United States Senator was elected

by the State Legislature, usually after endorsement in party caucus.

Mason knew he would have a small chance for the "Machine Support", and decided to go out to the people of the state and have them instruct their candidates for the Legislature to vote for him for Senator. That was the best way for him to go about it, although it meant hard work and a considerable expense.

I started out among his neighbors and organized the first "Mason for Senator Club". At the first meeting we subscribed quite a nice sum and appointed a finance committee to see what more could be raised. In a very short time we had enough to start him out.

He had mapped out a plan to go into practically every county in the state, having obtained dates of local conventions. He had many friends scattered all over the state, from whom he received enthusiastic encouragement.

After all the nominations for State Senator and members of the lower house had been made, it began to be clear that Mason had enough candidates instructed for him to make him a formidable candidate.

The Republican Organization of Chicago and Cook County had taken a stand for Martin B. Madden, a man of large following in Chicago.

It was well known however, that the machine endorsement of Madden was more for the purpose of retaining the affections of Doctor Jamieson and a few other south side members of the organization, than to elect Madden. There were several strong cogs in the Cook County machine who did not like Madden but

agreed to his endorsement in Cook County for convenience sake, rather than a desire to elect him Senator.

John R. Tanner, then Governor of Illinois, was not in favor of Madden, or Mason for Senator, indeed, it was quite evident that many of his friends tried to get him to be a candidate himself, a proposal that met with very little encouragement from the Governor.

All the while Mason was losing no time in his campaign to secure enough state senators and members to support him in the Republican caucus. He had, in members and senators, nearly enough instructed for him, but not quite a majority on the face of the returns. As I remember, it required 63 votes to make a majority of the Republicans, in joint caucus of both houses, to make him its party choice for senator.

Mason had, according to his reports, either pledged or instructed for him about 57 votes; lacking only six more to control the caucus.

When Mason changed his headquarters to Springfield, he secured rooms 20-21 in the Leland Hotel, rooms occupied by John A. Logan at the time he was elected United States Senator, when Mason, then a member of the Illinois Legislature, was his campaign manager. By this time, the old machine, well aware of Mason's strength, had succeeded in bringing out other candidates in different parts of the state in hope of breaking Mason's strength by use of the old "favorite son" sentiment.

This action on the part of the Chicago leaders, confirmed the suspicion of Martin B. Madden's friends and real supporters, that Madden was not being squarely

supported. So he then served notice that he would come out for Mason, if the above proved true.

That changed the situation in Mason's favor. Then out came William Lorimer as Cook County's candidate. This turn of affairs strengthened Mason in some places but threatened in others. The first to come out under the "favorite son" movement, was Albert J. Hopkins of Aurora, but when he could not get the support of Col. Charles Page Bryan of Elmhurst, or William Hunter of Elgin, the two representatives from his District, nor Senator Hank Evans of Aurora, he decided to withdraw.

Senator Isaac Miller Hamilton, was instructed and pledged to Mason, but when W. J. Calhoun came to Springfield, to look over the ground, having been told that Mason could not be elected—Hamilton got cold feet, as Calhoun was from his District.

Mr. Calhoun was a warm personal friend of President Elect William McKinley, also he was a friend of William E. Mason. Mr. Calhoun was a gentleman of the highest type and impeccable character.

Calhoun coming on the scene, caused a lot of uneasiness to Mason and his friends, who were all McKinley men, and great admirers of Calhoun.

The machine bosses then were feeling pretty good, not that they wanted Calhoun, but they thought it would break Mason's ranks, and in the mix up would enable them to land their man.

As things looked to me then, something had to be done to hold our ranks. We felt quite sure of our 57 votes, but realized that we had "weak sisters" roaming

around where they were subject to all attacks from our opposition, so what to do? I could see that the only thing to do was to get our own forces together and bind them into an organization wherein they could see their own strength.

I got Clark Tisdell, Col. Charles P. Bryan, Senator Bob Fort, and old Tom Needles, an old timer in the Legislature from Washington County, a man whose experience in the Legislature was well known, into a huddle in the room which Col. Bryan and I shared together.

There I placed the situation before them, at the same time suggesting a plan that I had discussed with Mr. Mason, a plan of which he approved.

The plan was to privately request the presence of all our sure fire supporters in the large outer chamber of Mason's suite that afternoon to hear what Mr. Mason had to say to them.

We had six or eight runners to get around and see the fellows, who were mostly in the hotel. In several cases, they were to meet Tom Needles and Col. Bryan in our room, by themselves, before the meeting for instructions.

The plan was adopted and worked out to perfection. Some of our inside fellows had arranged to have six or eight reliable supporters enter the door of the big room, one at a time, pass through another and then to Mason's bedroom—out that door into the crowded hall—around the corridor, and then re-enter the big room. The effect was that Mason had over 60 actual members and senators at the meeting. No reporters were allowed to come into the meeting; so they were waiting in the hall

outside. A lot of our scouts and runners were mixed up with the crowd in the hall, and some of our opponents were sitting on the stairway which faced the door of our meeting, watching and counting all that entered; so the news soon spread that Mason had over sixty votes at his meeting.

Tom Needles was door keeper. We were detained for a few minutes waiting for Mr. Mason who was in a private conference in his bedroom. While we were waiting I spoke for a few minutes, so did Tom Needles, and then Mason came in. We had a few cheer leaders there who gave the signal for a grand reception, which was heard plainly by those out in the hall. Then Mason made one of the finest speeches I ever heard and after he got through, old Tom Needles who was now full of enthusiasm spoke and ended by suggesting that every man there hold up both hands as a sign that they would stick until Mason was elected. Not one refused.

After the meeting was over it soon got out that Mason only lacked three or four votes of enough to control the caucus.

As soon as we could get together after the meeting Mason and I had a conference over the question as to the action of Mr. Calhoun.

Mason suggested that I wait a few minutes, as he had sent for Senator Hamilton, Calhoun's District Senator, and had word that he was coming; so in a few minutes we three were together and agreed that Hamilton and I arrange for a conference with Mr. Calhoun if Mason could make the appointment—which he did over the phone—Calhoun was in his room on the floor above.

He received us in the only way he was capable of doing, in a most friendly and cordial manner, and I noticed that he evidently had not seen Hamilton very recently. He invited us to sit down and tell just the exact situation, stating that he could trust us both.

I started out to tell him the reason for our visit was to learn if possible whether or not he was a candidate for United States Senator, and if agreeable to him, to bring a message to Mason as to his intention; adding that we had all fought together for McKinley; and that Mr. Mason was now in a position where he had a right to know who his friends were in this fight, which he now felt he had clearly won.

Hamilton tried to interrupt me, and I noticed that Calhoun in a friendly way, suggested he let me deliver my message. I could see that Calhoun had been deceived by reports he had received, by the questions he asked me. After a few questions he put to Hamilton he sat for a few minutes, and then looked up at me and said, "I like the frank way you have come to me and will give you this message to take back to Mr. Mason: You tell him that W. J. Calhoun said that he will never go into that caucus with the blood of Billy Mason on his hands".

I jumped up and clasped his hand which he extended to me with that wonderful kindly smile, and thanked him fervently, for I was all worked up, and said as near as I can remember: "How could any one who knows you expect anything different?"

Hamilton tried to qualify the statement but I rushed out, leaving him there, and shot down stairs three steps at a time to Mason's room, and who did I meet

coming out but Lawrence Y. Sherman, a representative whom nobody seemed to know how to count in the line up.

Mason asked about the conference with Calhoun. I dramatized the message with the fullness of my feelings. The dear old fellow was quite overcome with gratitude to Calhoun, and his eyes filled with moisture as he said, "I knew Calhoun would not be a party to a plot to assassinate me".

After we both cooled down a bit, he started laughing from his belt up, and asked me if I saw Sherman going out as I came in. I said I had and asked him for the meaning of the call. Sherman was a testy sort of a fellow—he had told me a few days before that it was "nobody's dam business but mine", as to who he would support for Senator. I found out that he showed the same attitude to our opponents—he was what in Texas would be called a "Maverick". Mason went on then to tell me what had happened.

Sherman had called in response to a request from Mason—they were good friends—and Mason started in by telling him why he ought to come out in the open and be for him. He said, "You know, Larry, I have this fight won, but I want you with me". Larry looked Mason square in the eye and asked him if he was sure he had enough votes. Mason said he was. Then Sherman reached for his hat and asked: "Then what in the hell do you want with me?"—and shot out the door.

Lawrence J. Sherman cut quite a figure in Illinois politics and was himself elected United States Senator several years after the events described above.

That same evening Madden quit in favor of Mason, but was only able to deliver two votes, but on the strength of the evidence of Madden's retiring, two or three "band wagon" fellows jumped in and the fight was over.

The next morning at ten o'clock the caucus met and all the other candidates withdrew. Mason was unanimously nominated as the Republican Candidate for United States Senator, which was equivalent to election as the Legislature was strongly Republican.

From the very start I was looked on as the leader in the Mason movement, and as the campaign proceeded I had been generally regarded as Mason's manager in the final struggle. So I was feeling pretty well myself over the outcome of what (next to the Logan fight) was regarded as the most sensational fight for United States Senator in the history of Illinois.

Book Four

CHAPTER I

When the United States Congress decided to have a World's Fair in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus in 1892, the necessary appropriations were made for financing the federal government's part of the project. Bids were invited from the principal cities of the United States, desiring to compete for the privilege of holding such an Exposition, Congress reserving the right to make the selection.

Competition started up immediately. Proposals came in from practically every city of any importance, some of not so much importance. After many competitors had dropped out the choice was reduced to San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis and New York City.

The competition was keen in the final round up. It seemed that the last test was between New York and Chicago, with the former boasting of the advantage.

I was in New York at the time the contest was raging in Washington and all I could hear on the subject was that "our Chauncy", Chauncy M. Depew, who was at the head of the New York delegation was sure to get the Fair. The Chicago delegation was fighting "tooth and toe nail", as I saw when I stopped over at Washington on my way back to Chicago. It seemed as if all of Chicago's most prominent men of business and political importance were there, filled with that Chicago Spirit—bound to win.

I might add there was an abundance of other spirits in evidence, that added much life to the occasion. I was reminded of an expression of Mathew Stanley Quay on the first White House dinner under the Hayes Administration, when he caustically stated that "the water flowed like wine"—an old expression in reverse English.

Men and women holding governmental positions were working with their respective delegations from their home cities.

The eastern newspapers made much fun over the fight of the "Windy City", as they then called Chicago, most of them favoring New York.

If there ever was any good reason for calling Chicago the Windy City it existed at that time. The two or three days while I was on the ground I did not see any evidence of shortage of wind on the part of the champions of Chicago—nor do I believe there was any time wasted in sleep.

When it appeared that Chicago had the votes our New York friends were very sick. They could not believe it and for a time were very bad losers.

Now came the time for Chicago to really raise the wind. Ten million dollars was a lot of money in those days! That much had been pledged but it soon became apparent that more would be required; but the Chicago Spirit never faltered and the World's Columbian Exposition turned out to be the greatest of its kind in American History up to that time, even though it made a very small profit. In deciding on a site for the Fair the committee was fortunate in its selection.

The West Side, out in the Garfield Park section,

offered a site near the old race track, with some features, principally railroad facilities that had some attractions. Some of the business interests, more especially hotels and restaurants, wanted the Fair down town on the lake shore—convenient to the center of the city.

When announcement was finally made of the decision in favor of Jackson Park and the Midway Plaisance, it gave general satisfaction. On the shore of Lake Michigan with a background of natural scenery and the beautifully improved park, the site offered all that could be desired.

The sandy shore of Lake Michigan with deep water boating facilities, the lakes and lagoons in Jackson Park, all added to attractions of the site.

It soon became apparent to the Commissioners that the plans they had prepared for the opening of the Fair could not be accomplished in time to open in 1892, so it was decided to hold the dedication exercises in October of that year and postpone the formal opening until the Spring of 1893.

The dedicatory exercises brought a great many distinguished guests to Chicago, most conspicuous of which was the Spanish Infanta—Princess Eulalie.

There was one episode connected with the Infanta's presence at the celebration that I believe never saw print.

Mrs. Potter Palmer who was Chairman of the Women's Committee, and one of the most popular of leaders in social and civic affairs in Chicago—if not the whole country—gave a special luncheon or dinner for the Princess which the latter was about to ignore on the ground that she "could not think of sitting at table with the wife

of an 'Innkeeper'!'. I am not sure that Mrs. Palmer heard the remark. She certainly did not, if those who had charge of entertaining the Infanta could prevent it. I am sure that if Mrs. Palmer did hear of the slighting remark, her good common sense and wonderful tact would enable her to handle the situation without reflection on the shortsightedness of the Princess.

The foregoing brings to my mind another incident connected with the Spanish Infanta that was not so well known and talked about as the "Innkeeper incident".

In the Fall of 1892 shortly before the dedicatory exercises, the Infanta and her party were making a tour of the Fair Grounds on the Intra-Mural Railroad, an elevated structure that was one of the transportation exhibits.

The party was being conducted by Hobart Chatfield—Chatfield Taylor, a gentleman well known in his time as one of Chicago's society leaders.

A group of newspaper reporters standing on the back platform of the rear car were uninvited guests of the party and were looking for news for their papers. It was a rather gloomy, drizzling day and the grounds were in an incompleated state; full of mud and puddles which made walking very difficult.

As the train stopped at a station, far out near the end of the park, a uniformed guard informed the reporters that he had been requested by Mr. Taylor to notify them that they would not be permitted to proceed further on the trip and must leave the train, thus confronting them with a long walk through the mud and rain. Joe McHough, reporter for the Chicago Tribune,

the dean of the group, asked the guard to inform Mr. Taylor that he would like to speak to him. Mr. Taylor came to where the men were waiting and stated the fact that he was responsible for the order and gave the guard a signal to proceed with the trip.

As the train pulled out leaving the disconsolate reporters in a huddle, McHough yelled out somewhat as follows: "Hobart Chatfield—Chatfield Taylor, you are a blank such of a such-such—and the hyphen goes!", or words to that effect. This story was given to me by Paul Hull, who was one of the reporters.

What makes the story more interesting is the fact that Mr. Taylor called on the Managing Editor of the Chicago Tribune, told him all about it and insisted that McHough should be discharged. The managing editor—"old Van", as he was known by the reporters—laughed over the story and informed Mr. Taylor that the remarks of Mr. McHough were so funny and witty that he "could not fire a man for that", and advised Mr. Taylor that he ought to withdraw his charge, which he promptly did.

One day McHough called at the Post Office to see Paul, who was then my secretary, and we went all over the story again. McHough treated it lightly saying, "My Irish was up and I had to let it out."

Like many others, I was on the alert to get into something in the way of a concession to make some money out of the Exposition. I could not see much good in the line of the restaurant or lunch room privileges for the reason that competition was so strong and the costs so high, for installation of fixtures, etc. I gave up all

thought of anything in that line. I afterwards found that it was well I did so.

There was an eccentric old fellow who was a daily patron of my Madison Lunch Room who had designed an electric boat calculated to meet the requirements for pleasure boat transportation through the lagoons and canals in the fair grounds. General Proctor, as he was called by his friends, had made a beautiful model of such a boat long before the fair commissioners had advertised that some such system of operating boats would be among the concessions that would be let—calling for bids for the same.

Mr. E. R. Meeker of Elizabeth, New Jersey, an agent for the sale of the Ofeldt System of Naphtha boats, heard of the Proctor boat and came to Chicago to learn what he could about the old fellow and his porposed “Electric” boat. Proctor brought him in to see me, stating that whatever he did in forming a company, “Mr. Coyne must be included”. (I had been giving him credit for his meals for some time and he wanted me to have a share in whatever came out of his plans.) About this time the official plans and specifications were announced and it seemed that a combination of the Proctor and Meeker plans would meet the requirements.

At the same time the New York Electrical Navigation Company had a storage battery boat that was being exploited in the east.

Charles E. Willard of Chicago had a steamboat that he thought was the only practical exhibit.

When the time came to open bids we had formed a combination with the Meeker Company and were pre-

pared to make a bid. The Board of Commissioners gave a hearing to each bidder and after a few days of consideration advised each company that before they could make an award each bidder must make two sample boats, one of steam or naphtha and one of electricity; these boats to be in the lagoon at a certain time and placed at the disposal of a committee on boat transportation for a specified time. I believe it was three months.

Well, we all entered for the contest. It was a very nice plan for the commissioners, cruising around the lagoons. But they soon found out the difference between the lake and the lagoons as the lake would be rough at times. One of the routes to be covered was outside in Lake Michigan around the "Battleship"—a full sized model of a battleship of that day and date, built on a concrete foundation and furnished as an actual ship of the navy—a very interesting exhibit.

The committee finally decided to make two awards, one to the New York Company for the electric boats to operate in the inside waters, and the other to be let jointly to our company and Charles S. Willard for the outside waters. As I could not see much chance to make anything out of such an arrangement I sold my interest to Meeker for about what it cost me, but was obliged to take in payment the boat *Isabella*, which had cost to build and equip over three thousand dollars. It was now appraised at about one third of that amount which just about equalled my investment.

I kept the *Isabella* during the Summer of 1893, and finally sold it for five hundred dollars. So my experience

in a World's Fair concession was not unlike the most of the rest of the concessionaries.

The popcorn concession—the right to pop and sell popcorn—attracted a great many bidders.

It was not hard to estimate the value of that concession because in those days there was a good profit even after the percentage to the fair was deducted. The volume of business could be fairly estimated by the amount sold at ball games and like attractions.

There was one item overlooked however, and that was that you must have the corn to pop if you are going to do any popping. I remember the story, but can not recall the name of a man who saw the wisdom of the above rule, so with commendable foresight he ascertained how much popcorn was raised in those days, and proceeded to buy up the visible supply, besides options on what was not visible and succeeded in making a nice profit before the gates of the fair were opened.

He probably had in mind Dean Swift's receipt for cooking a rabbit, "You must first catch your rabbit".

Or perhaps he had heard the story of how the largest contract to sell harness, saddles, and other leather goods, to the Union Army during the Civil War was let.

I read this story as applied to the Oliver Estate in Pennsylvania. It came out during the early days of the World War and was very interesting.

It seems that the U. S. Army advertised for proposals to supply an immense lot of such goods, with the usual specifications, requiring bidder to furnish bonds, etc., and time of delivery.

Among the principle bidders was a Mr. Oliver of

Pennsylvania, either Pittsburg or Harrisburg, (I have forgotten) but the story I read stated that Mr. Oliver was the father of U. S. Senator Oliver.

The most formidable competitor against Mr. Oliver was a firm from New York City, large manufacturers with big backing. When the day came to open the bids, the New York firm was represented by a large delegation, and Mr. Oliver was alone.

The New York firm was awarded the contract and commenced to celebrate; as being from New York, they would.

Across the hall only a few doors away, Mr. Oliver, feeling blue over his disappointment was trying to take a rest and get some sleep.

His thoughts naturally went back home and he thought of the provision he had made for supplies and particularly for leather. Then, as he could hear the New York fellows with Washington friends enjoying their victory, he wondered if they had taken the precautions that he had taken to protect themselves, in event of their obtaining the contract. Then he began to do some figuring.

It takes so long to make a hide into leather. It takes so long to raise an animal to a point where its hide is available. The leather on hand is usually so much. After thinking these matters over he lost all desire to sleep and he got busy right then, with the result that by the time the New Yorkers had consumed the visible supply of champagne he, through his associates and banker friends, had the visible supply of leather on the run and by noon the next day he had the most of it cornered!

The story then went on to say that Mr. Oliver made more money out of his leather than the New Yorkers made out of the contract, for they had to *see* him.

In the space I have allotted to the Columbian Exposition it is not my intention to describe the fair in detail but try to bring out some of the high lights that were not generally known at that time. For instance, it was not long after the gates had been opened until it was discovered that there was a private gate in operation at the foot of one of the streets that came to a dead end in a secluded part of the enclosure!

The admission, as I remember, was twenty-five cents. When it was discovered, it had been in operation for some time.

Rumor said that a young man, relative of one of the commissioners, was the one who had started the racket and that is why there was no publicity on the subject.

Neither was there any publicity given to the many wild parties that were pulled off after the gates were closed, when the exhibitors and some of the managers got together with attractions from the "Midway" which was the "Freak" of the whole show.

According to many rumors these shows were a great relaxation to the "tired business men" who attended them.

How many are there today who remember the "Houseboat on the Sticks"?

I believe the craft was planned by Dan Burnham, undoubtedly the best known and most highly regarded of all the architects of that time in Chicago.

The craft was really a club house at the foot of Van

Buren Street. It was built after the style of a hull, more particularly the after part, and stood up on piles at least ten feet above the water. It was the quarters of a club made up of World's Fair officials. It was a striking looking sight from Michigan Avenue.

For fully a year before the opening of the fair I received many offers to buy my lunch room. One agent told me that he could get me fifty thousand dollars cash for it easy. I had inquiries from all over the country. I thought myself that I would make that much in one year on account of the fair.

What actually happened to my business was as follows: First, my landlord raised the rent three thousand a year. Next, the waiters organized and imposed a wage increase of twenty percent. Then after the fair opened a large number of my regular customers would hike off to the fair grounds and get their lunch down there.

As far as strangers in the city were concerned, they were mostly located out on the South Side and spent little time or money down town. So, actually, my net profits from the World's Fair were little more than one half of the preceding year.

However, there was so much money coming into the city that Chicago scarcely felt the effects of the financial panic of 1892.

One of the unusual and most interesting exhibits at the fair was the arrival of three caravels—the Nina, the Pinta, and Santa Maria—exact reproductions of the Columbus discovery fleet. So far as possible they were

outfitted and equipped in Spain and brought over here as part of the Spanish Exhibit.

There was also a reproduction of the Viking Ship of Leif Erickson days, that came from Norway. The latter was reconstructed from the wreckage of an old ship of that type that had been buried under sand and water for a century or more.

The Viking Ship—I have forgotten her name—was very popular among the Scandinavians of Chicago, in keeping with their love of mother country.

One day it was suggested that some of the older Norwegian settlers of Chicago should take the old ship out for a trip on Lake Michigan. The proposal met with favor and a crew was made up, the ship provisioned, the sails unfurled and everything made ready for a short trip the first fair day.

When the time came for sailing, the crew and invited guests were all on hand including reporters from the daily papers.

I remember only a few of those who were to man the ship. Those few were S. T. Gunderson, John Anderson, Doctor Sandberg and Mr. Haugan. Those are the only names I can now recall.

By some good luck they managed to get the ship out of the harbor, beyond the breakwater and then commenced a lot of difficulties in trying to tack against the wind and come about as required. It was then discovered that there was not a sailor aboard! All of the crew were old time seamen but were all captains—"Captains All". All of this furnished a lot of fun for the newspaper scribes, and as the vessel commenced to roll and wobble

about, a lot of food for the fishes. Finally, a tug boat had to go out and haul them in.

THE COLD STORAGE FIRE

No account of the World's Columbian Exposition is complete without an account of the holocaust of the Cold Storage Fire as evidenced by the following headlines:

BAPTISM OF FIRE AND BLOOD
IN A FUNERAL PYRE
FIREMEN CREMATED IN THE COLD STORAGE BUILDING
IMPRISONED BY FLAMES
DESPARATE MEN LEAP FROM ONE DEATH
TO ANOTHER BELOW
ACTS OF HEROIC BRAVERY
GALLANT FELLOWS FACE DANGER TO AID
WOUNDED COMPANIONS
HORROR WITNESSED BY MANY
(Chicago daily papers of July 11th, 1893.)

Amidst all thoughts of the beauty of the architecture and construction of buildings in the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 there was always in the minds of the Commissioners the haunting fear of fire. These fears grew into a terrible realization—when at 1:30 in the afternoon of July 10th, the alarm went out that the Cold Storage building was on fire.

In a surprisingly short time practically all fire apparatus of the city were on hand to aid the company stationed in the Exposition grounds.

Apparently the fire was in the shaft of the Cupola in the center of the building about 30 feet above the roof and seemed to be of easy access and not a difficult fire to

handle. From the roof to the ground was about 75 feet.

Ladders were placed and lines of hose were drawn up by ropes that were then dropped over the sides for life lines, attached to the edges of the roof for fire escapes if needed. A large number of men were on the roof and some were on the Cupola with hose playing at a rate that seemed to promise success when the whole roof burst into flames from below—probably caused by the explosion of the ammonia tanks. In a moment there were men enveloped in flames making their way to ladders and ropes. One man jumped to the ground and was picked up a broken bleeding mass. With all means of escape cut off 12 men were imprisoned on the Cupola, surrounded by flames.

Many of their fellows on the roof tried to assist them and were badly burned before they sought safety for themselves. Those 12 men above, when they saw there was no hope, made their choice and jumped into the fiery furnace below them, some clasping hands of their fellows as they went to a quicker death.

All of this took place before the eyes of more than twenty thousand people, unable to lend a hand at rescue. Many men and women prayed aloud, many women fainted at the sight and were carried off to the hospital on the grounds. Mrs Coyne and her mother had just entered the fair grounds and were so appalled at the sight that they turned away and when they reached home were almost in a state of collapse.

There were soldiers in the crowd who had faced death in battles, whose features were blanched at the terrible spectacle before them. After it was all over it

was found that 14 men were dead and 24 in the hospital seriously injured. The published list of the dead was as follows:

Captain James Fitzpatrick, Lieutenant Freeman, Fireman Phillip B. Breen, Lieutenant Moulter, Fireman John McBride, Fireman William Deming, Captain James Garvey, Lieutenant Charles Purvis, Lieutenant John Smith, Fireman Burton B. Page, Fireman Paul Schroeder, unknown line man, initials on belt M. H. or H. W.

There were also 2 Columbian Guards killed whose names were not known.

Much has been written in poetry and song in praise of the men who go down to the sea in ships and to the glorious deeds of soldiers in battle, but it is only at times such as marked the Cold Storage fire, the Stock Yards fire, January 2, 1912, where the gallant Fire Marshall James Horan and nearly a score of others were killed or disabled, not to mention other occasions, that we think of the heroic deeds of our firemen and police who are ever close to us and ready at any hour or minute to face death in protecting our lives or our property.

CHAPTER II

From the first term of Carter H. Harrison, Senior, to the last term of William Hale Thompson I had more or less close acquaintance with all the Mayors of Chicago—either in a business or political way.

As I now recall the different issues that came up during the many campaigns of city elections, I am reminded of a few outstanding incidents that will amuse some of the older readers and reveal to the younger generation phases of political activities unknown to them in the history of Chicago.

The most interesting story is that of the election by which Hemstead Washbourne became Mayor. There were four candidates in the field; two Republicans and two Democrats. The Democrats were Dewitt C. Cregier and Carter Harrison, Sr. The Republicans were the regular nominee, Hemstead Washbourne, and the Independent Republican, Elmer Washburn. There were splits in both parties but it did not all show on the surface. When election day came it looked to some of the faithful followers of democracy that their candidate was not running as strong as the man they did not want. The other fellow seemed to be running ahead, much to their dissatisfaction. So they decided on a line of action by which they hoped to get their man in. In those days counting the votes had much to do with deciding of results of elections; even at times as much so as the “counting” in the Dempsey-Tunney fight.

In the larger democratic wards where the democrats

had control, it was not a difficult matter to manipulate the returns, so orders went out from headquarters to count some of the votes for the man to whom they were opposed for Elmer Washburn, who seemed to be low man in the race with small chance of winning.

The orders went out all right, but the faithful workers made a mistake and threw those votes to Hemstead Washbourne and the effect was the election of "Hemp" whom it was thought had no chance. Hemstead accepted the result and was declared elected Mayor for two years. That was the term in those days. Some years afterwards the law was changed to four years. Fred A. Busse was the first Mayor under the new law.

Another funny election was held a few years later when a prominent West Side banker, a Democrat, was nominated for Mayor.

The candidate was not so popular among a certain few of the democratic leaders, but he had money and a yearning ambition to be Mayor of Chicago. He was a man of striking appearance, with whiskers that were a compromise between those of Uncle Sam and James Hamilton Lewis.

Being a firm believer in advertising and a strong advocate of plenty of lithographs, he had a large number printed and hung profusely in saloon windows for weeks before the election; everywhere—"West Side, South Side, and all around the town".

I was at the conference of Republican leaders during the campaign, when reports were called for as to how things were going when Dexter Bourke, a character from one of the River Wards, reported that the lithographs of

the candidate were not doing any good because "everybody thought they were Bock Beer signs". That, of course, brought out a good laugh. Whether the lithographs were the cause or not he made a poor candidate and was defeated.

There was Carter H. Harrison, Sr., Dewitt C. Creigier, John P. Hopkins, George B. Swift, John A. Roach, Carter H. Harrison, Jr., Hempstead Washbourne, Judge Edward Dunn, Fred A. Busse, William Hale Thompson and Edward Kelly. Of the above named, Swift, Roach, Washbourne, Busse and Thompson were Republicans, making five Republicans and six Democrats.

CHAPTER III

John Bonfield was the first Chief of Police with whom I became personally acquainted.

I believe he was the best; particularly on account of the way he handled the Anarchist situation. He was the right man, in the right place, at the right time. He was a terror to the Anarchists and very unpopular among their pink parlor sympathizers. Nor did he have any use for a man on his force who was lazy or shifty in the performance of his duties. He was a strict disciplinarian which gained for him the loyalty of those who were conscientious in the performance of their duties and the hatred of those who were not.

The detective force under Bonfield did some excellent work, particularly Captain Schaack and his associates.

Major McClaugery, appointed by Mayor Washburn was another chief with whom I became personally acquainted, but he did not like the position any too well, so when he was offered the position of Warden of the Joliet Penitentiary he gladly accepted it and made a splendid record.

For fifteen years or more I was in a position to know a lot of what was going on in the police quarters. As referred to in one of the preceding pages, my North State restaurant brought me in contact with the jail and court house attaches and my down town lunch room on Madison Street brought me close to the City Hall and Central Police Headquarters. In mentioning names of those I

knew personally and well, I am not intentionally slighting others whom I did not know so well.

There is one incident that comes to my mind which I shall mention because it is of the character that makes good detective stories. (I also knew quite well Chief Marsh and Kipply.) After seemingly, the Anarchist case and the excitement connected therewith had died down, there came to Central Headquarters a report that there was a plot on foot to blow up the City Hall and Police Station at one fell swoop.

After a preliminary investigation, Phil Miller was assigned to the case to run it down. Miller was a plain clothes detective of considerable experience and a good officer. He and his partner Mike Murtha used to come to the Madison Street place for lunch daily unless they were busy in some other locality.

One day I noticed that Murtha had been lunching alone for some little time so I asked him what had become of Miller. Murtha answered in a knowing sort of a way, "he has gone duck hunting". Phil was a great man for hunting and often brought me a brace of ducks, for he was a good shot and always got the limit.

I thought for a moment and then said, "that is not good, Murtha, this is not the season for ducks, you better pick a better one than that". He laughed and said, "you are too smart, you got one on me this time. Phil will be back in a few days". I then knew he was out on a case.

About a couple of months or more after the foregoing conversation, Phil and Murtha came in one evening just as we were closing up. Miller had a beard and

looked tough. He had just brought in his man and as he put it, he had to have some of Coyne's coffee before shaving and cleaning up.

Here is the story! After Miller had been assigned to the case he went down to his old home in Indiana where he spent some time letting his hair and whiskers grow and otherwise getting himself ready for the work in hand.

He knew where his man was working in a machine shop and managed through headquarters to secure a job there. He located his man and got acquainted with him in a casual sort of way and gradually struck up a sort of friendship over the subject of Socialism and Anarchy, and made a trip one Sunday out to Waldheim Cemetery where the Haymarket Anarchists were buried. Phil had hopes of meeting some of his pal's associates but was disappointed. After that Miller commenced to complain about his boarding place and was invited to share the room of his friend, an invitation that he was slow to accept, until he found that it would be a saving to both of them. After Miller had accepted the invitation and agreed to move in he found that the plan provided for a sharing of the bed as well as the room. This meant a closer association than he had figured on but agreed to the plan.

They had not been bed-fellows for very many nights until the Anarchist began to reveal some of his plans and showed Miller some bombs and dynamite sticks that he had hidden under a loose board in the floor; then he showed him how to make bombs and use them. He also

had a lot of literature in foreign languages that Miller could not read.

Finally, Miller was convinced that his bed-fellow was a "Lone Wolf", and not a party in any organized plan.

Headquarters, being in touch with Miller, advised him to bring the fellow in. On several occasions the two had gone down town together for supper so there was no difficulty in arranging to go down there one evening at a time that headquarters would be expecting them. On their way to supper Phil suggested they take a walk through the City Hall and then to the door of Police Headquarters where Phil opened the door and shoved the fellow in where they were waiting for him. Then came the big scene. The fellow was like a wild man until he had been subdued enough to enable him to say that he wished he had a bomb—and then they would "all go up together"! I do not recollect what sentence was given him, but he got enough, for after a raid that was made on his room there was found enough evidence to cause him to confess. He admitted that he had intended to assassinate Judge Gary, States Attorney Grinnell and Chief of Police Bonfield.

CHAPTER IV

I believe the Chicago Fire Department was as near perfect under the proficiency of Fire Chief Dennis Sweeny as any such organization could possibly be.

I doubt if there was any such loyalty to their Chief as that which existed among his men.

The fire insurance companies, I was told, gave the Chicago fire fighting force the highest rating in efficiency. In addition to the fire fighting force, there was the Fire Insurance Patrol under the management of Captain Ben Bullwinkle, whose duty it was to reach the fire ahead of the fire engines to cover up goods, to protect them from water damage and reduce the loss through salvage to the insurance companies.

It was a treat to any one passing the Insurance Patrol house on Monroe Street near La Salle, at the time an alarm was coming in, to see the speed with which the horses were attached to the wagon, the men in their seats pulling on their boots with trousers attached, as the wagon sped into the street on the way to the fire. If my memory is right the record time was three and one-half seconds from the sound of the alarm gong until the wagon was on the street.

That record was made when the men were in their beds on the second floor. It was one jump from the bed to the brass poles through the floor over their respective seats in the wagon. The horses stood in open stalls on each side of the wagon, bridled and bitted, there were always three men on watch who snapped the collars, at-

tached to the harness which was suspended over the pole of the wagon. The horses were trained to jump to their places at first sound of the gong.

It was as good as a circus to see Captain Bullwinkle training new horses for this service. He selected lighter and more rangy horses than were used for the engines and trucks in the fire department.

He would select a likely looking pair and hitch up one with a horse already broken. He would place them in their respective stalls, then he would have a lead halter on the new recruit with the lead strap in the hands of one of the men. He would have two men behind the new horse with whips so when he pushed the alarm button the new horse would be scared and led to his position at the wagon pole, the harness snaps clicked, the men in the wagon and the team would be in the street before the new horse knew what it was all about. It took only a few such experiences to break a horse in.

CHAPTER V

In the foregoing pages referring to "Gamblers Alley" I failed to mention the restaurant operated by "Nick and Louie" in connection with the "round bar", located in the half basement, corner of La Salle Street and the alley. This place was afterwards known as Lansing and McGarigles. The junior partner created considerable excitement in Chicago at the time of his sensational escape from Sheriff Canute R. Matson.

There had been startling disclosures made public by the investigators of the Citizens Association of the Cook County Board of Commissioners, in which a number of the commissioners were charged with wholesale graft in the expenditures of the people's money, particularly in the management of the Cook County Hospital. In addition to indictment of several of the commissioners, McGarigle, warden of the Cook County Hospital was under arrest and held in the county jail awaiting trial for conspiracy in the case.

It had been an old custom prior to those days to allow prisoners not under sentence to visit their homes accompanied by the Sheriff, who under the law was responsible under his bond for the return of the prisoner so favored.

Sheriff Matson, being a friend of McGarigle of many years standing, with a full knowledge of his excellent home and family was easily persuaded that there would be no risk involved if he consented to let McGarigle visit his home for an hour or so. McGarigle promised that he

would not attempt to escape and the Sheriff could accompany him.

The plea of McGarigle was that he might have a "short visit with his family, a decent bath and a change of clothing".

Matson took him at his word, ordered a carriage and the two rode to the prisoner's home, where they had some refreshments and after a short time McGarigle proceeded to the bathroom, leaving the Sheriff in the sitting room with Mrs. McGarigle. After what seemed to be sufficient time Mrs. McGarigle knocked at the door of the bathroom and found it locked. Matson crashed the door, found the room empty and the prisoner gone. An open window told the story. Sheriff Matson never believed that Mrs. McGarigle was a party to the plot.

No time was lost by the Sheriff in sending out the alarm and, of course, there was great excitement.

Extra papers were run out as soon as the presses could be run and the police got busy.

For a day or two there was no clue to the mystery, until a fisherman told of a schooner yacht called the Blake, having anchored close to shore off Lincoln Park the night of the escape and left during the night. Matson regarded this of importance, chartered fast boats from Milwaukee, St. Joseph, Michigan and other points, where he sent officers with warrants to arrest the fugitive if found.

There was no wireless or radio service in those days.

The first direct trace came through a dispatch from a north Michigan city to the effect that a vessel had

sighted the Blake which was probably making her way to Canada.

On receipt of this news Matson sent officers to the farthest points north by railroad and telegraphed ahead for speed boats to permit his men to join in the chase. As I remember the story from Matson, one of his boats nearly caught up with the Blake, but not quite, as she crossed the line into Canadian waters.

There are a lot of details connected with the case of McGarigle's escape which I shall not include in this story, except the part in which I helped to put Matson on his feet after I became Postmaster of Chicago.

As Sheriff of Cook County he was responsible for the expenses incurred, all of which he paid out of his own pocket and some assistance from friends—and the whole affair left him flat broke.

Being a Civil War veteran and a former post office employee he was eligible for reappointment, which I brought about through Civil Service rules, and had him reinstated in the Money Order Division.

CHAPTER VI

Cleveland's second nomination was not an exposition of music and flowers.

A great "Wigwam" was erected on the lake front in Chicago for the special purpose of holding the Democratic Convention. It occupied the site about where the Field Museum now stands, (but somewhat closer to Michigan Avenue).

Cleveland did not have that political personality or magnetism that endeared him to the masses. His opponents were aware of this and most of the democratic leaders were in much doubt as to his availability as a candidate.

David B. Hill made himself famous in his opposition by his spectacular speech which he started out with "I am a Democrat". Burke Cochran (with whom I afterwards became well acquainted when he was in Congress) little known outside of New York at the time, rose into national prominence as the result of his speech and rich tone of voice.

Well, Cleveland was nominated. He had finished his first term as President as unpopular as Harrison was at the closing of his term. The Minneapolis Convention of Postmasters, United States Marshalls and Collectors of Internal Revenue, had renominated Harrison when the Convention was clamoring for James G. Blaine, whom Cleveland had defeated in 1884. But Blaine had written that "February letter" in which he stated positively he would not be a candidate again; so here was the situation.

Both parties had candidates not popular with the masses, both nominated under conditions that caused many of the leaders of both parties to be doubtful of results.

I have always believed in the American Spirit of fair play. I thought at the time when the Campaign of 1892 was going on that there were enough people aware of the unfair treatment of Blaine in 1888 to want to see him given another chance and I believe that if he had not written that "February letter" the Minneapolis Convention would have stampeded for him; and there were plenty of Democrats who would have voted for Blaine in preference to Cleveland.

In this connection there is liable to be some looking backward in the Campaign of 1936 and a thorough consideration of that much used and little understood Latin phrase "Caveat Emptor". In this case let the leaders of both parties beware.

It was in 1892 that I really became active in state and national politics.

I had taken an active part in the campaign of George B. Swift when he first ran for Mayor at the special election made necessary by the death of Mayor Carter H. Harrison at the hands of an assassin in the home of the Mayor on Ashland Boulevard, while he was at dinner.

I shall not mention the name of the assassin, as it is not my policy to mention the names of many persons convicted of criminal acts of former times, as I do not wish to reawaken the sorrows of those relatives who have forgotten or those who were not born or were too young to know at the time.

In passing on this subject I might inject the fact that

at the time of the murder I was presiding as Chairman of a meeting of the 12th Ward Republican Club in a hall two blocks away when Alderman Campbell walked to the platform and whispered to me that Mayor Harrison had just been shot to death in his home while eating dinner.

I announced the fact to the meeting with the suggestion that a motion to adjourn would be in order. The motion was made, unanimously adopted, and we all proceeded to the Harrison residence.

The street was already packed with people, until in a few minutes it was impassable and vehicles were cut out.

In spite of political factionalism, the people of Chicago had a sincere regard for Mayor Harrison as was manifested by his last election.

His splendid personality and high intellectuality made him the best choice for "World Fair Mayor". Many Republicans voted for him.

CHAPTER VII

I am reminded of the visit to Chicago by Nansen, who had made a higher north point of the compass than any other explorer up to that time.

I believe it was late in 1894, or early '95 that Nansen came to Chicago and was the guest of a large number of his countrymen who gave a banquet in the Auditorium Hotel in his honor.

Nansen, after former trips to the Artic regions wherein he had studied winds, tides and currents at different seasons, conceived a new and novel plan of crossing the top of the world.

His idea was to build a strong ship of heavy timbers, pointed at both ends, and the hull so constructed that when caught in the ice floes, instead of being crushed the ship would be lifted up and then would float with the tide to and across the North Pole regions; a tide movement which his personal observation and research had convinced him took place at certain seasons of the year, when the drift was in that direction.

At first the idea was scoffed at, but after study of the plan by the scientific men of his country, his plan was declared feasible, after which there was little difficulty in raising the necessary funds for the expedition according to his plans.

Under Nansen's supervision, the ship was built and named the "Fram", meaning "forward" in the language of his country. Two-thirds of the fund was contributed

by parliament and King Oscar; the balance through private subscription.

The expedition sailed in June 1893 and was frozen in at 84 degrees north latitude. From that point Nansen and his mate Johanson left the ship with a small boat that they could drag across the ice when necessary. The boat was well provisioned and provided with a sail to be used when in open water. They proceeded farther North to 86-14; the farthest point, nearest the Pole ever reached by man up to that time.

There was one incident in that trip that came very near ending in a tragedy.

At the banquet table, in his speech, Nansen told us of this incident and gave it in more detail to a small party down stairs in the grill room of the hotel after the banquet.

From what recollection I have of the story and his talk down stairs I believe I can see all the high lights of the story as it was told by Nansen.

After they left the ship, they came to open water where they proceeded under sail until they came to more ice, and landed on a floating berg that had a sloping edge to the water so they pulled the boat up as they thought securely.

There was a high elevation some little distance from the water from which they expected to take some observations. From here on I shall try to let Nansen tell the story.

“As we started out and had not gone far, I looked back and saw the boat was adrift.” It seems that there was a slight sinking in the berg and the boat had slipped

off and was dancing away on the light breeze that was blowing away from us. We both took in the situation and in a jiffy I was on the way to the edge of the berg. I threw off my heavier outer clothing and plunged in to the sea after the boat, which was getting farther away every second.

“I was a very strong swimmer and felt sure I could make it. At the same time, I could not help thinking of what would happen if I failed.

“As I turned over for a breath of air, I saw Johanson running up and down like a crazy man. Then I thought of what his end would be if I did not catch that boat. There was no chance for him to get help from the ship which was far away.

“Well, I kept on and finally I saw I was gaining and the boat seemed to be stationary. Everything we had was in that boat; these thoughts seemed to give me strength and fresh wind.

“I finally got within reach of her, I caught hold of her side and worked back to the stern so as to get in without capsizing her. Then I was so nearly spent that I had to rest for a moment but not too long, to get a leg over the edge, for it did not take long for that water to freeze on my clothing when out of the sea. I finally made it, grabbed up an oar and worked with all my might to get back to shore. I had to or I would have frozen to death.

“When I got to where Johanson was, I found him in as near hysterics as it was possible for any man to be. It did not take long for him to see my condition. He got out the spirit stove and a can of soup, a lot of furs and blankets which he piled under and over me while the soup

was getting ready, then he gave me all there was of it and piled on more blankets. I was so far gone that I dozed off into a sound sleep.”

It should be remembered that this all took place in weather away below zero. When he woke up his clothes were dry. As I judged Nansen I thought he must have been made for that occasion.

He had a long head with jaw bones like a horse and a chin that looked as if it had been made of cast iron.

Well they proceeded on their way until they reached a point on Franz Joseph Land and got in touch with the world.

They did not cross the pole but had made a record.

The Fram in due time floated loose and got home safely.

CHAPTER VIII

Along about 1884 or '85 there was quite an effort made to build up a sort of a Coney Island for Chicago at Cheltenham Beach, a few miles south of Jackson Park. The promoters had visions of a beach resort for a summer playground and bathing resort patterned after Coney Island.

The first effort to get a crowd out there on a Sunday was to prepare a regular "Clam Bake", according to the formula of eastern resorts.

They also had sausages broiled over charcoal fires and beer galore.

My impression now is that it was the nearest available point outside the dry limit of Hyde Park. It was intended to run steamboats out there from the city.

I drove out with a friend from the West Side and was nearly half of the day getting there. We drove out Stony Island Avenue, a name that gave the right flavor to the plans of the promoters.

I, of course, while living in New Jersey, had been many times to old Coney and had my friend all keyed up to great expectations for the day. When we finally reached the place, there was little to be seen except a lot of maps of what it would look like when completed.

Lots were plotted out for business blocks as well as for residential purposes.

There was a sort of a club house and office where the plans were on exhibition with plenty of salesmen to explain. We were much disappointed and left after the

clam bake, which was very good, but never went back there.

I believe the promoters met with little success. There was another spasmodic attempt to revive an interest in the project when the Columbian Exposition was located at Jackson Park.

CHAPTER IX

While I was growing up with Chicago, I had one experience out of which I derived a lot of satisfaction and a small pecuniary profit.

One morning when I was unloading a hamper of bread and rolls from my wagon to Schlenkers Hotel on State Street, I bumped into one of two men passing by on the sidewalk. I turned to apologize and noticed that one of the men looked at me as if he thought he knew me; then I had a feeling that I knew him. As the two passed on their way, I saw the other man had turned for a look at me. All of a sudden the thought came to me—that is Harry Tichenor, a young man from Orange, New Jersey.

They had not gone so far but what they could hear me, so I yelled, "Hello Tich!". Both turned and came back to where I stood, then I saw I was not mistaken.

Tichenor said, "It seems to me I have known you somewhere, either out west or down east. Where was it?" I answered, "It was down in East Orange, New Jersey. My name is Coyne." "What? You are not George Coyne?" "No, I am his brother, Fred, who nearly got in a fight with you at a ball game between the Orange and East Orange teams five or six years ago and I guess my brother saved me from a licking."

"Well, I don't remember that," said Tichenor, "but what are you doing here?" He looked at the hamper then at the wagon and saw my name on it. "Well, I'll be darned." He then introduced me to his friend, Mr. Barber. They did not look prosperous, somehow. Tiche-

nor's father who lived in Orange was a very rich man. Harry cut a pretty broad path down there. He was considered swell because he had been to Princeton College.

Well, I said I am going to deliver this bread and then we can go in the hotel and have a talk.

Tichenor took a look at the hamper and said, "Charley that is too much for one man to handle, take hold and we will carry it in". So they picked it up and carried it through the restaurant. After I had received my pay I said, "Wait until I get my coat out of the wagon and we will sit down and have some coffee. And if you don't mind I will have my breakfast," explaining that I always had my coffee and rolls early, with breakfast at nine or ten o'clock. They looked at each other, then I said hastily "Maybe you haven't had breakfast and would join me in something to eat?" Tichenor looked at Barber and said, "Have we had breakfast Charley?" Charley grinned and answered, "I believe not, you know we were late getting up this morning."

I saw through it all then, they were actually broke. They were on the way to the telegraph office to wire Harry's father for some money, having failed to find a friend of Barber's of whom they expected to borrow enough to carry them through the emergency. Well, we sat down to breakfast and did they eat? Of course, I was glad when old John Schlenker saw us eating, with the check on me. When he stopped at our table I asked him to take a chair and join us in some coffee. I told him that my friends had just come back from Colorado after a run of hard luck and were looking for something to do, and asked him if he did not want a clerk for his hotel, as

Tichenor had served in that capacity in Denver for a few months, which was true. Schlenker looked at Harry and saw there was some class to him but said he had no vacancy at the time but might have one in a week or so and suggested that Tichenor come in a few days later and he would have a talk with him.

We sat and drank more coffee and talked over our experiences, Harry doing most of the talking. He was bright, good looking and full of fun.

They told me of some of their doings in the west. Tichenor had done some writing for news papers in the east, so had little trouble in finding work of that kind out west, until the bottom dropped out of everything. It was then he met Barber. Barber seemed to be a decent sort of fellow—about thirty-five or thereabouts and Tichenor about twenty-eight.

Well to go on with the story, Harry said he would like to ride with me over my bread route the next day so we could have a good talk about Orange and East Orange. Charley said he had a friend out at the stock yards and would spend the day out there trying to find him.

I said, “you fellows must be flat broke. Can I help you out with a little cash?” Tich looked at Barber for a moment and asked, “don’t you think if we had five dollars each for a few days we could pull through?” Barber answered, “we surely could.” I thought Tichenor’s eyes softened as he said, “in that case I would not be obliged to wire Dad, which I would like to avoid.” I drew out two five dollar bills, handed one to each saying, “I am letting you have this as a loan for old times sake. I know you will pay it back when you can.”

We got up from the table and walked out. As we were passing out old Schlenker told Harry to "come in day-after-tomorrow, and we will have a talk." Harry full of life, answered, "you bet I will". Harry then left me until the next morning, when he met me at Race Brothers Oyster House on Madison Street, where I delivered bread about eight o'clock.

We spent the day together, he telling a lot of funny jokes about their ups and downs in the wild west as well as his wild days in the "effete east" as he called it.

The next day following he met me at Schlenkers, beaming over with good news. He said the night man who was a combination of night clerk, porter and roustabout, had been promoted to day clerk and Schlenker offered him the night job at nothing per week with room and board.

I asked him if he was going to take it. "Take it? I took it and will start in tomorrow night." He said the man who held the position told him that there were a few tips but no graft in the job. A few days later Barber was working as bar-tender for his old friend Parson Davies in a combination restaurant and bar. He sent me word through Harry that he wanted me to call and meet the boss as he had spoken to him about the bread trade. I did so and secured a pretty good customer.

That surely was "bread cast upon the waters" returning in a few days. A week or so later Charley paid me the five dollars I had loaned him and offered to pay Harry's five which I refused to accept, stating that I knew Harry would pay as soon as he could.

After about a week in his new job, I saw Harry any

asked him if he was making anything. Oh yes, said he, "I am making fires in the rooms, every night since the cold spell and as far as tips are concerned I have not made enough to 'put in tea'. Yet I have made something else. I have made the acquaintance of a fine fellow who works for McClurg & Co. and he thinks he can horn me in there for a job more in my line; but I am going to hang on to this room and board job until I am sure of the other." Tichenor got the job with McClurg & Co. and while over in Cassopolis, Michigan on a business trip he found that the town folks were interested over the fact that there was a prize of one hundred and fifty dollars to whomsoever could write the best lines to be carved in stone and placed over the entrance of a new cemetery.

Harry got busy and submitted his effort in time for the committee to pass on it. There were many contestants but the committee selected his and sent him the check. All of this took place only a few months after our meeting on State Street.

When Harry paid me the five dollars he gave me a nice box of fifty cigars.

A short time after winning that prize, Harry went back to Orange, New Jersey and I never heard from him again. At nearly the same time Barber went again to the gold fields out west and I never heard from him until about twelve years after—1898. I was sitting in my office as Collector of Internal Revenue when he walked in on me. At first I did not recognize him. After mutual friendly greetings I asked where in the thunder he had been. His answer was, "its a long story that I will tell you later, but first tell me what became of Tichenor?"

I laughed and said, "that is what I was going to ask you". "Well all I know", said Barber, "is that he went back home to his father and expected to join him in running the business. He decided in a day in response to a telegram, and took the train that night and I have never heard from him since." "Now", said Barber, "I have a lot to tell you—first I want to lighten my load a bit." He pulled a moose skin bag out of his pocket and poured out a lot of gold nuggets, I should say about a half a cup full, pure gold nuggets! He had just returned from Alaska and the Klondike Gold Field. The nuggets were of different sizes, varying in size and shape. Some were flat like buttons and others had the shape of dogs' teeth; none were larger than a sparrow egg. Barber said they were some he had picked up from traders to bring to Chicago for gifts to old friends and he was giving me first choice.

I looked at him and said, "Why this is money Charley". "Never mind about that", he said. He then proceeded to pick out an assortment. One dog tooth shaped one would make a stick pin. Four flat ones he pushed aside and said, "These could be made into link cuff buttons, and here are four little flat ones for shirt studs". So I took them after he agreed to go out to lunch with me.

His story was most interesting. He had gone up there and made a contact with the steamship and other interests owned by Protus B. Weare of Chicago, had made a lot of money and was going back to Alaska in a few days. He said he was anxious to get in touch with Harry and have him come up there but I learned afterwards that he had not been successful. I never heard from Barber or Tichenor after that day.

CHAPTER X

In the archives of the Chicago Fellowship Club the most interesting exhibit should be the record of the "Harvest Festival" dinner of September 9, 1894.

On that occasion former Governor Richard Oglesby delivered his famous speech on the "Royal Corn".

Uncle Dick, as he was affectionately called, was held in high esteem by the people of Illinois. He was one of the invited guests at the dinner, as was also the actor, Joseph Jefferson, famous for his acting "Rip Van Winkle", a part which his father before him had made famous.

The dinner was held in Kinsleys Restaurant, at that time on Adams Street. The banquet hall was decorated with stalks and yellow ears of corn, autumn leaves, large pumpkins, sheaves of golden wheat, etc. to give color to the occasion. The members and guests donned straw hats and jumpers before entering the hall to carry out the spirit of a real harvest festival.

Franklin H. Head was the toast-master for the evening. Oglesby and Jefferson sat in adjoining seats during the dinner, as I was told, without Jefferson's knowledge that he sat beside a boyhood friend of many years before, until Oglesby referred to it in his speech. There were plenty of good things to eat and no lack of potable accompaniments.

After the feast was over came the "flow of soul". The toastmaster announced that the one toast of the evening would be, "What I know about farming" and he

would call on for response any one that suited his fancy.

After many happy and humorous responses as the evening went on, the toastmaster called on "Uncle Dick Oglesby", from the corn belt of Illinois.

When the old Governor arose to respond, he showed signs of emotion or embarrassment that at first were misunderstood by some of those present. He seemed to lack words as he hesitated, looking around at the decorations. Finally his gaze rested on Jefferson for a moment, then again on the corn. Some of his friends really thought that too much "Corn" was the cause of his embarrassment and regretted for a moment that he had been called upon.

Then he started out. "The Corn", the "Royal Corn", then followed with a flow of words that amazed his hearers as they realized that they were listening to the greatest oration they had ever heard on the subject of the "Royal Corn". After eulogizing the corn, he told about his early life, describing how at one time when a boy he was traveling over the prairies of Illinois with his father and how they fell in with a caravan of players; how they had joined forces and traveled together for a number of days; how he met a boy of about his own age—the son of one of the players; how they would go out shooting prairie chickens together, swapping stories of their earlier childhood. Then the old Governor in a burst of feeling lifted his eyes Heavenward and exclaimed, "My God! if I could live again that time when to me half of the world was good and the other half unknown." He then stepped to the side of Mr. Jefferson, placing his hand upon his shoulder and exclaimed, "This

was that boy, the son of the older Joseph Jefferson''. This brought his listeners to their feet with an ovation, the like of which had no equal in the opinion of those present. Jefferson then for the first time realized that Oglesby was the boy with whom he had met on the prairie of Illinois some sixty years before. After the banquet the guests left their seats and crowded around the two in a reception.

I was not one of those present but had many friends who were there, from whom I heard the story about as I have told it.

For a year or more I was a member of a sort of Casual Sunday Morning Breakfast Club, with a contingent membership of eight or ten congenial souls who met of a Sunday for breakfast that usually lasted from 11 o'clock a. m. to most any time in the afternoon.

I cannot now recall the names of all of the members, but those always present, never less than a half a dozen, were about as follows: Volney W. Foster, President of the Union League Club; Major Jenny, one of the most prominent architects of Chicago; Professor Rogers, of the Northwestern University at Evanston; Major Jenny's partner, Mr. Mundie; Colonel Frank Riddle, attorney-at-law; Mr. Coen, (whose initials I cannot recall) an official of the Chicago-Edison Co.; and the writer of these reminiscences.

The last breakfast we had together was at the home of Mr. Foster. It started at eleven o'clock in the dining room, with champagne cocktails in frosted glasses and ended in the famous "Evanston Back Lot" in a log cabin

in the rear of the Foster home. There we finished with coffee and cognac.

During the discussions between courses the Oglesby speech at the Fellowship Club dinner was brought to mind and there followed a most interesting story of the event by Mr. Foster. It seems there were no reporters or shorthand writers at the dinner, so it seemed (to the regret of all present) that the speech and the Jefferson episode were lost to the public. There were however, several newspaper publishers present and they went into a huddle to try to decide what to do.

After an exchange of views it was decided to appoint a committee which met the following day to work out a plan of restoring as near as possible the events of that memorable banquet.

Mr. Foster was Chairman of the committee. He made notes of what was remembered by the members of the committee and others with whom he consulted, which he added to his own recollections with the result that the others delegated him to frame up to the best of his ability the whole speech with the incidental surroundings.

Mr. Foster's relation to us, at that Sunday breakfast, of how he got his mind working on the task was very interesting.

To get the right start he sat down in his library and imagined himself back to the night of the fellowship dinner; he fixed his thoughts on how he was dressed; how he stepped into the conveyance that took him to the dinner; how he entered the elevator and landed on the floor of the banquet hall. Then, as he saw in his mind's eye some of those who had been present at the dinner,

he knew he was in the right frame of mind to undertake the task assigned to him.

Again he saw himself back to that view of the banquet table, its decorations, the corn and the pumpkins, etc. and saw the other guests in jumpers and straw hats. He looked for old Uncle Dick and Jefferson, imagined them sitting as he saw them during the serving of the dinner.

All of this time he was sitting in his library at home. Then he saw the toastmaster, (Franklin H. Head); he heard the introduction and the other speakers; then came Uncle Dick, with his wonderful speech; from that point in his reminiscences he commenced to make notes, as his mind was filled with the subject.

From these notes he reconstructed the speech to such form as to cause the other members of the committee to agree that it was practically the Oglesby speech as they remembered it. It was then decided to put it in print and send it out for publication.

That is the story as told to us by Mr. Foster at the Sunday breakfast in his home in Evanston. The speech was printed in "Modern Eloquence". Since writing the foregoing, I found a copy of the speech which reads as follows:

"The corn, the corn, the corn, that in its first begg-
ing and its growth has furnished aptest illustration of
the tragic announcement of the chiefest hope of man.

"If he die he shall surely live again. Planted in the
friendly but somber bosom of the mother earth it dies.
Yea it dies the second death, surrendering up each trace
of form and earthly shape until the outward tide is

stopped by the reacting vital germ, which breaking all the bonds and cerements of its sad decline, comes bounding, laughing into life and light, the fittest of all symbols that makes certain the promise of the fate of man. And so it dies and then it lives again. And so my people died. By some unknown uncertain and unfriendly fate, I found myself making my first journey from conditions as lowly as those surrounding that awakening, dying, living, infant germ.

“It was in those days when I, a simple boy, had wandered from Indiana to Springfield, that I then met the father of this good man (Joseph Jefferson) whose kind and gentle words to me were as water to a thirsty soul, as the shadow of a rock to a weary man. I loved his father then, as I love the son now. Two full generations have been taught by his gentleness and smiles, and tears have answered to the command of his artistic mind. Long may he live to make us laugh and cry, and cry and laugh by turns, as he may choose to move.

“But now again my mind turns to the glorious corn. See it! Look on the ripening weaving field. See how it wears a crown prouder than a monarch ever wore, sometimes jauntily and sometimes after the storm the dignified survivors of the tempest seem to view a field of slaughter and to pity a fallen foe. And see the pendant caskets of the cornfield filled with the wine of life, and see the silken fringes that set a form for fashion and for art.

“And now the evening comes and something of a time to rest and listen.

“The scudding clouds conceal the half and then re-

veal the whole of the moonlit beauty of the night, and then the gentle winds make heavenly harmonies on a thousand-thousand harps that hang upon the borders and edges and the middle of the field of ripening corn, until my very heart seems to beat responsive to the rising and the falling of the long melodious refrain.

“The melancholy clouds sometimes make shadows on the field and hide the aureate wealth, and now they move and slowly into sight there comes the golden glow of promise for an industrious land.

“Glorious corn, that more than all the sisters of the field wears tropic garments. Nor the shore of Nilus or of Ind does nature dress her form more splendidly. My God, to live again that time when for me half the world was good and the other half unknown. And now again the corn, that in its kernal holds the strength that shall (in the body of the man refreshed) subdue the forest and compel response from every stubborn field, or, shining in the eye of beauty make blossom of her cheeks and jewels of her lips and thus make for man the greatest inspiration to well-doing, the hope of companionship of that sacred, warm and well embodied soul, a woman.

“Aye, the corn, the Royal Corn within whose yellow heart there is the health of all the nations. The corn triumphant that with the aid of man hath made victorious procession across the turfted plain and laid foundation for the social excellence that is and is to be.

“This glorious plant, transmuted by the Alchemy of God, sustains the warrior in battles, the poet in song, and strengthens everywhere the thousand arms that work the purposes of life. Oh, that I had the voice or skill to

translate into tones the harmonies, the symphonies and oratories that roll across my soul, when standing sometimes by day and sometimes by night upon the borders of this verdant sea, I note a world of promise, and then before one half the year is gone I view its full fruition and see the heaped gold await the need of man. Majestic, fruitful, wondrous plant! Those greatest among the manifestations of the wisdom and love of God, that may be seen in all the fields or upon the hillsides or in the valleys.’’

Book Five

CHAPTER I

The breaking out of the war with Spain found us, as usual unprepared.

When the National Guard mobilized at Springfield, Illinois, it was found that while there were good facilities for quartering troops, the provisions for subsistence were far from adequate.

There was a lack of supplies and no convenient means of cooking and serving what food they had.

During the time that the daily papers were describing these conditions General Fitzimons dropped into the Revenue Office on a matter of personal business and we naturally talked about affairs in Springfield.

I asked him if things were as bad as the newspapers were describing them, he said they were. There were not sufficient cooking equipment in the way of ranges or ovens. I asked him if he could not pick up some molasses barrels and boil his meats and vegetables with live steam. I said there must be steam boilers at hand and if not, run in a locomotive and tap it with pipes to run steam to the barrels.

He looked at me in amazement and asked me if I was joking. I then told him that we cooked our hams and corned beef in that way at the bakery for the lunch counter. He thought it over for a moment and then said, "Coyne, with your experience in the bakery and restau-

rant business, you would make a good commissary officer—let me have you commissioned”.

I answered that like all of my friends I would welcome a chance to get into the scrap and would see if I could get leave from the Secretary of the Treasury for a few months, or the duration of the war, as in the case of my cashier, Major McFadden, who was already on the way.

I wrote to my chief, Commissioner Wilson, requesting his approval. He wrote back immediately that he would not approve my application as I was needed right where I was; where my services in collecting the sinews of war was of more value to the cause than any service that I could possibly render in the military branch of the government, so that was as near as I came to having a part in the Spanish-American War.

There now comes to my mind an episode connected with the ending of the war that afforded a lot of fun for the moment, after the signing of the Peace Protocol. In celebration of that event, Chicago held a night parade that made so much noise in passing that the Union League Club was obliged to abandon the speaking program they had arranged for the banquet they were giving on the same date. After the dinner was over the guests assembled downstairs in the club parlor to view the passing parade, which was more nearly over than was at first supposed.

John S. Miller, President of the club, regretting the loss of the after dinner speeches suggested that chairs could be moved to the club parlor and we could continue the program there in an informal way.

That suggestion met with approval and was carried out, after the parade had passed.

Foremost on the speakers' list were Captain Coughlan of U. S. Battle Ship Raleigh who had recently been "on the carpet" for the poem he wrote, "Hoc de Kaizer!"; Governor Murphy of Arizona—then a territory; Governor Otero of New Mexico—also a territory. The next on the list was Private John Allen of Tupelo, Mississippi.

John Allen claimed to be the only private soldier in the Confederate Army, in the war between the states; for as he said, all the rest were Colonels. In Congress, he was known as the democratic wit of the house.

He had friends everywhere. He was at home in Chicago, New York or New Orleans as much as he was in Washington.

As the speaking program was resumed, the first man called on was Captain Coughlan who spoke in a happy vein, giving some slight allusion to the fact that he had been muzzled but never said a word about the Kaiser.

The next two speakers were Governor Murphy of Arizona and Governor Otero of New Mexico. The burden on the minds of both of the speakers was their claims for statehood rights for their respective territories. Their speeches were mostly in praise of the wonderful agricultural resources, mineral wealth, and the patriotism and loyalty of their people, all of which they had by heart, as the result of their speaking before Congress.

Then Mr. Miller introduced Private John Allen of Tupelo, Mississippi.

Mr. Allen acknowledged the introduction, and in his

illimitable way, referred to the speeches of Murphy and Otero. He said they were splendid speeches, he knew it, having heard them at every session of Congress ever since he had been a member of "that honorable body".

That brought out a lot of smiles from the audience. Then he went on to say, "Before the remarks of the two gentlemen should be allowed to sink too deeply on the minds of those present", he would like to tell of an incident connected with his riding through that section of our country, in which he rode in the same Pullman car with General Sherman.

"It was," said Allen, "some time after the General made that famous remark of his about what war really is! As we passed through a section of sandy land, cactus and sage brush, with here and there a blanketed Indian, I asked the General if he thought we would ever have another war. He took another look out the window and said he thought not, but wished that we might have one! I looked at him in surprise and asked how he could say that, after what he had said about the horrors of war? 'Well,' he said, 'I wish we might have one more war with Mexico, so we could knock the tar out of her and make her take back those two territories'."

There was a roar of laughter in which we all joined, except the two governors, who looked soberly at each other.

A few weeks after the above, I was in Washington, when in strolling through the Arlington Hotel I ran into Volney Foster and Graeme Stewart, so we stepped into that famous alcove to have some refreshment when who should drop in but Private John Allen. I believe another

couple came along and joined the party. As we sat around the table, I referred to the Union League Club episode. Oh, yes, someone said, let us hear about that (none of them had been at the dinner). Allen turned to me and said, "Coyne, you were there, you tell it". So I went on and told the story as I remembered it, John Allen chuckling as I went through with it. Then he said, "There is a sequel to that affair that really makes it funny".

He then went on to tell us that he lingered around a while (as he would) before going to his hotel, and there he found the two governors waiting for him. He said that they had nursed their feelings to the point where they thought their territories had been insulted and that they were entitled to an apology, which of course, I did not refuse. Then we all went up to Murphy's room and drowned our sorrows in his liquor". Thus ended that chapter of the Spanish American War.

There is another short chapter that tells how I received my first lesson in military etiquette. When the war was all over with, we had a peace parade in Chicago in which President McKinley joined with his staff, including notably, General Miles and General Shafter. The two latter had clashed in some way during the war, thereby causing considerable newspaper comments. What it was all about I do not now remember. What I do remember is that when the parade approached the reviewing stand, which had been erected in front of the Union League Club, it halted and the vehicles containing the reviewing party, moved forward as the occupants vacated

them to be escorted to the stand; that is, all but General Shafter.

As it became time for the parade to move up for review, the President looked around for General Shafter. He was not in sight. I was sitting directly behind Mark Hanna who turned around and asked me to go inside the club and see if I could find General Shafter and tell him the President wanted him on the reviewing stand.

I jumped up and went on a search and was not long in finding him sitting in the grill room enjoying a hot toddy with a party of friends. It was a cold drizzly day.

I thought I would deliver my message in military form, so I said, "General Shafter, the President sends his compliments and wants you on the reviewing stand". General Shafter arose from his seat and with a smile to his friends, some of whom were in uniform, said to me, "Well, if the President sends his compliments I guess I'll have to go." So he accompanied me to the reviewing stand where he was welcomed by the President and took his place beside him.

The signal was then given for the parade to proceed.

To make plain to those who today are no better posted than I was at the time, the Commander in Chief does *not* send his compliments.

Some two years after our sensational victory over the Spanish Navy at Santiago, while in Washington, I bought a little sailor's uniform for our boy, Mason Bernard Coyne, then about four years of age. It was in true regulation style and he really looked stunning in it.

About that time Admiral Schley was on a visit to

Chicago and was given a reception at the Chicago Press Club.

I believe the controversy that Admiral Sampson had raised over the question as to whether he or Schley was entitled to the credit for the Santiago Naval victory was well answered by Schley when he said in an interview: "There is glory enough for all!"

When Mrs. Coyne and I went to the Press Club reception we took the little lad along in his new uniform and presented him to the Admiral who took him by the hand and held on to him all through the reception, to which the youngster offered no objection.

CHAPTER II

On August 1, 1897 I was appointed Internal Revenue Collector for the First District of Illinois by President McKinley.

When the news came out from Washington, there was quite a little excitement in our family and the neighbors around us. We had a lot of callers that evening so we sent out for refreshments and held open house! This was in our Warren Avenue home before we had built a new addition, that was then in contemplation.

At the time our dining room, being rather long, was used as a combination dining room, living room and library. On the wall opposite my place at the table was the large photograph of President McKinley that he had personally given me during the Primary Campaign.

In the front parlor on the mantel was a small photograph of Senator Mason.

During a lull in the excitement of the evening our dearly beloved daughter, Jeanette (now departed), then about seven years of age, became interested and wanted to know what I had been elected to. I explained the situation, telling her that I had been appointed by President McKinley and confirmed in the Senate by Senator Mason, whom she knew right well; that I was appointed United States Internal Revenue Collector for the First District of Illinois! I put it all on. The child then understood that I had been highly honored and pointing to McKinley's picture she asked, "This man up here"? I said, "Yes, that is the President of the United States".

She looked at me then in a pleading sort of way and said, "Now don't you think we ought to put his picture in the parlor with Senator Mason?" That was meat for Paul Hall who was present as a writer for the Daily News, so he wrote the story and it was printed the next day, showing me looking down at the child who was facing me. When I showed it to Jeanette the next day, she did not like it, saying, "Look at those long braids down my back, and look at those skinny legs! It is not a bit like me!"

A few weeks after I was sworn in I was in Washington and one evening the Senator and I went out to "Overlook Inn" for dinner with some friends. There I told the story and Mason was so tickled he stepped over to another table which was occupied by Speaker Reed—a great friend of Mason's—and told the story to Reed and his friends who were dining with him. They all enjoyed the story and Reed drawled out in his characteristic way—"Ha! Ha! McKinley moved up".

On the following April the Spanish American War broke out. After the sinking of the U. S. Battleship Maine in Havana harbor war was inevitable in spite of the efforts of President McKinley to honorably avoid it.

I was in Washington with Lieutenant Bandholtz—afterwards a Brigadier General.

We were rooming together in the old Ebbit House, during the time that the President was awaiting a reply to a note from our State Department suggesting that war was not our desire and asking if Spain was desirous of avoiding it, or words to that effect, so all Washington was in a fever of excitement waiting for the Queen's reply.

Reporters from all over the country were there, in addition to the regular correspondents on hand. Many were the plans of the newspaper men to have a telegraph office available to rush the news to their papers.

As time moved on during the night, some advance secret information came to the White House to the effect that the Queen's reply would arrive that night.

I heard of one case where the representative of a Metropolitan newspaper had appropriated a Holy Bible from one of the hotels and gave the operator orders to telegraph the entire New Testament in order to have a wire to his paper when he would need it.

Bandholtz and I walked back and forth to the White House several times just to see the excitement. Horses' hoofs were pounding the concrete pavements and bicycle bells were ringing as messengers were going back and forth. At last near midnight as we were going out again, came one big clatter of hoofs and bells indicating something was up.

As we were going out, Otto Carmichael came rushing up to the telegraph operator of the hotel, whom he had held ready to take his stuff. I asked him what did the Queen say? He gave me a short look and answered, "She told us to go to hell!" That meant nothing short of war. It was not long after that, when war was declared and an Internal Revenue War Tax Bill was passed.

That meant big work for the Revenue office. The law was put in operation sixteen days after it went on the statute books. There was not enough time to get out new stamps so the Treasury Department arranged to have sheets of one and two cent postage stamps run

through the presses with I. R. printed across the face to be used for Revenue stamps.

These did very well for a while for small items of taxation, until larger denominations were available.

It was during this time that I had the largest transaction to handle that came up at any time during my administration. Joe Leiter was just making up and paying off his losses on the big wheat deal. In the vernacular of La Salle Street, Joe had made a "big killing but he could not bury the corpse".

When P. D. Armour chopped his boats out of the ice in Lake Superior, which were loaded with wheat to deliver to Mr. Leiter, he was able to pay in the commodity itself instead of paying Joe the difference in cash, and Joe could not take it.

One morning during the immense rush of business in the Revenue office my Chief Deputy came to my office in a flutter of excitement to announce that Mr. L. Z. Leiter was coming over to see me about the tax stamps on some documents that had to be attached before he could have them recorded by the recorder of deeds.

In a few minutes Mr. Leiter arrived in company with Mr. Jones, Secretary to Marshall Field. Here in person, or represented, were the two most prominent men of Chicago, neither of whom I had met or even seen so I felt a little fluttery myself.

Mr. Jones had a brief case containing some deeds and other taxable documents which I saw at once would be impossible for us to handle with the small denominations of stamps that we had on hand. The amount of taxes to be paid ran into millions! The tax had been computed

by the lawyers and was the correct amount, but if the necessary stamps were attached the identity of the documents would be entirely covered. So what could we do to help them have the deeds recorded?

I explained that according to information we had from Washington we might expect a shipment of stamps of large denominations in a few days or maybe a week. That was very disappointing to the two gentlemen, as Mr. Jones was anxious to close the business and Mr. Leiter explained that he had arranged for a trip to Europe and was anxious to be on the way.

I had on my desk a copy of the "Revised Statutes" and a book of "Rulings and Decisions" which showed us a way out of the dilemma, (Mr. Robt. Simon, Recorder of Deeds, had refused to record them) providing we could get the approval of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Washington and the assent of the Recorder.

Our conclusion was that we could accept in a lump sum the amount of taxes due, and attach the stamps when they arrived whatever time that might be.

That seemed encouraging, so I advised the Chief Deputy to prepare a telegram to the commissioner relating the circumstances, giving the decision and ruling under which we made the request and asked for his approval by wire. While the telegram was being prepared I called up the Recorder's office and asked to have Mr. Simon called to the phone; he answered immediately. I explained the situation and asked if he would record the deed if the plan was approved. His answer was that he would record anything that had a statement over my

official signature stating that the taxes had been paid and the stamps would be attached later.

I then asked him to instruct his Chief Clerk to see that there would be no delay as I expected quick action from Washington.

I then called up Mr. Mulford, local manager of the Western Union, who was absent from his office, but his secretary who knew me asked if there was anything he could do for me.

I told him I would like to use his private wire to Washington as I wished to get quick action on a request for a ruling by the commissioner. He answered, "Of course, phone it right in".

By this time the message was ready and I had the Chief Deputy send it over the phone. That was that!

Mr. Jones asked how long I thought it would be before I would hear from Washington. I told him that if it was negative I ought to hear from them within the half hour; if affirmative perhaps three-quarters of an hour. We were then located in the Rand McNally Building, pending the erection of the new Federal Building.

Mr. Jones then said he would step over to his office (one block) for a few minutes, and Mr. Leiter said he would wait. He then complimented me on the way we had handled the situation and asked some questions about the business of the office.

I informed him about some of the difficulties we had encountered in getting organized for the big rush in such a short time, and asked him if he would not like to take a walk through the office and see what we were doing. He

gladly assented and was much pleased to see how things were running.

After we came back to my office he opened up on what he was doing and what it was all about.

He said, "You no doubt know that what I am doing is helping Joe out from under his big wheat deal".

He then said, "Mr. Coyne, I was not legally responsible for one cent in his dealings, but I am helping him out because he is *my son!*"

He said that so beautifully and emphatically that I could not conceal my admiration for that old father. I was told by brokers on the exchange that Joe's losses were over ten millions.

The reply from Washington arrived in forty minutes approving my action.

There is a sequel to the above story that I might tell here. In 1926 I was in Chicago with an option to purchase Grand Isle, on the Louisiana Gulf Coast, which I was hoping to sell (the option) to Mr. Leiter and a few of his friends. The day I called on him by a strange coincidence, was the day Judge Sullivan was to render his decision on the plea to have Joe removed from executorship of his father's estate, a suit brought by some, or one of his sisters in England.

After a short talk about Grand Isle, Joe put in a call for Eugene Pike who was a great friend of his, but we had to wait a few minutes for Gene to return to his office.

While we were waiting, I asked Mr. Leiter if he would like to hear a short story about his father.

He said of course he would and I told him what his father said about him that day he was in the Revenue

office. I told it with great feeling and old Joe looked at me and asked, "Did father say that?" His eyes moistened up as he was touched indeed. Then he said, "The good old soul. I am glad you told me."

I had other experiences as Collector of Internal Revenue that I believe are worthy of note. The first day of the operation of the War Revenue Tax was a terror! Prior to that time the collections averaged about ten thousand dollars per day (there were no distilleries running in the First District) principally from breweries, saloons, and whiskey withdrawals, from bonded warehouses.

On the first day under the war tax law our receipts ran over two hundred thousand dollars! And most of that was in small amounts, so there was a big show in the Rand McNally Building that day.

There was a line from the cashier's office to the sidewalk to the corner and for half a block on La Salle Street. There were messengers from banks, Board of Trade, insurance offices, theatres, and others, all wanting stamps or information about the new law.

As the day went on we devised different methods of reducing the rush and facilitating the business of our office and the public. The noon papers had big headlines all about the revenue office being swamped and unable to handle the business!

First, we arranged through banks to give them immediate service if they would agree to make such purchases of stamps as to enable them to supply their customers and permit me to announce through the press that the smaller demands could be met with in that manner.

I then had a clerk assigned to my private office where all bank messengers could be served without waiting in line. Then I placed a man in the corridor to instruct any and all desiring to purchase one thousand dollars or more, to apply at my office and they would get immediate service. That worked well for the banks and their customers but it gave me plenty to do. During the rush I had a personal loss of a hundred dollar dividend check from the Globe National Bank that was then in liquidation. My secretary, who was opening the mail passed it on to me with a lot of other checks attached to requisitions for stamps. I set it aside with some other personal mail and never saw it again!

After the morning rush was over I looked for the check, but could not find it. We looked in the waste basket, on the floor, sent in to the cashier to see if it could have become attached to some checks we had sent in to him. Well, we never found it, nor did it ever turn up at the bank.

I was obliged after a few days to sign a bond to protect the bank, in order to obtain a new check.

We all thought that funny in view of the fact that on the day my check disappeared, our receipts aggregated over four hundred thousand dollars and checked up to a cent.

The law required that we deposit each day, at the designated government depository bank, the receipts for the day.

We soon saw that to do this, arrangements must be made with the bank to hold a vault open and have someone there who could issue a receipt for the deposit.

After this arrangement had been made, I called up Chief of Police Kipley and asked to have a patrol wagon and men detailed to conduct our messenger to the bank. I was not taking any chances.

There were two other incidents of those days, that are worthy of note.

The law stipulated that no stamps should be issued until paid for in cash! Therefore, the brewery proprietors—the largest purchasers of stamps, prior to the passage of the war tax law—were obliged to send large amounts of currency by messenger to the Revenue office, which entailed the risk of hold-ups. Therefore, they had made arrangements with the collector to keep on deposit an amount of cash to cover their purchases and then send checks to draw against the deposit.

To carry out this plan they would procure from their banks the required amount, and for the convenience of all, get it in one thousand dollar bills. These deposits were in accordance with a trust agreement between the taxpayer and the collector personally with no responsibility to the government.

Therefore, in consideration of the fragile nature of the vaults in our office in the event of fire or burglary, I rented a box in the Home Insurance Building vaults across the corner from the Rand McNally Building. I kept all the one thousand dollar bills there for more security, making a record in triplicate of the serial number and check letter of each bill, one copy for me, one to the cashier, and the other to the taxpayer.

That fund had averaged about twenty-five thousand

dollars, but as the war taxes increased the amount rose to the high peak of eighty-three thousand dollars.

It is interesting to note that the sequestration of that number of thousand dollar bills was noticed by the banks. It should be remembered that this was before prohibition and the necessary requirements of the bootlegging gentry to deal in "Grands".

The other incident refers to an eye full, that the cashier placed on my desk one day during the rush. He asked me if I had ever seen "one of these" spreading out a ten thousand dollar bill. I nearly had heart failure. It had just come in from one of the banks. It was printed on one side, and only partly printed on the reverse side. The essential identification notes were written by hand on the reverse side.

It was a United States Treasury note; one of the few issued for the use of banks, for convenience, in their reserve funds. Well it went through our hands safely, and we never saw another.

I had another experience with the "root of all evil" along about that time that I believe is worthy of note.

Along about 1889 a counterfeit one hundred dollar silver certificate appeared, that caused a lot of excitement among bankers and other handlers of large funds. The bill was of such excellence in appearance that it was very hard even for experienced bank tellers to tell the good from the bad. Indeed the banks refused to accept one hundred dollar silver certificates of the issue which had been counterfeited. The result was that we had five bills of that issue and did not know what to do with them. I took them in to the U. S. Sub-treasurer (Wm. P. Wil-

liams) located in the same building; he would not say they were counterfeit, nor would he take them in exchange!

It so happened that I was preparing to go to Washington, so I took the five bills with me after telling the cashier to accept no more of that issue. When I arrived in Washington I went direct to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury—at that time, Mr. Lyman J. Gage of Chicago, whom I knew very well. I believe Frank Vanderlip at that time was Mr. Gage's secretary.

I pulled out my five silver certificates and informed Mr. Gage that his Sub-Treasury in Chicago refused to take them or pronounce them bad. Mr. Gage said that the facts in the case were such that he would instruct all Sub-Treasurers to accept them unless they were sure that they were counterfeit. He then sent for the Cashier of the Treasury and he pronounced mine good and gave me new ones in exchange. Of course, they were aware of all the excitement over the counterfeits and the Secret Service operators were busy on the case.

I believe John Wilkie of Chicago was then Chief of the Secret Service. There was an excitement in our office not long after the time of the foregoing events and not altogether disconnected therewith.

One day Deputy Collector Marsh came into my office with an air of secrecy and suppressed excitement, stating that he had made an important discovery!

He advised that I lock the door as he had something to show me of great importance, which he thought should be treated with secrecy until I could get in touch with

Washington. I told him to turn the key in the door and let me hear what he had to report.

He unwrapped a package (that he had concealed under his coat) and revealed a box of cigars which he handed me and asked if I could see anything wrong with them. I thought he referred to the cigars and asked him to open the box. He said it was not the contents, but the strip stamp on the box. I looked it over but could see nothing wrong with it. He laughed and said, "That is a counterfeit stamp!" I stepped into the office of the stamp clerk, who was my brother, Theodore, and asked him to let me have a stamp of the same kind to take to my office and not mention it to anyone. I took it into my office and then we compared the two. The counterfeit showed a small spot on President Buchanan's nose—like a pimple, and there was a slight difference in some of the grill work, all of which would easily pass unnoticed without close examination. I asked Marsh how he made the discovery and he told me that he was looking rather closely at Buchanan's face and wondered if he really had that pimple on his nose. Then he made a closer inspection and concluded he had discovered a counterfeit. He then told where he found it.

It was one box of many hundreds in the wholesale house of which Graeme Stewart was manager!

Graeme was Republican National Committeeman of Illinois and a very prominent man in Chicago civic affairs, therefore the secrecy. Marsh said he had been checking up the stock when he made the discovery and had abstracted that box without any one knowing about it.

I then called in the Chief Deputy and had him prepare a code message for Washington with news of the discovery. In a short time I received a reply to the effect that no seizure should be made and to maintain strict secrecy until arrival from Detroit of special agent the following morning. That added some mystery to the case that was interesting to say the least.

The next morning the special agent was on hand waiting for me and was very important and full of mystery. He told me that there was a great case on hand, and that if I allowed the newspapers to get hold of it I might lose my job.

Well, that was the last of that, until about a week following when the case blew wide open from Washington. The newspapers were full of big headlines about the arrest of the counterfeiters of the one hundred dollar silver certificates; the cigar stamps, and the arrest of Jacobs Brothers of Philadelphia, one of the largest cigar manufacturers in the country; an ex-United States District Attorney; a former engraver of the government bureau, and a few others whom I have forgotten. Also it was hinted that one, perhaps two *Collectors of Internal Revenue* were involved. Shortly after I received orders to seize all cigars made in the Ninth Internal Revenue District, Pennsylvania.

It seems that the department knew about the counterfeit cigar stamps but was taking no notice of them at the request of the Secret Service officials who were on the trail of the counterfeiters and wanted to make one haul of them all, which they did.

Moonshine in the mountains of Tennessee is old

stuff, as the saying goes, but who would expect to find a moonshiner in the heart of Chicago?

Charley Nagel, one of my best Deputy Collectors, was a man with a "nose for news" in newspaper talk, but in the Revenue Service he was a man with a nose for "booze". He could smell out and locate more violations of the Revenue laws than any man in the service.

One day he came into my office and asked me to assign Deputy Gus Melahn to work with him for a few days, as he thought he had located an illicit still "right near the heart of the city". I asked him for particulars and he told me that one night shortly before, he was down on Desplaines Street to visit a sick friend and as he walked along he noticed a peculiar odor that smelled like a cooking fermented mash.

His suspicions were aroused and he "sniffed around" and finally found it was coming out of a sewer manhole, so his conclusion was that someone was making whiskey and dumping their slops in a sewer in the vicinity. The next day he made a survey of the neighborhood sniffing around other manholes, looking at buildings on the street and alleys adjacent and now believed he had located something. I smiled and said something to the effect that that nose of his had proven to be of good value to the government, and I left an order for Melahn to team in with Nagle the next day, with a search warrant.

Sure enough about the second or third day following they brought in two of the worst looking objects that had ever entered that office. They looked exactly alike, grey hair, long grey whiskers, and wore long black overcoats with astrakhan collars, although it was not cold weather.

They were undersized and looked something like the little grey men in the "Rip Van Winkle" show. They were trembling with fright. They were Russian jews and naturally were scared stiff.

Outside was a wagon of theirs that the deputies had brought in with the principal implements of the trade, together with a lot of jugs filled with fresh distilled whiskey. They had been making the spirits out of cheap molasses which they bought by the barrel and after making it into whiskey they would put it in jugs and sell it mostly in the Ghetto district.

They had a capacity of, as I remember, about fifty gallons a day. The worst part of the story is yet to come.

They had not been in the office more than a few minutes until we saw that their clothing was inhabited with "beasties" such as Bobby Burns discovered on the lady's bonnet in church. When I saw that I yelled: "Take them out in the hall and keep them there until their lawyer comes"—who was on the way over to the office. Their lawyer offered to sign a waiver and make a proposition in compromise, amounting to about twelve hundred dollars which was accepted.

It was not long after the "moonshine" discovery that Nagle's nose created another sensation that caused a lot of excitement of one kind and another; revealing a laughable joke on the champagne agents and placed an otherwise respectable manufacturing firm in a bad light. This caused the men of our office to dub Nagle as "Champagne Charley".

Over on the West Side there was a large manu-

facturing plant making fruit extracts and flavors for the soda fountain trade.

It was owned and operated by a firm of well-known gentlemen, one of whom held an honorable appointive position under the city government.

One day Nagle in his travels along Honore Street, passing the factory thought he would take a look at the establishment. He turned back and walked through the alley along side the building where through an open door he saw some suspicious looking copper kettles.

He started to enter the building and was stopped by an employee who asked what he wanted. Nagle told him he was an Internal Revenue officer and wanted to know what was going on there.

The employee told him he would call the manager, who came in a blustering sort of manner and told him that they had no business that concerned the Revenue office except a small still which they were allowed to have for distilling small quantities of fruit juices for flavoring extracts. Nagle asked him if his still was registered at the Revenue office. He said he believed it was.

Then Nagle asked to see the certificate that was required by law. The manager told him it was in the safe and he could not get it until the boss came back—all the time showing a disposition to avoid any further conversation.

There was an open door to a loading platform in the rear, through which could be seen some men loading a truck with what appeared to be wine in cases like champagne cases. Nagle said, "I want to see what you are loading there". Then there was the dickens to pay!

Nagle jumped upon the truck and ordered the driver not to move it. Then he discovered that they were loading what turned out to be imitation champagne and that the bottles had no stamps attached as required by law. That gave Nagle the right to act. He phoned the office for a search warrant and order for seizure.

Here is what was seized. A truck load of bogus champagne—"Mumms Extra Dry", White Seal, and Pomery Sec.; all made of California Riesling wine, worth about thirty cents a gallon; fortified with distilled grape-juice, charged with carbonic acid gas. The bottles and labels were imitations but the corks were genuine burnt in corks that they had bought from a junk dealer who gathered them up from waiters in restaurants, hotels and other places where champagne was opened in those days.

When the papers got the news, there was plenty of ink spread, and many jokes over the phoney champagne.

When the agents of the different brands read the news, they came to the Revenue office to see the goods, which was a big surprise to them. No one by looking at the bottles could tell them from the genuine article.

When a bottle was opened it bubbled like real champagne for a while, and tasted like champagne. Charley Gillespie, Gene Sullivan, and Walter Williams, were at my office together the next day with telegrams from their respective offices to see their lawyers about civil suit against the manufacturers. They asked me to hold the evidence until legal attachments could be made for the seized goods. I told them that I would as long as I could under the law but explained that if after appraisal it was found that the value of the property exceeded five

hundred dollars, I would be obliged to turn it over to the U. S. Marshall.

That seemed to be satisfactory to all and the following day after appraisal I had to turn it over in accordance with the law.

I so notified the agents and within a short time I had a visit from Walter Williams, one of the agents that led into a hot argument, in which he insisted that I had broken my promise and he would see that his firm would show me up to the Department at Washington. I told him that the sooner he would do that or anything else that would take him out of my office the better I would be pleased. I then phoned for Gillespie, the Mumms Agent, to know if he had understood me in regard to the case. He said he would come right over, which he did, and came in laughing.

He said Williams had been in to see him and was mad as hops. He then told me that if Williams tried to be nasty just to "tell him that I told you about how Walter and I were buying wine at a certain night place (giving the name) only a few nights before and were opening some of the phoney wine at five dollars a bottle thinking we were drinking our own make of wines and we did not know the difference". This latter part of the story never saw print. Nor did I hear any more from Mr. Williams.

Nagle was one of the best officers I had in the service. When I was appointed Postmaster I had him appointed Custodian, a better position which he filled faithfully until his death.

CHAPTER III

I expect there are not many people living today who were old enough at the time to appreciate the opening of Washington Park Race Track and the American Derby.

Derby day, or Darby as some called it, presented a beautiful sight, with the club house thronged, the grand stand filled and the field inside packed with all sorts of carriages, occupied by spectators well supplied with sandwiches and all sorts of refreshments from bottled ale or beer to baskets of champagne.

No less beautiful was the grand parade, down Grand Boulevard, to the race track. Four-in-hand coaches, Landaus, Landelets, Victorias, high-seated Stanhope buggies, new harness, new vehicles, bright jangling steel chains on carriage poles, high stepping bob-tailed horses, beautiful women, well dressed men—all appropriately costumed for the occasion—made a picture worth seeing. At the same time there were plenty of people whose equipment did not compare with the fancy, but nevertheless the old style two seated surry; the buckboard and the butcher cart all added to the scene.

Horse racing in Chicago has had its ups and downs, principally downs—downs in more ways than one.

Garfield Park track at one time back in the book-maker days seemed to be doing pretty well until a war broke out between rival owners or associations with the result that it came to a gun fight that brought some “downs” from stable roofs where they had been popped off like pigeons.

CHAPTER IV

The nearest I came to meeting President Harrison was when I shook hands with him at a public reception in the White House, during a short visit I was enjoying in Washington in 1888. In fact it was my first visit to the seat of our nation's government.

President Harrison, while he made a good President, failed to make many friends because of his cold treatment of the statesmen and politicians of his time. As a matter of fact, he lacked that political personality or magnetism so useful to a statesman who wishes to attract and hold public favor.

I am reminded of a story that went the rounds in Washington about a visit of John J. Ingalls, U. S. Senator from Kansas, to the White House which gives a pretty good idea of the temperamental character of the two men involved.

It seems that Senator Ingalls had remained away from the White House for quite a long time on account of some grievance against the President. On this occasion, however, one of his constituents was an aspirant for some position in the State Department that was then vacant. Ingalls swallowed his pride and called on the President to see if there was any chance for his friend.

The President after listening to the recommendation of the Senator thrust his hands in his hip pockets, turned to the window and took a long look out at the Potomac River and then turning back to Ingalls, spoke to him as follows: "Senator, after thinking the matter over, I am

obliged to inform you that I cannot Name Mr. ————— for that position. I have a friend in Indiana to whom I would like to tender the appointment.”

Ingalls reached for his hat and made for the door where he turned and delivered this parting shot: “All right, Mr. President, if you have a friend in Indiana or anywhere else on God’s green earth, give him a job! Give him a job.” Then out he went. The best part of this story lies in the fact that it was Harrison who let the story out to a confidential friend. That is how it became public.

Harrison had a sufficient number of delegates to nominate him in the Minneapolis Convention, but not enough votes in November to re-elect him, so Cleveland came back for a second term after having been out for four years.

As I write these lines about being in Washington during Harrison’s administration, I am reminded of the business that brought me there.

I had an old friend, George Bothwell, who had started in the restaurant business on F. Street and had not made a success of it. He was running behind and thought he would be more successful with a bakery and lunch counter like my Madison Street place.

He was in Chicago on a visit and wanted to know if I would come to Washington and help him get started.

He said he could get me a pass on the Pennsylvania Railroad (he had connections there) and would pay all other expenses as well as my living expense while there and whatever I wanted for my time.

I told him, after thinking the matter over, that if he

would get me a pass to Jersey City and back I would go and not ask any pay for my time. I had never been to Washington and of course I was anxious to see it, and while there I could run up to Jersey City where my mother, three brothers and a sister were living and that would be a nice trip as I could run out to East Orange, my old home, for a visit. So I concluded to make the trip.

He had told me that there was a fine basement under the store and a good portable oven, left by a baker who had made money there, a few years previously, but could not stand prosperity. He had lost so much on horse races that he had to quit.

I suggested that Bothwell go back to Washington, close the place up, whitewash the windows, put up a sign announcing that it would be reopened as a first class bakery and lunch room. Then let me know with a week's notice when to come, sending me the tickets or passes and I would go down there.

The location was good, right in the center of a section of the city that was good for noonday lunches and not far from the residential district. He had done as I suggested and was ready for the start.

At that time Washington had never had a "Bakery Lunch Room" with a white capped and white jacketed negro turning over wheat cakes on a shiny griddle behind a plate glass window.

So I made up a list of things required to make that attraction possible. There were plenty of cooks and bakers to be had in Washington but materials and equipment had to be brought in from Baltimore.

Bothwell had kept a couple of the old employes, the

manager and one woman to supervise the work connected with the alterations and the work of cleaning up. The old lunch counter needed painting and new shelving underneath. I had one window fixed for display of bakery goods and the other equipped with a gas griddle and other paraphernalia for the griddle cakes. There were needed some new showcases. All of these things had to be brought from Baltimore so it took a little longer to get ready than I had supposed it would.

We had to get the new individual bean pots like I had in Chicago, from Trenton, New Jersey.

Well, the day came for the grand opening and it was a wow! We had colored waiters in white linen jackets, each with a pink carnation in the lapel of his jacket, and a good looking fellow in the window flapping over the cakes and toast.

We had a tempting display of bakery goods and a nice looking girl to wait on the customers.

We made one departure from the Chicago menu and that was the serving of oysters; and such oysters!

I had been away from the seaboard so long I could not eat enough of them.

To close the story I might add that I had an enjoyable visit to Washington and to my relatives and friends in New Jersey. Up to the last I heard of it the new lunch room was doing well.

CHAPTER V

When Prince Henry of Prussia paid his memorable visit to Chicago, as a guest of the United States, there was a great scurrying around to prepare plans for receiving the Royal visitor in a truly regal manner. The Mayor and City Council took action accordingly and Mayor Harrison appointed a general reception committee to take matters in charge for the city.

Among other arrangements was the provision for a grand ball to be held in the Auditorium Theatre. A temporary flooring was built, covering all of the parquet and orchestra circles for a dance floor, indeed, almost on a level with the first tier of boxes and the front seats in the balcony.

At the end of the hall, adjoining the balcony, was an elevated platform which had been so constructed as to be used for a throne by his Royal Highness. There was placed thereon a large beautifully gilded chair and the walls were hung by rich tapestry—the idea being to provide a throne for His Highness!

There had been a box reserved for the Prince to which he was conducted on his arrival and he had hardly been seated when a sub-committee called on him to escort him to the “throne”. Doctor Wever who was with him explained that the Prince would much rather remain in the box where he was seated.

There was some smiling behind hands when the situation was understood. At all events the throne remained unoccupied all the evening and the only purpose

it served was to show how silly it was to ever think of such a thing.

The Prince was very gracious to all who called upon him in his box and when Mrs. Coyne and I called he seemed much pleased when Mrs. Coyne spoke a few words of greeting in German to which he responded in kind.

There was a grand march led by Mrs. Carter Harrison and Alderman Scully, Chairman of the City Council Committee. Governor Yates and Mrs. Coyne followed and Mrs. Yates and I were next.

When lunch was served on an upper floor Doctor Wever had champagne served with the compliments of Prince Henry.

Taken all in all, it was a grand affair, and (with apologies to John McCutcheon) "a good time was had by all".

There is a sequel to this story which was a joke on the writer, that fits in here.

After Prince Henry reached home in Berlin he made up a list of presents for those whom he had met on the various committees in the different cities where he had been entertained. The news of this came out from Berlin and was covered by the papers to quite an extent. Among other items in the dispatch was included the Postmasters of New York and Chicago, to whom were to be presented each a diamond studded cigarette case!

This item attracted a great deal of attention. Before I had seen the dispatch I was interviewed by several reporters and could only say that the whole thing was news to me. The next day the Chicago Tribune had an edi-

torial to the effect that the Postmaster, being an officer of the U. S. Government could not accept the gift without violation of the Constitution.

A day or two later the German Vice-Consul, whose name I cannot now recall, came to the post office by his appointment to inform me that the Berlin dispatch "was not official", that the cigarette case was intended for Mr. Charles Halle, a citizen of German extraction and a very prominent leader in arranging for the reception of the Prince. If I remember correctly, it was only a short time after I received the information that I was honored by a call from Miss Lucy Page Gaston, the President of the Anti-Cigarette League, who expressed the wish that I would not accept the gift because of the effect it would have on the work of the League.

Miss Gaston then expressed the hope that I did not smoke cigarettes. I informed the good soul that I did, occasionally, with a cocktail at a banquet, or with the salad course. After a short talk I informed her that there was not the least likelihood that the gift would be offered to me and suggested she see Mr. Halle.

Some little time afterwards, I met Mr. Halle and asked him about it. He said, "Yes, I got the cigarette case but you got the advertisement!"

CHAPTER VI

I was standing one day in my Madison Street Lunch Room, looking out at the passing throng, when a youngish looking man with gray hair, brushed back over his ears, came in and asked me if I was "the proprietor of this establishment?" I acknowledged that I was. He then introduced himself as "Paul Hull, a member of the Chicago Press Club", then located in the building at the northeast corner of Clark and Madison Streets.

He then informed me that one of his fellow club men had said that I served "the best tea in town" and he wished to place an order for a special brew of about two gallons to be ready at six o'clock that evening as he intended to use it as the basis of a punch bowl that he had been selected to prepare for a symposium at the club room that night. The request was so unusual that I took another look at the individual and wondered if someone was playing a joke on him or me. He wore a black slouch hat, broad collared white shirt with a flowing black tie, black cutaway coat and trousers; in general he might have been a country lawyer or preacher, or an artist. He had a deep sepulchral voice but a kindly way and manner that impressed me as a man one would like to know.

The impression made on me at that time, led to a close friendship that lasted for many years.

A few days after the Press Club event, Paul dropped in for lunch and I asked him how his tea punch turned out. He laughed and told me that it was a great success.

The tea was intended to give color and innocence to

the appearance, which with the sliced pineapple made it very seductive and the boys all liked it; but the kick came from the other ingredients of which there were plenty. As I remember there were whiskey, rum, champagne, brandy and other high explosives, all of which put enough kick in the tea to equal the T.N.T. of today.

By way of proof of the success of the punch bowl, Paul gave me some details as to the effect on a number of the members who had partaken freely of the decoction, in the later hours of the evening. Opie Reed was found clawing over the upright piano in the club parlor, in a futile attempt to pull it down on himself, as he wished to go to bed, believing he was in his apartment and had hold of his folding bed. A visitor who had fought shy of the delusive beverage, reported that there was a dead man in the front parlor! Investigation showed that it was Stanley Waterloo who was lying on his back in blissful sleep with his glass eye wide open, which accounted for the mistake of the stranger visitor. Sammy Glover was found on the stair landing in quiet repose and when his friends revived him he said he wished to be left alone. He knew he was dying but was not afraid.

After all reports were in and no serious casualties found, the entertainment committee reported that the punch bowl was a great success. However, Paul was never again asked to prepare a punch bowl for the club.

Paul had a warm friend in Rowley Diller, who had kept a drug store in Springfield, Illinois when Abraham Lincoln was practicing law in that city. Lincoln's office was on the second floor above the drug store. Years after, I was with Paul in Springfield when Diller made

him a present of an arm chair which Lincoln had given to him after the convention that had nominated Lincoln for the presidency. Paul thanked the old fellow but refused to accept the precious keep-sake telling Diller he must hand it down to one of his grandchildren which I believe he did.

At one time while we were in the temporary post office on Michigan Avenue the supply division reported that we were almost entirely out of twine for use of the carriers in making up bundles for their routes.

Washington had failed to fill a requisition that had been forwarded there several weeks earlier. The situation was so serious that I sent a rush telegram requesting that our order be filled at once, or that I be granted authority to make a local purchase to carry through the emergency. In a short time, I received a reply as follows: "Impossible to fill your requisition this week owing to presence of Grand Army in Washington." There was no reference to my request for authority to make local purchase.

Old John Hubbard, Assistant Postmaster, and other officials were in my office discussing the situation in choice language appropriate to the occasion when Paul Hull, then 2nd Class Division Superintendent, stepped forward and asked to be permitted to word an answer to that telegram. Of course, I assented. This is what Paul wrote, and I sent it off in a rush. "Untie the Grand Army and send us the string." In a very short time a wire came authorizing me to make local purchase for twine.

I believe that telegram of Paul Hull's is regarded as the "Gem" of all the classics, in the archives of the Chicago Post Office. I afterwards heard of how it was passed around in the Post Office Department in Washington.

CHAPTER VII

When I first became acquainted with Jim Patten, as he was then known among those who knew him well, he was living in a modest apartment on Honore Street on the West Side of Chicago.

I was at that time President of the 12th Ward Republican Club—the largest Republican Ward west of Philadelphia in those days.

Mr. Patten was not pleased with the Senior Alderman of our ward because he believed he was more interested in the welfare of Chas. T. Yerkes than he was in the welfare of his ward and the City of Chicago.

Mr. Patten was not alone in that thought, which made, in the opinion of many others, a bad condition of affairs as Charles T. Yerkes had plans formulated to obtain control of a majority of the City Council, so as to succeed in his plans to have the entire street railway situation in his hands, under a ninety-nine year lease.

At the time of which I write, the subject of city ownership of its Street Railways was a live issue. Civic organizations were taking steps to prevent the granting of a long time franchise to any private corporation.

There were enough members of the City Council to justify the hope at least that enough new members could be elected in the impending election to thwart the plans of Mr. Yerkes.

Mr. Patten wanted to run as an independent, pledged to uphold the movement for city ownership. I explained to him that the incumbent who was up for re-election had

been nominated at the Republican Primary and would naturally seek the endorsement of the ward organization, which he had not received before the Primary. Mr. Patten said he was aware of that, also he had been informed that there were more Democrats who voted at the Republican Primary than there were Republicans, because so many Republicans had stayed away. All of this was before the State Legislature had passed the new Primary Law, intended to do away with the meddling at Primary elections by Republicans voting at Democratic Primary and Democrats voting with Republicans.

I advised Mr. Patten that I doubted whether he could win as an independent because of the fact that the members of our organization would feel in duty bound to support the nominee; at least those who had participated in the Primary. At the same time I told him that the rank and file of the Democrats were no more pleased with their candidate than were the Republicans.

He then asked me what would be my attitude in the event of his becoming an independent candidate? I answered by saying that I did not consider an aldermanic election as a party function; that it was not like a state or national election; that any member of the organization should feel free to vote for any candidate whom he thought was best suited to protect the interests of the city. Furthermore, I held the same right for myself. Then I asked him to show me his petitions when filled out and I would then decide on what I would do in the case.

That was all satisfactory to Mr. Patten. His friends sent out petitions which were signed plentifully. How-

ever, notwithstanding he was supported by a large number of members of our organization, myself included, the majority of the Democrats voted for the incumbent candidate and Patten was defeated.

James A. Patten was a man of high ideas of citizenship and not backward in expressing his political opinions.

It was not more than a year or two after, that he moved to Evanston and there found a condition in the city administration that was causing loud cries of complaint from the lovers of good government, but like Mark Twain said of the weather: "Everybody is talking about it, but nobody does anything!"

That was the condition of the political situation in Evanston regarding city politics.

It was not in the nature of things for Jim Patten to put up with such conditions, nor was it his way to "talk about it and do nothing".

He tried every way to get someone to run for Mayor, but no one would respond. Finally some of his friends said, "You could be elected, why don't you run?" His answer was to the effect that if they did not find a man within a certain date, he would run; rather than allow things to go as they were without protest. The result was that James A. Patten had consented to be a candidate for Mayor of Evanston.

This was before he had become known as the "Wheat King". Well, he was elected—and he did raise rucus with the politicians, when and where they deserved it.

In passing I want to say that James A. Patten was not a gambler in wheat or any other way. He was a

dealer who bought and sold the commodity, outright, in accordance with the laws of supply and demand.

He had his own agents watching and keeping him posted on crop acreage, the visible supply—foreign and domestic; the amount in elevators and foreign and domestic consumption, just like any other dealers in merchandise.

He was generous in every way, very modest in his manner and open and above board in his dealings.

I write from personal knowledge, gained from men who had been closely associated with him for years.

When I was organizing my consolidation of bakeries, and needed to dispose of fifty thousand dollars worth of stock we met one day in Rector's restaurant and he asked me how I was getting along.

He said Barney Eckhart had told him that I needed capital and he thought it was a good investment and that he had taken a thousand dollars worth just to help me along. After a few questions Mr. Patten said, "I don't know anything about the bakery business but I know you and you can put me down for a thousand". That was the kind of man Jim Patten was. If he liked a man, he was always ready to give him a boost; but anyone he did not like had better keep away from him.

CHAPTER VIII

James Lane Allen, a lawyer friend of mine in Chicago, was a cousin of the famous Kentucky poet and writer, after whom he was named.

Allen was fond of fishing and told me a lot about the gamey small mouth bass in the St. Joe River in Michigan.

One week-end he and I arranged for a skiff at Niles, Michigan for a three days' trip down the St. Joe to Berrien Springs, fishing as we drifted, stopping over night with supper and breakfast at hotels and cooking fish at lunch time on the river bank. At times, we would row along, at other times where the fishing was good we drifted. We had bait, casting rods and fly rods, and caught plenty of fish keeping only the large ones on ice, throwing the small ones back.

Mr. Allen was a delightful companion and had many characteristics of his cousin and was no mean poet himself.

We had our coffee pot, frying pan and other needful accessories, so we had fine times cooking and eating our lunch, which was always near a spring or brook at the riverside. We had a map and had no difficulty in timing our movements so as to be at a town over night. We had good accommodations, early breakfast and were on the river by seven o'clock in the morning.

I know of no better way to spend a week-end than by that manner of migratory trip. We tagged and shipped our boat back to Niles when we reached Berrien Springs Sunday night. We then had supper in St. Joe and took

the steamship, City of Louisville, for Chicago at nine that night. I should have mentioned that we shot a few ducks out of season on our trip, which we enjoyed as much as the fish.

Before reaching St. Joe we had a lot of slack water, so we were forced to row steadily for the last ten or fifteen miles taking turns at the oars every fifteen minutes and were pretty tired at the end of the trip, but consoled ourselves with the thought of the good rest we would have on the boat in crossing Lake Michigan to Chicago, where the boat was due at four or five o'clock in the morning.

The City of Louisville picked up a large deck load of crated strawberries at Berrien Springs so when she took on the passengers she was pretty well loaded.

After we got underway Allen and I sat out on deck for a while talking about our wonderful trip, the weather and the good fishing. At about nine o'clock Allen went to our stateroom and took the upper berth and was sound asleep when I turned in later.

Before I turned in I took a walk up to the wheel house, where I stopped to listen to a conversation about the weather and a small cloud that was approaching the moon. It was the Captain and the Wheelman. What I heard one man say was, "That looks to me like a ——." I did not hear that word, but the other said, "It would raise hell if it caught us hard from the southeast, with that heavy deck load we have on". The other said he would go below and see that the load was made secure against shifting cargo.

I believe it was well that he did so for in what seemed

to me to be a very short time I was awakened by the most thundering thunder I ever heard in my life; then came lightning that lasted a good part of a minute, then darkness for a few seconds and then more lightning! The effect was as if things were in reverse—it seemed as if we were going through a bright shiny day with black lightning flashes between longer intervals of sheet lightning. Allen woke up and sat in his berth as we both wondered how long it was going to last. It was then about two o'clock in the morning.

Then we noticed that the ship was rolling, indicating that the storm must be coming from the southeast and as our course was southeast the storm was hitting on the port side, which accounted for the rolling motion. About the time we had this all figured out and got back in our berths feeling or pretending to feel that there was no danger the engines stopped! Before we realized what had happened, a heavy sea broke against our side, sending enough water through the shuttered windows to soak our bedding and flood the cabin floor. Then did we get up? No! We fairly jumped to our feet, opened the door and rushed out; clad only in our pajamas, but we were not worried about that for there were plenty more besides us, some not as well clad as we were. Many were seasick, men were cursing, women (and some men) were praying, believing we were all lost.

The ship was rolling heavily until they managed to get the engines started up and ran away from the storm.

At daylight we found ourselves up near Racine, Wisconsin. We did not reach Chicago until about 8:30 p. m. That was the end of our perfect trip.

CHAPTER IX

One of the funniest stories I remember about Carl Ziegfeld and his love of fun was the one about a week-end trip to Fox Lake that he, his brother-in-law, Harry Streich, and a third party whose name I cannot recall, took with their wives for a day's fishing.

The hotel at which they stopped was limited in accommodations and they could only have two double rooms on opposite sides of the hall—the men on one side and their wives on the other, three in a room.

The hotel was one of those old frame buildings such as existed in those days at fishing resorts.

The doors usually had a space of a half inch or more between the bottom and the floor. The rooms were lighted at night by kerosene lamps.

Ziegfeld picked up an old piece of boy's harness with small brass bells on it, a plaything that some small boy had discarded.

Now, I suppose many of the guests saw this thing lying on the ground but paid no attention to it. It remained for Carl Ziegfeld to see some usefulness for this discarded plaything so he picked it up and separated the little tinkling bells from the straps and put them in his pocket. When he got a chance he unfolded his scheme to have some fun with the girls.

They had some bass bait they bought in Chicago, consisting of young live frogs, a dozen in a small cheese cloth bag. Carl's idea was to tie one of the little bells to each frog, around its neck, and then, after all had gone

to bed slip these little froglets under the bottom of the door where the girls were and then listen for what would happen.

The other boys fell in with the plan and they started belling the frogs where no one could see them. Then after all had retired the boys were ready for the fun.

They watched for the light to go out in the room opposite, then slipped a frog under the door and awaited the results. As the frog found himself free he jumped inside the room and the bell tinkled as he jumped. Then they sent in another and another, until they had half a dozen or more hopping around. As the frogs jumped, the bells tinkled, then they heard voices. "What is that?"

The boys outside the door were stuffing their handkerchiefs in their mouths, listening. "Edith, please get up and light a lamp!" Edith replied, "I will not, I believe it is a rat or something with a bell tied to it". Another voice, "There are more than one; what shall we do?" Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle! "What shall we do? Call the boys. Carl! Harry!" The boys slipped back in their room, locked the door and did not answer.

Pretty soon doors of adjoining rooms opened up and people wanted to know what was all the noise about. By this time the girls were standing up in bed. The frogs were hopping about looking for a way out.

Then came the proprietor and his wife with a lamp in hand to see what was going on. By this time the girls were nearly hysterical, then the boys came out and told about the joke, so one of the girls got out and lit the lamp and unlocked the door declaring that if she stepped on

one of those frogs she would "murder Carl Ziegfeld in the morning."

Everyone who knew Carl and his original ways in providing fun for a party can understand how natural it was for him to pull off such a trick. I heard this story from Carl personally and others who were in the party.

When Flo Ziegfeld and his follies would come to Chicago, Carl and I would often meet with him after the show and had several pleasant times together. Flo said many times that Carl had missed his calling. He should have entered the theatrical profession as a comedian. Flo was a good judge and ought to know.

On one occasion, at a wedding anniversary party given by Carl and his wife, Carl just had to have some fun; so he fixed up his brother-in-law, Harry Streich, as a blushing bride, himself as a Yiddish groom and insisted the writer must be the preacher, so we could have a "mock marriage". Mrs. Ziegfeld at first objected to the plan, but when she saw how Carl had made us up for our respective parts she withdrew her objection.

Anna Held was in town with one of Flo's road companies; and came to the party right after the show. It was too funny to describe. Miss Held said it was the funniest thing she ever saw on or off the stage. At the lunch that was afterwards spread, Doctor Ziegfeld told Anna she had not kissed the "bride and groom" so she arose from her chair and went the full round of the table. There were fourteen present.

CHAPTER X

At this point I am reminded of my meeting with John R. Thompson and believe I ought to correct an impression that seems to have gone the rounds that I had put him on his feet or helped him to get his first start in the restaurant business. Indeed, when I was last in Chicago, I was visiting with some old friends in the Union League Club on the day of his demise. Naturally, we got to talking about old times and how many of my old friends had passed out of this life. During the conversation someone asked me if I had not started Mr. Thompson in business. Of course, I denied the truth of that assertion and then stated as I do now, that the only foundation there could be to that rumor would be the fact which we both had often discussed, that he had bought a restaurant on State Street that was not as it had been represented to him. He felt that he had been stung. When Mr. Thompson first called on me, through the friendly offices of a mutual acquaintance, he explained to me that he was desirous of disposing of the place and starting a bakery lunch of the style that I was running at the time. We had a long talk in which I convinced him that he would have a hard time making any money if he started in that line unless he would go into the bakery business as a whole. I then advised him that a regular restaurant serving reasonably priced meats and vegetables was needed in our neighborhood and I advised him to look into that side of the business. Before leaving he asked me if I would sell him his bakery sup-

plies in case he decided to open such a place. Of course I told him I would and would give him a week's credit to start with. I could not say for sure if he availed himself of that offer or not. I am sure that he made a good customer for he made a success of his new venture in more ways than one.

He had taken a five year lease on the Madison Street store and sold his lease for a good stake to the Daily News. That was the beginning of a number of places that he started afterwards on the "arm chair" style of restaurants. He, by that time, had established his commissary and made his own bakery goods.

So that is all there was to my helping John R. Thompson to start in the restaurant business.

Book Six

CHAPTER I

Somewhere about the middle of January 1901, as I was sitting at my desk one afternoon, looking over some private business papers, my thoughts turned to the fact that it would be only a few months until my four years service in the Revenue Office as Collector would be ended. While it was true that the appointment was for no special term I had set my mind on retirement at the end of four years.

I had just bought out the interest of a dormant partner who had been with me in business for about ten years, having invested five thousand dollars with me at the time I had spread out into the wholesale bread business.

As I sat back in my chair in a reflective mood, I took a look into the past and tried to figure it all out. In the Summer of 1883 at the age of twenty-two I had arrived in Chicago, a stranger in a strange land, so to speak, with scarcely enough capital to keep me more than a couple of weeks.

Now, here I was free of the partnership, with a prosperous business, holding a high position of trust from the President of the United States, my framed commission on the wall before me, over my desk.

To the date of my appointment all of this had taken place in fourteen years.

And now a lot of my political friends were working up a sentiment in favor of my nomination as the Repub-

lican candidate for Mayor of Chicago! They had met with a great deal of encouragement, they informed me, and were urging me to get into the fight. There were four or five who had announced themselves as candidates and were securing endorsements by petition.

I had let the matter rest by telling my friends to look over the ground and I would decide in a week or so whether or not I would be a candidate. There were more things to consider besides the nomination. One of the most important, was the question as to whether this was going to be a Republican year! Chicago was a Democratic city and it was only on occasions when the Democrats were divided over a weak candidate that a Republican could win.

So it had been arranged by my friends that they would call a meeting for January 31 at Van Buren Opera House, at which time I would render my decision as to whether or not I would stand as a candidate for Mayor.

It was by some strange coincidence (not a Coyne-cidence) that as I sat there that afternoon I was informed by my secretary that Washington was trying to get me over the long distance. I got the connection and learned that it was United States Senator Mason who wished to speak to me. The Senator wanted to know if I could come to Washington that evening on the Pennsylvania Limited. I looked at my watch and answered, "Yes, I had plenty of time, but why the rush?" He then told me that Postmaster Charles U. Gordon had written to his friends that he was not going to accept reappointment and the big powers in Washington had picked me for the place. That was a surprise! I phoned to Mrs. Coyne

to pack my grip and I would send out for it so as to save time. I made the Limited with only a few minutes to spare, after wiring the Senator that I was on the way.

When I arrived in Washington the next day, Senator Mason met me at the train and we went to the Capital Building and called on Senator Cullom who was the Senior Senator from Illinois.

Senator Cullom greeted me nicely. We had become acquainted during his last stay in Chicago where he had many friends, although his home was in Springfield.

Senator Cullom spoke up and said, "Billy told me that you were his choice for Postmaster and I assured him that you were satisfactory to me, as I thought you would make a good one." And he then suggested that we go at once to the White House.

Mason's office was being flooded with telegrams and long distance calls and he was anxious to get the matter settled as soon as possible so we all got in a cab and rode to the White House.

President McKinley received us in his usual cordial manner and brought up the subject at once by saying, "I expect you gentlemen have agreed on a man for Postmaster of Chicago". Then he looked at me and smiled. Senator Mason then spoke up and said, "Yes, Mr. President, Senator Cullom and I have agreed to recommend Mr. Coyne for the position and would like to have him appointed at once. The Senate is in recess now but Senator Cullom and I will sign Mr. Coyne's papers which ought to insure his approval by the Senate as soon as it convenes.

The President then turned to me and said with a

smile, "I suppose you have no objection, Mr. Coyne?" That put it up to me.

All the way down from Chicago I had a lot of thinking to do. In the first place I had practically made up my mind to get out of politics and back into the business harness. Then came along the mayoralty proposition, which was at least entitled to consideration. I had given my consent to my mayoralty backers to call the meeting at Van Buren Opera House for the week following. Now here I was with the Chicago Post Office right in front of me. What to do?

I told the President in as few words as possible about the situation politically and told him that if I should accept the appointment now it would not be treating my friends right. I would be leaving them in a lurch as if I had a bucket out to catch everything that was coming my way. The President then asked me if I was going to be a candidate for Mayor. Mason broke in and said, "No, Mr. Coyne is not going to run for Mayor, at least not this year".

The President then turned to the Senators and said, "I believe Mr. Coyne is right and I believe he knows good politics". So then I told the President how much I appreciated the honor that he was ready to confer upon me and said that while I would not presume to ask him to hold up the appointment, that I would accept it if I decided not to run for Mayor. The President smiled and looking at the two Senators, he said, "I guess it will keep". That ended the visit.

After leaving the White House, Senator Cullom went back to his office and Mason and I went to his office where

we found telegrams piled up on his desk urging the appointment of at least a dozen different aspirants for the position of Postmaster, some of those mentioned were unknown to Senator Mason or myself.

I turned right around and took the night train back to Chicago where the scribes were waiting for me. I was front page stuff then for a while. I told the truth in regard to my position, so then the papers played it up as if I had the mayoralty or the postmastership on a plate where I could pick or choose either.

There was one funny cartoon showing me in the character of a love sick swain with my hands clasped as I looked at two blushing maidens passing, one labeled Miss Mayor, the other Miss Postmaster, I stating: "Oh, what joy, to think I could have either of them."

When the date for the big meeting at Van Buren Opera House came, I had not yet really decided which course I would take until I received a report on the mayoralty situation that afternoon that was strictly confidential, advising me to keep out of the mayoralty race and take the postmastership.

The source of this advice was so closely hooked up politically with Republican and Democratic interests that there was no doubt in my mind as to what I should do. It was in the cards for a Democratic Mayor.

When I arrived at the Opera House it was filled to capacity and an overflow crowd outside. Not one person there knew what I was going to say. Someone nominated a chairman of the meeting who took the chair and asked for the pleasure of the meeting. Then the chairman of a committee that had been appointed at a previous small

meeting read a report showing that there was a very strong sentiment in my favor.

It was a splendid demonstration and one I could justly feel proud of when I stepped to the front of the stage. I was almost inclined to change my mind, I so regretted disappointing so fine a lot of people. I thanked the members of the committee for their splendid manifestations of confidence in me and said that I had no bounden promise from the President for appointment as the papers had stated. The President simply had said that he would delay action until after this meeting. Then I went on to state that there was going to be a big scramble for the Republican nomination and then a big fight for election, each of those requiring an amount of money that I could not afford to spend. I assured them that from the information I had at hand I was quite sure there was no chance for a Republican Mayor that year. So after careful consideration I felt obliged to inform them that I could not stand as their candidate!

There was considerable disappointment among those present, but all of my close friends told me I did the right thing when I did not accept the Postmaster appointment until I had kept my word on the question of the mayoralty.

The next day I wired Senator Mason of my action, stating that I was now in a position to accept the appointment if it had not been disposed of.

About a week later I was informed by him that my papers were in the hands of the President and that I would soon receive my commission.

Henry L. Hertz of Chicago, one of the big four Re-

publican leaders, had been agreed upon as Collector of Internal Revenue, to succeed me. By agreement with Mr. Gordon the date for transferring the office to me was fixed for April 1, 1901.

The transfer of a large office to a new Postmaster is no small job. All stamps, cash, books and other property are accounted for by the outgoing incumbent to Post Office Inspectors detailed for that purpose. The new Postmaster then presents his bond, is sworn in by the Post Office Inspector, is handed his commission signed by the President, then signs a receipt for the property turned over to him. Then he is Postmaster. In this case, my bond was for one million dollars, signed by B. A. Ekhart, Joseph Downey and E. C. Dewitt.

The transfer was made on Sunday as that was the last day of the month, so I was not in harness until Monday morning. The most of that day was spent getting acquainted with the heads of different branches of the service and their duties. Of course, I was not lacking in receipt of information as to how the office should be operated so as to make me popular among the operatives. At the same time, I found that like practically all government offices there was a "Knockers' Committee with an anvil chorus" of more than ordinary ability in swinging the hammer.

The first move I made was to find out why there had been so many public complaints about the delay in delivery of second and third class matter. The letter delivery seemed to be moving along all right. That brought me to the mailing division where I found large stacks of unworked sacks of second and third class mail, some of

which had been there for many days. This would seem to indicate either a shortage of men, or inefficiency on the part of the men through lack of efficient organization. It did not take long to discover that it was the fault of all three. The fact should be noted here that the "Parcel Post" system had not been installed. Everything in the line of merchandise, was listed as third and fourth class matter, including books. Second Class matter was newspapers and magazines, the former receiving immediate attention and the latter set aside when the work was heavy—then when the men could find time to handle the delayed stuff, they would sometimes work it off the top of the pile, thereby causing some of it to be a week or more in the mailing room. The men were working twelve and thirteen hours a day.

I learned also that the men in the mailing division were receiving the lowest pay of any division, notwithstanding that they were doing hard manual labor while classified as clerks.

About the third day after my induction into office, dear old Captain McGrath, whom I had known for a number of years, came up to my office and asked if he could see me alone for a few minutes. The Captain was then Superintendent of the Mailing Division. I closed the door and asked my secretary to see that I was not disturbed for a few minutes. I saw that the old Captain was excited about something of which I had an inkling.

It did not take long for me to find out what was going on. It seems that the men in the mailing division were going to meet that night (their work was mostly at night) for the purpose of organizing a strike! "Well," said I

“What are you going to do about it?” He did not know but he had a suggestion to make that he hoped I would consider. It was that I would authorize him to call the men together that night where I could speak to them in a body and tell them what I had told him about getting more men and better wages for them as soon as I could get to Washington, as I had already planned.

I thought the suggestion a good one and told him that in a few minutes there would be a notice on the bulletin to that effect.

I then called on old John M. Hubbard, the Assistant Postmaster, told him of what we were going to do and that the details as to time and place would be for him and Captain McGrath to arrange and report back to me. Within a short time they came back and informed me that the time would be six o'clock and the place at the south end of the mailing floor. “Good enough, I will be there,” said I, and told Hubbard to post the notice at once—“By order of the Postmaster”. It was then mid-afternoon.

As I had an appointment of importance over at the bakery at five, I told them that I would be back in time, but not to worry if it should be near six when I arrived. They were quite a bit excited and expressed the hope that I would not be late.

I was back a few minutes before six and found that they had arranged for me to speak from the restaurant balcony about twelve feet above the floor of the working room where the men were assembled. They had a small table there, a couple or three chairs, a pitcher of water and a glass on the table. That would not do for me, that showed plain enough, as I saw it, what was the matter

with the whole situation. I said come with me downstairs, I want to get close to the men. As I walked in on the working floor I saw that there were at least two hundred men waiting.

I jumped up on one of the large tables on the edge of the crowd and asked them to come up close where I could look into their faces. That caused a little flutter of satisfaction. I thought I saw a better expression in their faces. So I started out telling them that I believed I knew more about their conditions and grievances than they realized. That caused them to come up closer. I told them that they had a good superintendent in Captain McGrath; that he had told me all about their troubles and was anxious to have me see what I could do to better their conditions. I told them I understood that they were arranging for a meeting to prepare for a strike. I said there was no necessity for a meeting or a strike. "You are having a meeting now, are you not?", I asked. Then I got a little applause. "Now, as for a strike—why, boys, I am going to strike for you! Just as soon as I can get the facts together to take to Washington. You must realize that I have only been with you for a few days and you ought to be fair with me if you think I am going to be fair with you! Show me now, how many of you want to give me a chance to try to better your conditions. All who believe me and believe I am for you hold up your right hands!" There was immediate response. "All right, I see you are reasonable, just as I must be reasonable when I make up my requests for more men and more money to run this office in a manner to serve the people as they ought to be served. If investigation shows that we need

two hundred more men, I shall ask for two hundred men and show the reason why. If I believe, and I do believe, that you are entitled to a raise of one hundred dollars per year I shall demand that amount. Now, all I can promise is that I am going to do my 'Paul Jonesest' to put this office in a class second to none and first of all for service and satisfaction to all concerned." Then they broke into loud applause and were slapping each other on the back.

"Now boys, there is just one more promise I am going to make and that is this: that whatever lump sum I receive will be distributed, not another dollar for men on the "quarterdeck", but all for the men behind the guns." Whew! Did I have those boys with me? I had my answer the next morning from Captain McGrath. "I wish," he said, "that you could have seen those boys work last night! The boys from the City Division came across the 'dead line' and helped my boys out, working overtime to help clean up the night's work."

The next day after the meeting, I called for a conference in my office of all the superintendents of the branch stations, of which there were forty-seven and all the superintendents at the main office, in all about fifty-five men in supervisory positions in the main office and branch stations.

In that manner I met what might be called the Postmaster's General Staff.

After I had made up a budget for what was needed, I put on my war paint and feathers and went to Washington to see what could be done for immediate needs, and to pave the way for the Annual Budget to take effect for the new fiscal year, July 1.

I was more fortunate than my predecessors in the fact that recent changes in Washington had placed friends of mine in positions to be of great help in obtaining what was needed from the Post Office Department.

Senator Mason, through one death, one resignation, and the defeat of another had moved up from fourth member on the Post Office and Post Roads Committee to the position of Chairman of that committee.

I also had good friends in the lower house, foremost of which was Representative James R. Mann of Chicago who wielded considerable influence in matters of appropriations and was a good fighter. So I felt pretty secure in the belief that the Chicago office could get its dues in the next fiscal year. Of course, what I could get for the then present depended on what was left of that year's appropriations.

When I landed in Washington, I was nicely received by the President, Senator Mark Hanna, Comptroller of the Currency Charles G. Dawes, and other close friends of the administration besides the Chicago delegation in Congress. Senator and Mrs. Mason insisted that I make their home my stopping place for the trip.

I was very cordially received by the Post Office Department Officials. First Assistant Postmaster General Johnson, whom I knew personally, was then acting Postmaster General. Mr. George W. Beavers was at that time superintendent of the salary and allowance division, the real Santa Claus of the Post Office Department, an appointee of United States Senator Tom Platt of New York. Beavers was much impressed over the fact that Senator Mason was now Chairman of the Senate Post

Office Committee. He was more impressed when I told him about an experience I had with Senator Platt the summer before while sitting with him and Mrs. Platt watching the fireworks from the porch of the Occidental Hotel at Coney Island. Beavers accepted my invitation to go over to Harvey's famous restaurant and eat some "rough and ready" oysters—Harvey's specialty. When we went back to Beavers' office, he checked up and found that he could allow me enough to put on fifty clerks to go on immediately, but the appropriations for increased salaries was exhausted. He advised me to reduce some of the positions and salaries then existing and make application for liberal allowances for the next fiscal year. This I did and fared pretty well for the following year.

After the new appropriation was available, I was able to raise the pay of five hundred clerks at the rate of one hundred dollars per year and appoint two hundred additional men.

It took perhaps a couple of months to get things working smoothly but I found that little progress was being made to reduce the large pile of unworked mail. I then decided on a clean up of all unworked mail and keep it clean every day.

I called for volunteers from all outlying stations as well as the General Post Office, to come to me on a Sunday morning (I have forgotten the date) to help in the clean up of the mailing division. I made it clear that volunteers would be welcome from all branches of the service regardless of rank, pay or position. Also that anyone conscientiously opposed to Sunday work would be excused. The response was very gratifying.

On the date designated in the call we were overwhelmed with the crowd that reported for duty. Some knew how to open sacks and make primary separations and some were capable of distributing mail. Others could only handle the sacks about.

It was really a sight. There were old men and young men with a fair sprinkling of women. The latter kept records and in some cases wrote labels for the sacks.

There were more than twenty-five hundred sacks of second and third class matter to be worked up. Everybody who was not whistling, was smiling or joking. The whole situation turned into a love feast. Long before it was time for the night shift to come on the mail was all cleaned up and the laborers were sweeping up the floor.

That gave the boys in the mailing division new heart in their work and that night and the next, they cleaned up every bit of mail that came in.

Then I issued an order to the effect that there must be a clean up every night. And there was from that time on.

I had not been in my new position very long until I found myself in a mess with the Civil Service Commission in Washington. At the time I was inducted into office there was presented to me a voluminous file of papers containing a recommendation for the discharge from service of a clerk by the name of Frank Rogers.

Miss Dupler, then acting secretary, placed the papers on my desk and suggested that I withhold action on the case until I would have time to go into details more fully. I did as suggested and asked her to give me some of the high lights as I had read in the daily

papers about an attempt to get Rogers out of the service, which was disapproved in Washington. Rogers was President, or had been, of the Post Office Clerks Union.

After I had made some inquiries my conclusion was that Rogers was not getting a square deal so I sent for him to come to the office as I wished to have a talk with him regarding the facts in his case. He was at that time detailed for service at the Carpenter Street station, under Superintendent Witler, who had been jumped up to that position from the carrier force some years before.

When Rogers called at the appointed time I was surprised to see he had nothing against him in appearance and soon found he was quite an intelligent young fellow. I asked him to pull over a chair and put himself at ease and tell me all about the trouble he was in and how he got into it all as I wanted to know all the facts from his side of the case before sending for Witler to hear his side.

He brightened up a little and said he thought he was going to get a square deal now, something he had not received up to that time. "All right," I said "go ahead and tell me your side, without any criticism of any action on the part of anyone in the service, except to answer any questions I might ask. He went on and gave me his side in a very clear way so that I was not obliged to ask him many questions. Those that I did ask him were answered intelligently without any extraneous explanation.

After the visit was over I thanked Rogers and told him to go back to his work, avoid any argument with anyone until he heard from me again.

Then I sent for Witler who came in according to appointment accompanied by a man whom he introduced

and asked if he might remain during the interview, to which at the time I offered no objection. As I proceeded along the same line of inquiry Witler's friend commenced butting in until I had to ask what he was there for, then Witler told me that he was his lawyer. I asked if he was connected with the service in any way and he said no, he was there as Witler's legal advisor. Then I told him that this was not a court of inquiry and that I would consent to his staying there with the understanding that Witler and I do the talking.

He gave a sickly laugh and said, "That suits me all right". I said, "On second thought, I must ask you to take a seat in the outer office so I can get Mr. Witler's side of this question; then I pushed a button and asked that this gentleman be given a chair outside. He went and Witler started to go also but his lawyer advised him to stay.

So we went on with the hearing but it had not proceeded far until I told Witler that I thought there had been a mistake; that it was he, not Rogers, who ought to be separated from the service and until I could make further inquiry into the case I would issue an order reducing him from the superintendency to the position of clerk in the main office. He jumped up and said he would not submit to the reduction and would take it up with the Department in Washington. I told him that he had that privilege as far as I was concerned but advised him to report for duty as soon as he received the order. He left pretty hot under and over the collar.

The order was issued and Witler refused to report so I filed charges against him for refusing to report for duty and recommended his dismissal from the service.

Then things commenced to pop! Witler, through his lawyer, had filed charges against me with the Civil Service Commission in Washington, of discharging Witler for "political reasons". Therefore, he requested that "Mr. Witler be restored to his position and Postmaster Coyne be disciplined in accordance with Civil Service Laws".

The Washington office naturally considered the case of such importance as to arrange for an investigation in Chicago and deputed a member of the Board to hear the evidence of both sides after furnishing me with a copy of the charges.

William Dudley Foulke was the Commissioner who took charge of the hearing. Witler, his lawyer and several friends were with him as witnesses. When Mr. Foulke asked me for the names of my witnesses I answered that I had none. But I had the official records in the case. I then said it was up to Mr. Witler to prove his case as I would stand on the record. Mr. Foulke nodded and asked Mr. Witler to proceed.

Of course the newspapers made a lot of news out of the case but when the Civil Service Board rendered a decision approving of my action they gave it just as much publicity as they did to the charges.

After a period of political activity of more than twenty years and nearly twelve years of service in office as Collector of Internal Revenue, Postmaster of Chicago and Captain in the U. S. Army, I heartily endorse the statement of some public man whose name I do not recall, wherein he said: "Any man in public office who is faithful to his trust need have no fear for the witticisms or criticisms of the press."

CHAPTER II

In a former chapter I referred to the subway that had so secretly been constructed under the down town streets and alleys, stating that I would refer to the subject later on.

The screen wagon U. S. Mail service of that day was in the hands of a Surety Bond Company that had been obliged to take it over from a contractor who had been awarded the business at so low a figure that he had quit and handed it over to the bonding company.

The service that we were receiving was very faulty and unsatisfactory; causing delays in incoming and outgoing mails between the railroad stations and the post office.

I finally was obliged for the good of the service to take the matter up with Washington.

In the meanwhile the officials of the Illinois Tunnel Company had made a proposition to the bonding company to take the contract off their hands and give the Post Office a better service. Of course, that was subject to the approval of the Postmaster General in Washington.

In due course I received a letter from the Postmaster General requesting me to make a survey investigation of the system, including a report on the financial backing of the concern.

The first move I made was to call up Mr. Forgan, President of the First National Bank to see what information he could give me as to the reliability of the Illinois Tunnel Company or the men behind it. Very

much to my surprise he told me that he knew nothing at all about it and did not know that there was such a company and that was the first he had heard of it.

I then sent word to George W. Jackson, construction engineer, and asked him if he would have Mr. Wheeler, President of the company, come over and see me, explaining what I was endeavoring to find out was something about his underground railroad with the end in view of making a report on the practicability of its use for the transportation of mails.

At the appointed time Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Jackson called at the office where we went over the entire situation.

The first question I asked was "how in thunder did you put over such a stupendous proposition with so little publicity that few people of Chicago knew what was going on?" Mr. Wheeler answered by saying that there was very little local capital involved as most of their stockholders lived in the State of Pennsylvania.

Expecting opposition from local interests, he had proceeded with all possible secrecy until the work had so nearly reached the point of accomplishment that they were beyond fear of competition. He then added, "We are now ready to show all what we have done and what we hope to do for the people of Chicago."

Mr. Wheeler then informed me that he was negotiating with the contracting company for the transportation of the mails and he understood that they had the matter up with Washington for consideration.

I then asked if he could arrange a plan by which I could take a committee of local postal officials and a few

business men as well as reporters for a tour of the tunnels for the purpose of enabling me to make a report to the Postmaster General. He then said without hesitation, "I will arrange to fix up some of our cars to carry passengers for an exploration trip for as many as you choose to invite. Mr. Jackson will handle the details."

So as soon as arrangements could be completed we made the trip, about fifty in the party.

Five or six cars were fitted with seats and made into a train with a motor engine to haul it. The power came from an overhead wire through a trolley pole, not over four feet in length which was handled by the motorman on the car that was hauling us, in the same manner, or quite similar to a trolley car on a surface line with the exception that in this case the man held the trolley pole in his hand all of the time, pulling it down or allowing it to spring up, as he chose to stop, slow down or proceed. That feature was described by one of the reporters as a "vest pocket trolley".

The trip was a revelation to all! Not one person in the party could understand how such an enterprise could be accomplished with so little publicity. The tracks mostly ran under and parallel to the alleys. There were some exceptions where they ran under the streets. Practically the whole center of the city between Wabash Avenue and Canal and between Lake Street and Van Buren was honeycombed with that underground system.

After I made a favorable report on the Tunnel Company—so far as its ability to carry the mails and the time that would be saved, I received a letter from the Postmaster General asking if I thought the service was

worth three hundred thousand dollars a year. I wrote back that I saw no reason for considering such an amount, but would recommend a contract be let at the price we were then paying for the wagon service.

The Postmaster General then took it up with the Tunnel Company instead of the Surety Company and succeeded in obtaining a contract at a compensation of one hundred seventy thousand dollars a year.

The sensational robbery of the wholesale stamp vault in the Chicago Post Office gave lots of news for the press, and, for a time, some little worry to the Postmaster.

I am not trying to prove an alibi, in referring to the fact that I was in the Raleigh Hotel in Washington the night of the burglary.

When I was leaving home the day before, Mrs. Coyne and I were much disturbed over a bad cold that our baby boy (Richard) had contracted, fearing that it might take a bad turn to something more serious. Under the circumstances I felt like abandoning my trip.

However, Mrs. Coyne told me that the doctor said we need not be alarmed as the boy was strong and otherwise in good health; so I started out with the understanding that if there should be any change for the worse Mrs. Coyne would telegraph me at Harrisburg or Washington. I received no message at either place.

The following morning I was eating a late breakfast in the Raleigh dining room, after inquiring if there was any telegram for me.

As I was enjoying my ham and eggs I had a caller. Florenz Sullivan of the Chicago Chronical sent in his card, requesting an interview. Florenz was a peculiar

sort of a fellow, who wore a beard that distinguished him from all the other newspaper correspondents of that day and somehow seemed always to have the appearance of a sleuth with a mystery on his mind—always very serious in his manner and speech, but a good fellow for all of that. When he came in he gave me a look that seemed to penetrate clear through to the back of my brain. He then asked me as if surprised, “Have you not heard from Chicago?” I jumped up in alarm thinking of course of our baby boy! What is it, Florenz? Anything from my home? He gave me a grim sort of a doubtful smile and answered: “Do you mean to say that you have not heard that your office was robbed last night?” After the relief from the thought of our sick child permitted me to speak, I asked him how much. I thought at first that he meant my private business office but when he told me the amount stolen was estimated to be from seventy-five to eighty thousand dollars worth of stamps I laughed outright. That seemed to displease him very much.

Just then Roy Vernon of the Chicago Daily News stopped in with a broad grin and asked, “How does it feel to be robbed of seventy-five thousand dollars?” Sullivan said, “He seems to be making light of it.” Just at that moment a page brought me a telegram from my Assistant Postmaster, John M. Hubbard, with a clear story in short form of what had occurred. Then other reporters came in and I had to explain the situation; that it was the relief from anxiety over my sick boy that caused me to forget the serious side of the robbery. One of the boys then said, “I guess there is not much to be learned here except

that the Postmaster has a good alibi! Let's go so he can finish his ham and eggs."

It did make me feel a little squeamish, however, when I saw in large letters on the bulletin in front of the Star office announcing the robbery, stating "Postmaster responsible under his bond!" The evening editions of the papers said the same.

While I was well aware of the fact that I was responsible for all properties of the government in my possession as Postmaster I could not be held liable for a burglary unless it could be shown that the theft was caused by carelessness or collusion on my part. Nevertheless, I hiked to the Post Office Department in order to be assured of that fact.

The Pastmaster General suggested that I see Senator Mason, who was chairman of the Post Office and Post Roads Committee, and have him prepare a bill of relief for both houses of Congress to pass and in accordance with law, he, the Postmaster General, would prepare a statement to the effect that I was in no way responsible for the burglary. He also said that it should be done without delay in order to relieve my bondsmen of any anxiety.

I then got in touch with Senator Mason who assured me that he would attend to the business at once.

When I arrived in Chicago I found our baby boy was almost recovered from illness and there was no worry on that point. When I reached my office I found that Joseph Downey, one of my three bondsmen had posted his check for twenty-five thousand dollars for his share of the lia-

bility, which of course was returned. The relief bill was passed by both houses of Congress in short order.

During all of these "crowded hours" (apologies to Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth) I was not unmindful of the fact that my appointment as Postmaster by President McKinley was made during a recess of the Senate. Therefore, after the induction of Theodore Roosevelt it had to come before him as new business as soon as the Senate would reconvene in regular session.

I had no misgivings whatsoever as to what action President Roosevelt would take but was pleasantly surprised when he made out a new four year commission for me which was promptly confirmed by the Senate. This action was in spite of the fact that my political enemies brought all the pressure they could on the President to appoint a man of their choice.

Getting back to the business of the post office, after the adoption of the Tunnel Service and the pneumatic tube system, we had, I believe, the most efficient post office in the country in spite of some of the shortcomings of accommodations in the new building.

The Chicago Post Office during my administration made two records in the matter of delivery that were of interest at the time and, I believe, are worthy of mention now as applying to the general efficiency of the postal service.

One was a record for quickest delivery and the other for the slowest. The former was the means of saving a man's life. I shall mention no names in this case as the doctor who wrote to me about his brother, stated that his letter ought to be made public but requested that I would

not mention names. In the other case of slow delivery I have forgotten the names.

There was a young man who kept a drug store in Englewood, close to the Englewood branch of the Chicago Post Office. He had not been prosperous in his business and had been dependent on his brother, a doctor living on the West Side.

Finally, in a fit of despondency, reluctant to ask for further assistance he determined to end it all by way of the "poison route".

He wrote a short letter to his brother saying that by the time this would reach him, it would be all over "as far as this world is concerned". He posted the letter, stamped for special delivery just a few minutes before the departure of a Street Railway Post Office, which reached down town in one hour.

Owing to an improvement in the system recently worked out by George Colby who had charge of that branch of the service, that letter made immediate connection with the West Side Street Railway Post Office and reached Station D on West Madison Street about ten minutes after the transfer. As good luck or fate would have it, a special delivery boy was ready to start out as the car arrived. The letter for the doctor was addressed to his residence, in the general direction to where the boy was going. By another freak of fate, the doctor who was out on his daily calls had returned to his residence for some unusual reason and was there when the special delivery letter arrived! Seeing the post mark he opened the letter with (as he afterwards told me) some suspicion of its contents. He noted the time, jumped to the phone,

called up the Englewood Police Station to get a doctor at once, go to the drug store and if they found it closed to smash the door and he believed they would find his brother on his bed and possibly there would be a chance to save his life.

The police and the doctor found as was expected and got busy just in time to bring the young man back to life. I probably would not have heard of the case if the doctor had not called it to my attention. So much for the quickest delivery.

In the matter of record for the slowest delivery we must turn to the old Tremont House on the corner of Dearborn and Lake Street. The building was being remodeled and as the workmen tore out an old marble mantel shelf they found three letters stamped and addressed showing that they had slipped down behind about thirty years before!

The letters were brought to me and I suggested that they be handled through the regular routine and see what would happen. One was to some town out West and was delivered. The other two bore Chicago addresses. One was delivered to the addressee who was still living at the same address. I believe the other was returned as undeliverable and I suppose went to the dead letter office at Washington. It surely was dead.

Somewhere in the new post office at Chicago there is, or should be, an oil painting presented to me while I was Postmaster in the temporary building on Michigan Avenue in the year 1901.

One day I had a visitor in the person of Fernando Jones, one of the oldest (if not the oldest) inhabitants of

Chicago. He had (carefully covered) a painting showing Chicago's first post office, established when only a settlement marked the site of the great city of today. The "post office" was in a store in one of the few buildings of the settlement on Onion Creek, now the Chicago River.

The old "Block House" was conspicuous in the picture, so also was a little Indian girl whose name Fernando gave me but is now beyond my ability to recall.

The painting was the work of a friend of Mr. Jones, executed from his description; so with due poetic allowance for the memory of oldest inhabitants I regarded the painting as having historic value and while he said it was for me personally, I hung it on the wall and presented it to the Chicago Post Office. I could scarcely realize that there was a man who was a witness of that scene, only ten years or so after the Fort Dearborn Massacre. I regarded it as simply marvelous. Fernando was eighty-seven at the time he gave me the picture, so that checked up with his statement that he was five or six years old when he played around with the dusky descendant of Tecumseh or some of his tribe. She looked in the picture as if she might be six or seven years old.

As my term expired on December 11, 1905, there was a great deal of opposition aroused by my political opponents, mostly for the reason that they wanted the job and some were looking for revenge for my action in supporting McKinley, Mason and Deneen in opposition to the old machine. In the meantime my old friend Mason was defeated for re-election by Albert J. Hopkins of Aurora.

Hopkins had it in for me since the time when I was Collector of Internal Revenue. The trouble was all together the fault of Mr. Hopkins himself. Under the "Spanish American War" tax law, there was allotted to me fifteen new deputies, which were to be appointed from different congressional districts of which there were twelve in my collection district.

In my plans for appointments I allotted one for each Congressman, two for Senator Mason and one for Senator Cullom. That was satisfactory to all, so far as I was able to ascertain. I received many applications when the news became public, and many personal calls from Congressmen. Also a number of letters recommending appointees.

There was a man by the name of Hunt came to me with a letter from Charles Cherry, a member of the legislature, stating that Mr. Hunt had, he believed, all of the qualifications for a position, including the recommendation of Congressman Hopkins! I asked Hunt if he had a letter from the Congressman and he answered no, but he could get one and bring it to me the next day. I said all right, I believe you are qualified to fill the position, but Congress in its wisdom in passing this law provided in effect that you must have the endorsement of your Congressman, so he went back to Aurora, secured a letter from the Congressman urging his appointment. I did not tell Mr. Hunt why, but did tell him it would be necessary for him to bring Mr. Hopkins in person to tell me that he wished me to appoint him. My reason for this was that Hopkins had recommended another man for the position whose application papers were on file.

The situation was as I understood it, Hopkins was double crossing someone of the two and trying to put the blame on me! Or else he thought he might get them both in. However, he came in the next day with Hunt and then I told him that I would send Mr. Hunt's name into Washington at once recommending his appointment.

Hopkins got sore at me because I had not appointed the other man of his choice; so he got even with me when I was up for reappointment when he told the President that he and Senator Cullom would oppose the confirmation of my appointment if it was sent to the Senate. The records finish the story.

CHAPTER III

I doubt if there is a man or woman living today who was of age September 6, 1901, who does not remember exactly where he or she stood and how occupied at the time that the shocking news of McKinley's assassination at Buffalo was received.

I was at our Summer home at Lake Beulah, Wisconsin, when the first report was telephoned to me from the railroad station.

I left by the first train that night for Chicago, where I could get the latest and fullest reports. The train made stops at all telegraph stations to get the latest news.

The whole country was on edge hoping and praying that the President would survive. Hopes for his recovery were entertained for several days, but on September 13 he began to sink rapidly and passed away at 2:15 A. M., September 14. His remains were moved to Washington the 16th, lay in state at the Capitol on the 17th and were then taken to his home city, Canton, Ohio where they were entombed in a receiving vault, there to remain until the completion of a memorial tomb.

It was my intention to attend the funeral at Canton, until the announcement was made that there would be memorial funeral parades throughout the whole country at the same time set for the funeral at Canton, so I remained to head the Post Office division in the Chicago parade.

The following January Mrs. Coyne and I, on our way to Washington, stopped at Canton to place a large wreath

of white French Immortelles on the casket of the martyred President. We called first on Mrs. McKinley, and at her request the vault was opened by the officer in command of a detail of soldiers on guard. We were then allowed to enter and placed the wreath on the casket as suggested by Mrs. McKinley.

On our return to the house for a short visit, Mrs. McKinley again expressed her regrets that her nurse in charge refused to allow her to go with us to the cemetery, but the weather was so bad she felt that her nurse was right. She asked Mrs. Coyne about our children, and then said she would knit a pair of slippers for Richard, then our baby. In due time the slippers arrived by mail. Mrs. Coyne wrapped them up in camphor to be kept and opened only on rare occasions.

At all times when I think of that terrible tragedy in Buffalo, I look back at the life and character of the martyred President and quote in my mind the closing lines of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, when, in his memorial address he so fittingly spoke of the splendid life of the man McKinley. He ended in these words: "He showed us in his life how a citizen should live and in his last hour taught us how a gentleman could die."

A few weeks after the tragedy at Buffalo, Captain Gallagher, a secret service operator, an old friend of mine, called at the post office and gave me a full description of his personal experience on that terrible day. He was one of the officers keeping the line moving after the people had shaken hands with the President.

Gallagher was where he could not have seen that man approaching the President or he would never have per-

mitted him to stay in line with one hand in a sling. When he heard those two shots he turned quickly and landed on the assassin who had been knocked to the ground, then someone caught him by the throat thinking he was the man who fired the shots because he had grabbed the gun. Then there was an awful time. While some were supporting the President, Gallagher and others were busy keeping the crowd from tearing the assassin to bits as the maddened crowd would have done in spite of the President's advice "do not hurt him"! The President then asked those near him to be careful how they told his wife. There was a terrific attempt by the crowd to block the efforts to get the assassin into a carriage. They even cut the harness trying to get the horses loose.

Captain Gallagher's hair, which had been black a few months before was now white as snow. He told me that he had not had a good sound night's sleep since that day.

CHAPTER IV

The inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt March 4, 1905 attracted almost as much attention as the first McKinley inauguration in 1897.

There was much speculation in the public mind over the thought as to how Roosevelt would meet the responsibilities of the office, now that he was elected by the people and not bound by the pledge he made when he was sworn in as President after the passing of the martyred McKinley.

After assuming the office for the unexpired term of his predecessor he assured the people that he would carry out the policies of his party pledges, as laid down by McKinley. So far as I can remember, he kept his pledge.

Among many of our well-meaning people there was some difference of opinion, as to what his attitude would be on some of the new questions of government that were involved in the platform on which he was elected. How would the author of the "Strenuous Life" wield the new powers that had been bestowed upon him?

On one point there was no difference of opinion. That was that he would conduct the affairs of his office as unselfishly as his predecessor in the desire to do that which he considered best for all of the people.

Some thought that in his desire to curb the evils of "malefactors of great wealth" he would obstruct the orderly procedure of big business, influenced by close

associates—many of whom were of the “pink parlor” variety of socialists.

On the other hand, there were those who felt that he would now see things from a different point of view and be more liberal minded in his attitude towards “Captains of Industry”.

On one point, I think all were agreed, that in all of his ideals he would work in behalf of what he believed was best for his whole country and not for any self aggrandizement.

There was no difference between William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt so far as their love of country and desire to do right was concerned. Their ideals were the same, their lives were equally pure and both loved their fellow-men. They were like the oak and the hickory, somewhat different in grain and fiber, but both well able to stand the storm.

When I returned from Washington following my first visit to the White House after the induction of Vice President Roosevelt to the post of Chief Executive, I was asked how he compared with McKinley. My answer was that “McKinley had the love and admiration and Roosevelt had the admiration and love of the people! I believe that stands good today.

Mrs. Coyne and I were in Washington to attend the inauguration, and were provided with seats for the inaugural ceremonies and tickets for the inaugural ball.

We had in our party, Congressman Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson’s mother and Miss Bertha Duppler, at both functions. Walter Wellman joined us at the ball.

The weather as usual for inauguration day was dark and threatening with some slight rain, until it was time for the outdoor proceedings, when all of a sudden the clouds were swept away, and the sun came out as bright as ever. You could hear on all sides remarks about "Roosevelt luck".

We had splendid seats, not more than ten or fifteen feet from the President's stand. His address gave great satisfaction to the country, on all sides, judging from the press reports.

The inaugural ball was a joke as a ball, but a great delight to all who were there. The old pension building was all trimmed up for the occasion.

The dance floor was roped off in a small space hardly larger than a good sized dwelling house parlor, and of course was so crowded as to make dancing impossible—big enough however to afford the right to those who tried to dance to say: "I danced at the inaugural ball".

The President was there with his family seated on the balcony—about twelve or fourteen feet above the floor. He was standing most of the time, bowing and waving salutes to the people below. But all wanted to see Alice!

Contrary to so many stories the papers had printed about her she was modest to the extreme, that night. She sat most of the time partly hidden behind a large column and only when called upon by the President did she get up and give a nice bow to the people below.

Walter Wellman and I, heading our party, were saluted by the President as he leaned over the balcony calling both of us by name.

The next morning our party called at the White House in company with some members of the Hamilton Club of Chicago and immediately were ushered into the President's room. Mrs. Coyne and I had called on him about two years before and as he shook hands with both of us, giving each of us a hand, he inquired about those five children! Mrs. Coyne said without the slightest hesitation: "Six now, Mr. President". He held on to her hand and spoke out so that the newspaper men all heard it: "Three cheers for Mrs. Coyne". Then he said in a milder voice and a serious way, some of the nicest words of praise for American motherhood imaginable.

As we passed into the outer reception room all of the members of our party congratulated Mrs. Coyne—and some of them kidded her in a good humored way on how quickly she corrected the President as to the size of our family—some even said Mrs. Coyne played good politics.

The second day following, a part of our contingent were in New York and we were breakfasting. I slipped out and bought the Chicago papers and there sure enough both the Tribune and the Record Herald gave front page space to the story—President Roosevelt offers "Three Cheers for Mrs. Coyne!"

I have met all of the Presidents either at formal or public receptions, or close personal relations, from Benjamin Harrison with the exception of Coolidge, Hoover and the present Chief Executive. All good men in their way—but I must say this: President Theodore Roosevelt still stands in the estimation of the people of our country even today—as the "noblest Roman of them all".

CHAPTER V

Much has been written about the Iroquois Theatre fire. My personal experience as I remember, covers some points that have never been in print.

I was attending a meeting of the Anti-Crime Committee, appointed by Judge Richard E. Tuthill, pursuant to the request of the Chicago Citizens Association.

We were meeting in the Director's Room of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank.

Along about four o'clock a messenger came in and whispered to Judge Tuthill—Chairman—that the Iroquois Theatre was burning with great loss of life. The Judge adjourned the meeting and we made our way to Randolph Street where the theatre was located. There was a tremendous crowd outside the fire line and it was rumored about that over sixty bodies had been taken out and there probably were as many more inside.

I, having a special police badge, was able to get through the line.

One of the first things I noticed was quite a number of our uniformed mail carriers assisting the police and firemen, carrying the victims to John R. Thompson's restaurant a few doors away—which had been turned into a first aid hospital.

By this time it was noticeable that there was little disorder in the work of those engaged in the rescuing. There was an army of doctors and nurses from the nearest hospitals, oxygen tanks, and other equipment.

The theatre was in absolute darkness as the light-

ing system was destroyed, when the fire spread to the back of the stage. Lanterns were the only lights available for the first hour or two.

Naturally, the work of rescue began on the first floor of the theatre where many were still alive. As fast as doctors discovered signs of life—oxygen was called for and quite a few were revived.

Many citizens were assisting the police and firemen—besides the mail carriers—the latter were on the ground because of the fact that the temporary post office was on Michigan Avenue only a few blocks away—and the men were on the way home.

The most conspicuous citizens in the work of rescue, that I remember, were William Hale Thompson and Smiley Corbett.

Contrary to the opinion of many who were not on the scene, there were a great many bodies badly burned—some almost beyond recognition.

There were several cases wherein the wrong bodies were claimed by grief-stricken relatives. There was one case of which I had personal knowledge.

Miss Mary Lutiger, a school teacher, with her mother, was seated in the first balcony, near the center, when the first sign of fire appeared. It was hardly more than a sputtering spark at first. It seems that the spotlight inside the arch had burned out or short circuited creating what appeared to be a slight blaze, the man in charge trying to beat it out with his hand.

Mrs. Lutiger rushed for the exit with the panic-stricken crowd, became separated from her daughter and when found was so badly burned that the body was

claimed by the wrong family. The mistake was not discovered until the undertaker was preparing the body for interment.

Eddy Foy, the comedian who was about to come on, saw the people rising from their seats, some rushing out—and saw that a panic would ensue—the terror of all stage people—called for the “Orchestra, Orchestra, Curtain, Curtain!” Then appealing to the audience to keep order and avoid a panic; he looked into the faces of those hundreds of women and children and realized what a stampede would lead to.

The “Asbestos Fireproof Curtain” was lowered, but stopped about two feet from the floor where it stuck fast, creating a draft like a chimney driving the flames up into the hanging back scenery.

The morning after the fire my friend Carl Ziegfeld received a night letter from his brother, Flo, in New York informing him that he was about to book a play for Chicago, but before proceeding further he would like a thousand word telegram with such information that Carl could gather on details of the fire, with a number of questions bearing on the asbestos curtain, exits, damage to the theatre, and such thoughts as he could gather as to the probable effect on the theatre-going public.

Carl and I went over to the City Hall and saw Fire Chief O’Neil, showed him Flo’s telegram, asking him if we could get a pass that would permit us to enter the theatre, so as to be able to wire some information in response to Flo’s request.

The Chief thundered, “No!”, adding that he would not give us a pass but would go with us and assist in

framing a reply as he considered it a proper thing to do for the benefit of the show business, so he took us over to the theatre and pointed out how the fire had started, the efforts of the stage people to prevent a stampede, etc.

He explained how the ventilating system was arranged. The skylights over the auditorium were open. Those over the stage were closed. The fire spread to the hanging drops creating a gas that was confined to the stage. After the curtain was down someone opened the stage door on the alley in the rear, and then the asbestos curtain bellied out towards the audience and burst into fragments. The sheet of flames and gas shot out over the audience and up to the open skylight over head.

The Chief showed us how the doors opening towards the inside had become jammed shut when the people rushed to escape. The bodies piled up to the top of the door in the upper exits so that rescuers had difficulty in extracting them.

It was a gruesome sight to us to see little coats and sweaters here and there scattered around.

Another feature in connection with the terrible disaster was the only way provided for disposing of the dead in the different undertaking parlors throughout the city after the county morgue was filled.

The night of the fire I made the rounds of practically all the undertaking parlors with friends looking for their dead or missing.

The most vivid of all the incidents, which I can never forget, is the experience of a clerk named Meeker, employed in the Chicago Post Office. He was about to start for home when he heard that the theatre was burning.

He then recalled that his wife and three children were to go to the matinee to see "Blue Beard, Junior". His home was out near Englewood, as I remember, and he telephoned to a neighbor asking to see if his wife was home. The friend informed him that his wife and children had left early to go to the theatre. His informant had not yet heard of the fire.

Meeker rushed over to the theatre to make inquiries and was immediately surrounded by reporters, collecting names of the missing and the next extra had in the large list the names of Mrs. Meeker and her three children. Meeker kept in touch with his neighbor's telephone up to six o'clock when he gave up hope and started out on the rounds of the undertaking parlors in search of some part of his family—until at last on a later call he was told that his wife and children were safe at home, after trying to locate him. It was as if his family was returned to him from the dead.

I got the whole story from Meeker afterwards, also from Mrs. Meeker. It seems that Mrs. Meeker and the children went down town to the theatre and, finding there were no seats to be had (the house had been sold out ahead) bought general admission tickets for the balcony—standing room only. Mrs. Meeker tried to seat her children on the steps in the aisle, but was told by the usher that the aisles must be kept clear; so, as they could not see well, she, after awhile, concluded to take her children over to Marshall Fields to see the holiday display of toys. She did not stay long and was about to go to the Post Office to meet her husband so they could go home together. On the way over, the news came out of

the fire in the Iroquois theatre—and it was not until she found her husband had left and was looking for her and the children, that she realized the situation. As the situation dawned on her, she went to the office of one of the newspapers where she had an acquaintance—after reading in extras that she and her children were among the missing. She gave the facts for the next edition and took the nearest way to her home.

There were many other cases that were heartrending.

One comes to my mind which I saw at a West Madison Street undertakers which was most distressing.

In the front room of the parlor a young man was sitting on the floor with a small note book and pencil in his hands, scribbling on leaves, tearing them out and handing them to people as they passed through to the rear room where there were a dozen or more bodies laid out, one of which was this young man's wife. He had just found her and was stark mad. His brain had cracked completely. The undertaker had located the home and friends of the poor man, and was waiting for relatives to call for him.

I learned afterwards that there were several such cases throughout the city.

There is another thrilling fact connected with events of that dreadful night, that I now recall.

The livery drivers union was on strike. The consequence was that many people were unable to procure a hack or livery carriage to get around to the undertaking parlors in search of missing relatives. There is one case that comes to mind now—and that is the experience

of John Wolf, a son of L. Wolf, the head of the Wolf Manufacturing Company.

John had learned that his married sister and two children were among the missing. He telephoned to Cleveland's Livery Stable, where he was well known and asked if he could get a carriage. Mr. Cleveland informed him that the men on strike would not permit a team to leave the barn; that he feared to send out a rig for fear of damages to his horses and carriage. John informed him of the facts and said: "I will be responsible for and will pay for any damages incurred. I am coming over there and wish you would have a rig ready for my use." He slipped a six-shooter revolver in his pocket, boarded a street car and was there in a few minutes. There was a man there waiting with a team and carriage ready to go. He was willing to take the chance if Mr. Cleveland was willing.

There were a number of striking drivers out on the sidewalk. John got up on the box with the driver, whipped out his gun, which he well knew how to handle, then started the team and stopped for a moment to shout: "I am going out to look for my dead, and if any such of a such tries to stop me I will kill him at the first shot." The crowd stepped back. On went the carriage. They knew he meant what he said.

As I remember, the Union bosses called off the strike the next day, so as to permit the funerals to go on.

There were three caskets at the Wolf mansion the Sunday following. Mrs. Coyne and I went to the funeral. The total number of lives lost was six hundred and thirty-

nine. There were many injured, some of whom were badly disfigured for life.

On the second Sunday following the fire, President Charles D. Duffy of the Carrier's Union, arranged for a meeting in Haendel Hall, which was attended by practically all of the Letter Carriers of the Chicago Post Office.

President Duffy spoke feelingly of the fact that there was no man in the public service so close to the people as the man who brought the letters to their door.

One carrier mentioned the fact that on his route there were five deaths—adults and children—people whom in life he had known intimately for the three years he had been on that route.

Mr. Duffy estimated that nearly half of the carriers had reported one or more deaths on their respective routes.

After suitable resolutions were read and adopted there were few dry eyes in that hall.

CHAPTER VI

My outing with James Lane Allen reminds me of a week-end visit to our Lake Beulah home, together with three other fishing friends.

John Milton Oliver, a prominent lawyer, Doctor T. A. Davis, and John Gillespie were the other three. We had a splendid time, plenty of fishing and lots of fish.

The house had not been opened for the season, so we had it all to ourselves with old Tommy, a negro who had worked for me in the restaurant for a number of years and spent the Summer with us at Lake Beulah.

He could cook, work in the garden, wait on table and do all sorts of things on the place.

We had a fine time, on that occasion, playing cards at night and swapping stories; the latter bringing up incidents connected with the growth of Chicago and its business institutions.

John Gillespie was connected with the Chicago Daily News for many years, and gave us an interesting story of its early struggles, when first started by Melville E. Stone, and how Victor F. Lawson became its owner.

In the first place Stone started with the idea that an evening penny paper could be made to pay.

He got a start, but had a hard time staying started. That was away back in the early eighties.

I am not sure, but I think Mr. Gillespie was Treasurer of the Evening News, but I am sure, he was close to Mr. Stone and knew of the difficulties in keeping up the financial standing of the paper.

At the end of each week the payroll was a nightmare! The bank had been pretty liberal in its loans, but was getting cold feet. Finally, the time came to call a halt, and as Mr. Stone called one day the young man who was accustomed to handling the Evening News business, began to ask some questions. "What were the reasons for the paper not paying its expenses? Why did he not secure more capital? What amount of money would be required to put it on a paying basis?" The result of this interview was an appointment to meet Mr. Stone at the newspaper office. This young man was Victor F. Lawson.

After a long conference, and investigation, Mr. Lawson put up the money required and became half owner of the Evening News.

With Stone as the publisher and Lawson the financial manager, the paper grew to be a very profitable property.

At the time Mr. Gillespie was telling all this (about 1903) he said (according to my recollection) that the paper was earning over a million dollars per year.

Stone and Lawson got along very well together until the time came when a difference arose between them over the political policy of the paper. Just what the points at issue were, I do not remember, but Stone sold his interest to Lawson and the latter became sole owner of the Evening News.

Later, in order to have a morning paper, Mr. Lawson published the Morning Record, which after a while he disposed of to a combination of the Times and Record-Herald.

One of the finest bequests as I saw it, in Mr. Lawson's will, was one hundred thousand dollars in cash to his old friend and associate Melville E. Stone.

My purchase of the summer home at Lake Beulah was a fine move for our children. Its location between two lakes was a feature that added to its attractions, as we had friends and neighbors on both sides of us, within easy walking or boating distance. Our house was on a knoll covered with oak trees, hence its name—Oak Knoll! Our neighbors were mostly from Chicago and Milwaukee and a very nice class of people.

Lake Beulah, like most all summer resorts, seaside or lakeside, had its "sea serpent". One story told by a farmer up near the end of the lake was, that he had lost a blooded bull calf and was convinced that the "varment" had taken the critter because when he heard one night a terrible bellowing near the lake he went down there and found the grass and mud all stamped down, and his calf gone, evidently having been dragged into the water, and was never seen again.

There were many wild stories about the serpent by people who had actually seen it. There must be some reason for these fanciful tales, so all were on the watch for a look at the creature.

One day as I was crossing Mill Lake in our launch—the "Two Sisters", one of the children yelled: "There's the sea serpent!" I looked about and sure enough I saw what could easily have been taken for a serpent ten or twelve feet long, with a head as big as a small baby, and a neck as large as the calf of a good sized boy's leg. That is about the way I would have de-

scribed it, if I had not been so close to it—about fifty or sixty feet, crossing the line of direction in which we were going. I turned the wheel quickly which put the launch on a parallel line of direction with the monster.

As the thing saw our boat, it took a dive head down and tail up in such a way as to settle the story about a sea serpent; but still left a mystery to be solved. It was a large leather-back turtle. I had a good look at it as did the children I had with me in the boat. The head and neck was about as I have described it, and as I had a good view of the body I would say that it was about as large as a good sized washtub. The impression I had of its length must have been formed from the waves it left behind. Shortly afterwards someone else saw it under somewhat similar circumstances, and his impressions were the same as mine. The wonder was how it ever got into Lake Beulah. That sort of a turtle belongs in southern waters and may have been years working upstream from the Mississippi.

Another good story about my experience as an outdoor speaker at Lake Beulah was printed in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

I had accepted an invitation to deliver the Decoration Day speech at Mount Olivet Cemetery.

Never having addressed an outdoor meeting, I wondered how my voice would carry in the open air. I felt a little uneasy on that point, so while I was up at the lake I thought I would try myself out, being careful as to keeping my thoughts a secret from the rest of the family. I knew where there was an opening on the edge

of the woods, about a mile from our house where I felt sure I would be safe from observation.

I took a sheet from my prepared speech and sneaked over in a round about way so no one would see me or know where I was going. When I arrived at the point I had selected, I found there were some stumps of trees there, one of which I selected as a rostrum.

I felt quite secure against interruption.

As I started out on my prepared speech I found that there was a great deal of difference between indoor and outdoor speaking. Still all the while I could not cast aside the feeling that someone was looking or listening, and my eyes were on the woods in front of me.

Finally, as I paused for a moment, I heard a kind of a thump behind me. I looked around and lo and behold there stood about thirty cows about a hundred feet away from me lined up in company front taking it all in. They were John Frees' dairy herds on their way for water, but had stopped apparently to hear my speech. In reality, I was in their way to the creek. At first I was mad as hops, thought old John was behind them, but as I realized the situation I had a good laugh at myself.

The story was so good, I afterwards told it to Nick McGraw, owner of a group of cottages on the lake for a fisherman's resort. He gave it to an Inter-Ocean writer who was stopping at his place.

At all events my speech went over good at the cemetery—at least my wife said so, and when a man's wife says he made a good speech, he needs no further assurance.

CHAPTER VII

The primary campaign of Charles S. Deneen for the nomination for Governor of Illinois had many of the characteristics of the McKinley and the William E. Mason Campaigns.

Governor Richard Yates wanted to succeed himself but was denied the support of the old machine leaders, to whom he had given a good share of the state patronage. They were supporting Frank O. Lowden, with the exception of a few in Cook County and some down staters who had broken away from the organization in support of Deneen. There were several other candidates. The most formidable for a while at least was Attorney General Hamlin. There were several others of lesser weight, among whom I believe was Lawrence Y. Sherman.

Of course, all of the minor candidates had a number of delegates scattered here and there, who stood fast by their leaders, each of whom thought that *he* was the natural solution of the situation for a compromise candidate.

Yates being the incumbent naturally had the largest number of delegates but not many second choice followers. Lowden and Deneen were not far from even in the number of delegates, but Deneen was the strongest of all in the second choice class. It was all tied up in a knot for several weeks, so the saloons and eating houses in Springfield had a fat season during the two sessions of the convention.

It was a prolonged fight and I knew of at least two

delegates who died from the effects of that test of endurance.

I was a delegate and had eleven followers from my ward. Parenthetically, I might say that my mixing up in that fight cost me my reappointment. But that has no place in the story of the State Convention as I remember it.

The people at large were for Deneen, my friends among the political organization were for Deneen, and I felt that it was in the line of duty for me to stand by my friends.

Governor Yates had, it seemed, been more than generous in the number of Deputy State Game Wardens he had appointed, which gave Lawrence Sherman an opportunity to work off one of the wise cracks for which he was noted.

Old Uncle Joe Cannon was the Chairman of the Convention, and as far as I can now remember ruled fairly enough but he did get rather sarcastic at the delay and the long sessions of rollcall after rollcall and no sign of a break in the deadlock. At times there were a lot of clumps of twisted newspapers thrown about the convention hall that had the effect of scattering dust in the air, with the result that after a few days there was an epidemic of sneezing that was very bad for those who had a tendency towards hay fever, of which I was one.

After adjourning for one week the convention assembled again with very little difference in the situation. It was during that recess that Sherman referred to the Yates supporters as a convention of "Rabbit Shepherds", meaning his game wardens. There was so much

fun over that everybody was laughing over it, even the "rabbit shepherds". However, it gave me an idea as to how we might break the dead-lock. I confided my thoughts to a few friends, but it did not work out. My thought was to try to get some wild rabbits from the country and surreptitiously release them in the hall during a session just to see the fun. The plan met with the approval of those in whom I confided but the fellow who was to get them for us, saying that they were easy to trap, weakened on the plan through fear of prosecution for cruelty to animals and violations of the game laws.

The former charge could well be applied to the delegates.

Deneen's forces from town and country were pretty generally a good lot of mixers and full of sticktoitiveness.

Finally, Deneen called his delegates together in a hall where there was no fear of any spies or eavesdroppers for a discussion of the situation. Deneen and his chief friend and advisor, Roy O. West were in charge of the proceedings.

There were representatives of every Congressional District and nearly every county in the state. B. A. Ekhart was made Chairman of the meeting. After a number of short talks, I spoke for my district and among other things I said that the situation then confronting us was very similar to William E. Mason's fight for the United States Senatorship (an event that none present had forgotten) and I advised that all Deneen forces had to do was stand fast.

Deneen then suggested that we should try to get an agreement with the other candidates including Yates to

vote together on motions to adjourn leaving the Lowden leaders out of it.

That was a happy thought. Charley Vail, a very popular fellow with friends (smiling Charley) all over the state, and I were delegated to work on the managers of the other candidates and Deneen and West were to confer with the candidates themselves. We went to work immediately and before two o'clock in the morning, all was set for the next day's session.

When the rollcall for a recess the next day was under way, the big surprise of the convention broke. As the rollcall proceeded and the independent candidates, the Yates delegates, and the Deneen delegates voted for the motion it was shown clearly that we had a large majority, which meant "curtains" for the organization candidate.

After that the band wagon boys began to jump to Deneen and some of the opposition tried to stem the tide by slipping back to Yates, but it was too late as Deneen and Yates had made an agreement that when either of them showed the greatest strength the other should go to him, whether it was Yates or Deneen! Were the machine bosses surprised? I'll say they were. During the recess Deneen and Yates got together and the next rollcall gave the nomination to Deneen who was duly elected in the regular election that Fall.

Eight years after, at the end of Deneen's second term, Frank O. Lowden was elected to succeed him. They both made good records.

Book Seven

CHAPTER I

The steamer *Chicora* of the Graham & Morton Line was lost with all hands during a terrific blizzard on Monday, the 21st of January, 1895.

There had been a mild period—a “January thaw”—and a thunderstorm was experienced on the 20th, after which the skies were clear and bright. The *Chicora* took on a cargo of flour during the night, and started for Saint Joseph, Michigan early in the morning. A few hours after her departure the blizzard came howling out of the north, the wind reaching a velocity of forty-eight miles an hour. The *Chicora* was a staunch little steamer but the wintry conditions were too much for her and she was never seen again after she left Milwaukee harbor. Wreckage was found on the 24th of January, on the ice banks of South Haven. This consisted of portions of her cabin and her spars, but the hull of the lost steamer has never been located, despite the efforts with sweeps during the summer following. (Marine Record, compiled by Julius Bleyer, Newspaper Reference Book.)

Many Chicagoans will remember that terrible disaster and recall the anxious hours and days that followed it.

To refresh my memory for this article I wrote to Postmaster Fleissner of Milwaukee asking him for some particulars. He referred my letter to Mr. M. S. Dudgeon, Librarian of the Milwaukee Public Library, who went to

considerable pains to furnish me with the facts in the case—for which I express my thanks.

Great fields of ice were piled up in the lake and the north wind drove them down towards Chicago harbor, where they piled up on the lake shore as high as the house tops in places.

On the Sunday following the disaster, word got around Chicago that wreckage of the boat and possibly some survivors could be seen far off the shore. Crowds of people came to the water front in hope of learning that all had not perished.

It was a bright sunny afternoon and in a short time Michigan Avenue was crowded. I was there and like all the others thought there were moving objects in the dark mass we could see on the piled up ice out beyond the water-works crib. It was impossible to get out there in a boat but finally after the mass of ice parted the men on the crib could see that there were no human beings in the flotsam that at first gave hope.

For a long time there were lingering hopes that some might be saved.

The fact that a red light was seen through the storm Monday night from Benton Harbor, apparently five miles out and wreckage found three days later off South Haven, gave rise to the thought that the vessel might be found in the ice floes along the Michigan or Indiana shore with possibly some of her upper works torn loose but there never was any other trace found except the wreckage above mentioned.

Because of the uncertainty as to the number of passengers aboard there were conflicting reports as to the

number of lives lost but I believe a correct list would be as follows, twenty-six in all:

Edward Stines, Captain, St. Joseph, Michigan; Benjamin Stines, Mate, Captain's son, St. Joseph, Michigan; C. D. Simons, First Mate, Benton Harbor, Michigan; Joseph Marks, Wheelman, Benton Harbor, Michigan; Thomas Robertson, Watchman; John Hodges, Watchman; Robert McClure, Chief Engineer, Detroit, Michigan; A. Wirtz, Second Engineer, Detroit, Michigan; Grant A. Downey, Oiler, Detroit, Michigan; Nate Lynch, Cook, St. Joseph, Michigan; James Malone, Pantry Man, Chicago, Illinois; William Morgan, Head Waiter, Benton Harbor, Michigan; Jesse Davis, Porter; James R. Clark, Clerk, St. Joseph, Michigan; Joseph Pearl, Passenger, St. Joseph, Michigan; Eight deck hands, names unknown; two firemen, one coal passer, name unknown.

So far as known, only five of the above had families. (Milwaukee Sentinel, January 24, 1895.)

CHAPTER II

I first met Eugene Field at the home of William E. Mason on Washington Boulevard. He and Judge Lorin C. Collins had dropped in for an evening social call during the second Cleveland campaign in which Mason was running for Congress to succeed himself.

I was visiting Mason at the time to talk over campaign matters. This was the first occasion on which I met Field and I remember how much I was pleased by his cordiality and friendship for Mason.

Judge Collins, I had met before, and afterwards became well acquainted with him, during the time when we tried to nominate him for Governor.

Field at the time was writing his "Sharps and Flats" in the Chicago Daily News, a column, by the way, that added much to the popularity of that paper.

It was sometime during the year 1899 that Mrs. Coyne and I enjoyed a very delightful evening at the old home of the Field family on the North Side. It was at a party given to Mrs. John Ballentine of Washington, D. C., a sister of Mrs. Field and the widow of John Ballentine, formerly editor of the Chicago Herald. I had known Mr. Ballentine very pleasantly through the advertising staff of his paper.

The guests were all friends and neighbors of the Field family as well as others well-known for their musical and literary talents.

Miss Trotty Field entertained the company with a selection of readings from her father's favorite writings.

There were several musical numbers and some short talks by friends eulogizing the life and works of Eugene Field. In conclusion I may say that none of the predictions there expressed have fallen short as evidenced by the fact that "Little Boy Blue" has a place in the homes of children everywhere that is forever fixed.

There is one story about Field that I have seen in print many times and never the same.

At the risk of being one of those also wrong I will give my recollection of the story.

It seems that not unlike many other newspaper writers, Gene neglected to keep in close touch with the calendar and would sometimes run out of cash before pay day. There were some others on the staff who were more particular. Consequently they would have some of the "ready" all the time. William E. Curtis was one of those "Royal Economists", or "Economic Royalists"—as you will—and a very liberal one in his business dealing with Field, while Gene often forgot dates and promises.

After Mr. Curtis was made Washington correspondent of the Daily News he was perforce obliged to live in Washington, D. C. That, of course, made it hard for Gene, as he could not remember an address.

Finally Mr. Curtis, who never forgot anything, came out to Chicago and had a business conference with him that was not altogether consoling to Gene, on the subject of his bad memory.

Be all that as it may, the "Sharps and Flats" column had an item like this:

"Mr. William E. Curtis, the esteemed Washington correspondent of the Daily News is in Chicago for a few

days looking after some of his permanent investments.”

Curtis left for Washington the next day, I am told. However, Gene did pay in the end, as he always did.

Another story on friendly finance from “Kansas City Times” was given to me by Mr. W. R. Davis of Chicago.

FRIENDLY FINANCES IN THE “EARLY SEVENTIES”

An Old Time Transaction—

From the “Kansas City Times”, 1885:

Prior to the panic of 1873, H. H. Honore held about \$10,000,000 of Chicago property, on which he owed about \$5,000,000, and no man in Chicago had better credit. He carried a bank account in St. Louis, where he had the thorough confidence of the capitalists.

During the squeeze of 1873 he was in St. Louis, and conversed with the president of the bank with which he did business.

“Mr. Honore”, said the president, “your account here is overdrawn some \$2,500.00, and as it is nearing the first of the year we will be exceedingly obliged if you will balance the account today.” “It’s impossible for me to do so now,” said Mr. Honore, “and it will be many days before I can, in all probability.” “Well,” said the banker, “can’t you give a note, or draw a draft on somebody, so the bookkeeper can balance his books?” “Draw a draft,” said Honroe, “what the devil would I draw a draft on? I might as well telegraph the Czar of Russia for funds as draw a draft.” “Well, Mr. Honore, draw a draft on the Czar,” said the banker. “That will square the books, and that’s the main point, you know.”

So a sight draft for the amount was regularly drawn and mailed out, and the proper credit given to Mr. Honore. The draft passed through many banks in this country and in Europe, and by the time it reached the Czar had many blue ribbons and seals belonging to the different institutions through which it had passed.

It was presented to the Czar by one of his agents, who desired instructions as to what to do with it. The Czar looked it over and could not understand how he came to owe money to Mr. Honore but as everything appeared to be regular he instructed that it be paid but told his attorney to inform Mr. Honore that the next time he drew a draft to send an itemized bill.—Rea Woodman.

CHAPTER III

The first visit of Theodore Roosevelt to Chicago after he had been sworn in as President marked an epoch in the strike history of the city and established an epicurean record beyond all precedents.

A few of his admirers conceived the idea of holding a mass meeting in the Auditorium Theatre where he could address a lot of his friends—of whom he had many—and where the public would have an opportunity to see and hear the new President. Then the committee concluded that there should be a dinner tendered to him to take place before the meeting in the theatre, which was announced for eight o'clock P. M. Mr. Charles Henrotin was placed in charge of the dinner arrangements with full power to act and no restrictions as to cost or cuisine.

Mr. Henrotin was one of Chicago's chief epicures, so the plans for the dinner were in good hands. The only restriction was that which limited the number of guests to one hundred—no more—and the price was held to twenty-five dollars per plate. Whew! I can hear that now! But when the souvenir menu cards appeared there was no complaint for they were really art engravings. And the menu! It was a poem! Eight or nine courses and a wine for each of the three principal courses. The invitation cards were also works of art.

The announcement cards stated that the dinner would be served promptly at seven o'clock. All of the guests came a little before that time and those who so

desired had cocktails in a small ante-room adjoining the banquet hall.

At that particular time there was a big strike on, either teamster or street car men—it is not important which—with considerable violence, which called for serious consideration as to whether the local police and National Guard would be able to maintain order. Therefore there was some talk about Federal troops going in, which did not altogether please the strike leaders.

President Roosevelt occupied the presidential suite in the Congress Hotel across the street from the Auditorium and was in conference with a delegation of Union Labor leaders at the time set for the dinner and could not be disturbed so it was decided to let the dinner wait a while.

Mr. Henrotin was very much excited over the delay. Finally, the President sent word to go on with the dinner, and not keep the guests waiting longer so the word came to proceed to the banquet hall.

By the time the guests could find their places it was after seven thirty. We had just about reached the fish course—about seven forty-five—when the President came in and apologized for the delay, explaining the reason for it. Judging by what he said and how he said it, the conclusion of those present was that he had put a flea or two in the ears of the strike leaders.

At seven fifty word came to the President that the Auditorium Theatre was filled to overflowing and there were several thousand on the outside. He jumped up and started for the theatre. He did not (very properly) mind the disappointment over the dinner but he was not going

to keep the multitude waiting in the theatre. Of course, there was nothing else for us to do but follow him to our seats on the stage.

After the meeting was over, I met with Carl Ziegfeld and proposed that we go over to Rectors for something to eat. He howled! Something to eat? After a twenty-five dollar dinner! So I told him the sad news. When we reached Rectors there must have been fifteen or more of the other dinner guests ahead of us. So that was the end of the big dinner.

CHAPTER IV

There was a time when puzzle addresses on letters to be delivered through the post office grew to be a fad, much to the annoyance of the employees who were obliged to handle them.

One of the most flagrant cases that I remember was handled during Washington Hessing's administration as Postmaster of Chicago, some six or seven years before my appointment to that position.

The letter in this case was postmarked Philadelphia and was addressed to Chicago, Illinois. There was no return card on the envelope nor was there any name of the addressee.

However, in the place where the name should have been was a pair of long whiskers of the "Lord Dunderary" type, the kind that in the picture, if turned upside down, would resemble the ears of a Texas jack rabbit. There was no other mark of any kind except "Chicago, Illinois".

The letter, of course, was marked undeliverable and thrown to the "Nixie" section. There, after a careful scrutiny, one of the clerks wrote on the face of the envelope: "Try Major Moses P. Handy, care of Chicago Herald". The letter was delivered that day. It had been written by a wag friend of the Major's.

Postmaster Hessing himself had some whiskers that had a distinctive type of their own of the Pom-Pom style, which at a distance looked like blue-black polo balls, one on each side carefully trimmed and jutting out as if de-

fiant of any criticism directed at them or their owner to whom they were a pride and joy and a source of steady income to his barber.

John McCutcheon at that time in his younger days saw an attraction in these whiskers that invited his skill as a cartoonist and took advantage of the invitation.

Mr. Hessing had planned to have the letter carriers join in a parade of some sort that interfered with their plans for the holiday. There were some rebellious carriers who openly opposed the plan and the subject was taken up by the newspapers.

McCutcheon made up a cartoon that showed the Postmaster riding a proud looking horse, with Pom-Poms on his cheeks, on his bit rings, on his hips, his knees and over his crouper all in matchless keeping with the hirsute adornments of the rider.

While on the subject of whiskers my memoirs would not be complete without reference to the late United States Senator James Hamilton Lewis. I cannot refrain from criticizing those reporters who persisted in calling them "whiskers". I shall refer to them with more respect and dignity becoming their owner. They were as matchless in shape, color and poise as the Senator himself.

I believe they were temperamental only to the extent of keeping in complete harmony with the moods of their master which were always delightful.

Some years ago there was a lot of discussion throughout the country inviting opinions as to the relativity of whiskers and bald heads.

The newspapers throughout the land gave quite a lot

of space to their reporters and columnists to run interviews on the subject.

One of the most interesting stories that I remember was the one telling of the interview with George Ade, as he was landing from the steamer at New York after a trip abroad.

The reporter asked Ade if he had heard or read about the discussion and asked him for an expression of his opinion on the subject.

George said he had no objection and then told of a conversation he had with a man on the boat coming over, that seemed to cover the case and end all discussion. The man expressed his opinion as follows: "A harelip is a misfortune, a club foot is a deformity, but whiskers are a man's own fault!"

Of course Captain Streeter wore more remarkable signals on his face than any of the others I have mentioned but he would probably resent any mention of him or his whiskers as belonging to Chicago.

He could not claim citizenship of Chicago and still retain the title of Governor or President of Streeterville, or the "Island of Lake Michigan".

CHAPTER V

Paul Cabas has retired from active life and is living in a suburban home outside of Paris where he sits in an invalid chair unable to add anything to the many paintings he has given to the world of art. His easel, his palette and his brushes have been laid aside and he will paint no more.

As he himself says, he is not lonesome for hanging on the wall of his room is one oil painting which in 1912 made him known the world over—his masterpiece. It is labeled “*Matinee de Septembre*”. He is quoted as saying, “I am not alone while she is there.”

Many Chicagoans will remember when a quite prominent art dealer displayed that picture, or a copy, in the front window of his store and gave it its right title in English, “*September Morn*”.

Nor have they forgotten how it threw the art critics into conieption fits trying to figure out what to do or say about it.

The prudes wanted to see the dealer condemned without trial and sentenced for life for daring to show such an “indecent picture” in public. The more they protested the more copies there were sold and in a very few years it became known throughout the world .

CHAPTER VI

After finishing up my term as postmaster and turning the office over to my successor, Fred A. Busse, I gave my full attention to the bakery and lunch business, which I found in a very bad condition.

I was through (I thought) with politics. I was told I could have the nomination for Sheriff of Cook County which would at that time be equivalent to election but refused to consider it.

My business was in bad condition, through bad management, largely due to my devoting too much time and energy to public affairs.

There were rumors to the effect that a movement was on foot towards the consolidation of the larger bakeries, backed by the Ward Baking Company, in which I was invited to join.

At the same time through some flour dealers, I was induced to take in two of my competitors in order to have a larger hand in the proposed consolidation. My advisors and backers (not all) fell down in promises to take stock so I came to a dead halt for lack of capital.

I called a meeting of creditors, placed the matter in their hands and they, much to my relief decided that the only thing to do was to clean up. It was all friendly and I really believe the most of them felt for me as much as they did for themselves.

When it was all over, I was dazed for a few weeks, not realizing for a time just what had happened. I must have felt something like a champion boxer after receiving

a knock out by a new champ who had landed on him so hard that when he came to he asked his backers, "What was it, a locomotive or a stroke of lightning?" I must have felt something like that.

At all events I found it hard to realize that I was right back to where I was in 1883, with this difference, I had a wife and six children to support with the exception of one boy and one girl who could reasonably be expected to take care of themselves.

I had hardly collected my thoughts or got myself together when one day as I was walking along LaSalle Street I came face to face with Mr. Houghteling of the firm of Peabody Houghteling & Company, one of the large bond dealers of that time. I had become pleasantly acquainted with Mr. Houghteling while I was postmaster, and was not surprised when he addressed me in a very friendly way and asked me how I was getting along.

I told him truly that I had not settled on any plan but was just trying to figure out what I could do to get another start. We were going in opposite directions and he told me he had an appointment over at the bank and asked me to turn and walk along with him as he would like to have a talk with me.

When he had transacted his business at the bank he said, "Let's sit down for a minute or two, I have a thought in mind that might be of interest to you." He then asked me how I would like to try my hand as a bond salesman. I was taken completely by surprise and asked him if he thought my reverses had in any way qualified me for a position of that kind. He came right back at me and said, "If you have any such misapprehensions in your

mind as to think that your reputation has been damaged by your misfortune, get rid of them right away! If you would like to consider a proposition from us, come in to the office for a meeting with Mr. Stirling and we will have a further talk about it." I said I was much pleased with his offer and would do as he suggested.

So to cut the story short I started out as a bond salesman for Peabody Houghteling and Company after a few days coaching by Mr. Stirling and the head salesman.

I had beginners luck right from the start. The head salesman gave me a list of names to work on, and I landed a small sale that brought me a commission of thirty odd dollars, about the second or third day out. That was encouraging because of the fact that out of the other leads I had made several good prospects. I soon got into the swing of things—there was a lot to learn—and began to forget a lot of my business misfortunes. I had a salary of twenty-five dollars a week to start with so when I brought home that check for commissions Mrs. Coyne and I went to a picture show that night.

We had two good bond offerings at that time that seemed to me to be more suitable to men of larger means than the field run—one being a railroad issue up in Idaho and Washington, the other an issue on the Minnesota and Ontario Power Company.

The railroad issue seemed to me to be the most attractive to present to men of larger means. So I called on an old acquaintance on the North Side who had sold out his holdings in the Street Car lines. He had funds to invest and I presented the railroad offering.

After going over the information I gave him he

asked me if I knew A. J. Earling, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Saint Paul Railroad. I answered yes, very well indeed. "Well," said Mr. Rehm, "I wish you would call on him and he will be better able to advise me after he has had a talk with you about these bonds." He explained that they lived next door to each other and met most every evening.

He also said that if Mr. Earling advised that the bonds were sound he thought he might buy "a small block of them". I then asked him if I had his permission to tell Mr. Earling just what he said to me on the subject. He said, yes, of course.

I saw Mr. Earling and a day or two after sold Mr. Rehm \$50,000.00 of those Idaho, Washington and Northern Railway bonds. So I soon found out that my failure in business was no handicap whatever.

The bond business was a very nice and agreeable line as far as the work was concerned and the associations did much to restore some of the old pep in me, but I could see that there was small chance to make more than a living with little prospect of getting back on my feet, so to speak.

After about five or six months, a Chicago friend of mine who had relatives in Carrollton, Kentucky came to see me about a "mail catching device" which his brother-in-law had invented. He had just returned from Carrollton where he had seen a demonstration of this "wonderful invention" and was convinced that there was a fortune to be made out of it, "if it was in the right hands".

He then asked me if I would go down to Kentucky

and see what I thought of it, providing they would pay my expenses down and back, including hotel costs while there.

I took what clippings he had from the local paper home with me and was impressed with the idea that here might be an opportunity to get somewhere—at least to Kentucky and back.

Lester Lawrence, the man who brought this proposition before me, had formerly lived on Warren Avenue as a neighbor so I knew him as a man of integrity and not in any way given to extravagant ideas on business matters, so I made another appointment with him for a further talk on the subject. He then informed me that he had notified his brother-in-law by phone that they would have to pay me for my time as well as expenses—which was agreeable to all.

So I applied for a week's vacation without pay which was granted and I started on my first trip to "Old Kentucky".

Before leaving I had a visit with Captain West, Superintendent of Railway Mail Service, who informed me that the Post Master General had sent out advertisements asking for an improved device for catching and delivering mail pouches between stations and fast moving trains; adding that if I was satisfied after my trip that there was merit in what I saw, he would be authorized to go down there for a formal inspection. That was encouraging.

Carrollton, Kentucky is one of the oldest towns in the state, located at the confluence of the Ohio and Ken-

tucky Rivers and owes its early existence to the river traffic.

Following the advice of my friend Lawrence I went by way of Louisville where I took the large mail boat that ran between Louisville and Cincinnati. Carrollton is exactly half way between the two cities.

Mr. Sebree, the inventor, met me at Louisville so we had a long talk on the boat in the five hour trip. That gave us a lot of time to talk about the business at hand. I believe we arrived at Carrollton about eleven o'clock at night.

The next morning I had quite a reception in my room at the hotel where I had been assigned the bridal chamber—"the best room in the house".

By this time I was beginning to feel something like my old self again. Sebree had formed a sort of an embryonic company for the purpose of raising funds for the preliminary stages in the promotion of his ideas and had all or nearly all his associates there to meet me.

It seemed to be a big day for Carrollton to have an ex-Postmaster of Chicago as a visitor and Sebree became more prominent than before.

Then I met their attorney who was treasurer of the company and balanced up for my time and expenses going and coming. He then informed me that the hotel was mine as long as I wished to stay there.

We then got down to business. We first went to the railway station to see the car device which was attached to an old coach that was half baggage car. Then we saw the roadside device which stood along side of the track a

short distance outside of town, all of which was interesting.

Carrollton had outside connections by railroad as well as by river, through the means of the Carrollton & Worthville Railway—twelve miles long—connecting at Worthville with the Louisville & Nashville. The C. & W., while only twelve miles long, I was told by the owner, was “as *wide* as any dam railroad in the country”. I told him it had an imposing name for a road of its size. He had one locomotive, two box cars, and the combination passenger and baggage car. His other equipment was a gasoline motor truck, adapted to run on the rails!

We spent the forenoon examining the devices, the patent papers and other matters of importance, including a copy of a speech by William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State.

In one of his public speeches Bryan, speaking on the subject of “opportunity” mentioned the advertisement of the Post Office Department for an improved mail catching device and ventured the opinion that whoever would invent such an apparatus would become “rich beyond the dreams of avarice”. That had made a great impression on my new Kentucky friends as to the value of their stock holdings in the Sebree Mail Exchange Device Company.

The following day we had a practical demonstration of the device in action. They had some canvas bags made up like regular tie sacks such as are used for newspapers and magazines in the regular service. These they had packed with old papers, and rubbish of all sorts.

A goodly number of the town's population were out

to see the show, no small part of which (in their estimation) was the "Yankee Postmaster".

Briefly, the specifications required a device capable of delivering three sacks or more of mail weighing sixty pounds each, from the car into a receptacle and catching two sacks or pouches from the roadside, while the train would be running at a speed of sixty miles per hour. To comply with these requirements, Sebree had devised an ingenious contrivance composed of chain nets, one on the car to catch the mail from a mast at the roadside, at the same time delivering the train mail into a net at the foot of the mast from which the mail for the train was suspended. The car device received the mail in a chain net similar to the one on the ground.

Well, when everything was ready the old asthmatic locomotive came wheezing down with the coach and one box car attached. The roadside device was unlocked, swung into position, two loaded sacks attached and made ready for the test. Sebree was filled with importance that would be becoming to the Chief of a Volunteer Fire Engine Company about to wash the church steeple with the hose from the old hand apparatus.

Sebree boarded the car with the three sacks to be delivered. The old engine coughed and backed up the train for nearly a mile in order to get under full speed to make a good demonstration.

As the train approached the crowd began to back away from the track and I must confess that I fell in with the crowd, but remained near enough to get a good view of the show. It was very good indeed, with the exception of required speed. They did not make, as far as I could

keep time, more than thirty to forty miles per hour; it was the best the old engine had made in many years. I was well satisfied with the demonstration.

I could see that it was only a matter of weight of material and size of the shock absorbing springs to make a practical operating device. These matters would be easily worked out by a mechanical engineer, as I told them.

After the demonstration we went to the office for a talk on the matter of my taking hold of the promotion of the proposition.

I found that "Sebree Stock" had taken quite a jump on the "Curb" and those who had already put some money in the company were inclined to increase their holdings.

I tried to show them that there was a long, long road to travel before they could count on dividends on their stock, but I could see that they thought I was trying to discourage them so as to be able to buy it up cheap. Sebree told me afterwards that that opinion was actually expressed after I had left the meeting.

The plan that I laid before them was about as follows: They were to place in the treasury of the company not less than ten thousand dollars for development purposes; incorporate a stock company in the State of Delaware with a capital stock of five hundred thousand dollars; organize a company with a president, vice president, treasurer and a secretary.

Then I told them to have a new device made with heavier chains and stronger springs. Then when it would be installed, to let me know and I would bring Captain

West and probably Herbert Thrall, Mail Traffic Manager on the Illinois Central Railroad, and let them see a demonstration before I would decide on joining in with them.

This they agreed to and Sebree said he would go as far as Louisville with me and arrange for the work the next day.

In about a week or so I received word from Sebree that the device was ready for inspection by Captain West and the others, so we went down there by way of Cincinnati, where we were joined by Superintendent Rager of the Railway Mail Service in that district.

We spent the day at Carrollton, made several exchanges, some of which we observed from the car, and some from the roadside, all of which were satisfactory to the extent that the R. M. S. men said they were willing to recommend a private test on some regular mail carrying road. We all left that night for Chicago.

The following week I closed a contract with the Kentucky people providing that I would be elected Vice President and General Manager of the Company at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per month and expenses, and I be awarded fifty thousand dollars worth (face value) of stock in the company. The contract was for a period of two years.

So once again I was on the way to becoming an "Economic Royalist".

I resigned my position as a bond salesman, opened an office in Chicago and settled down to the business at hand.

I knew Mr. Harahan, President of the Illinois Cen-

tral Railroad, and had no difficulty in making arrangements with his company to remodel the Sebree device in the I. C. car shops and have the use of a car and engine whenever required, at actual cost.

The Post Office Department specifications required that after any railroad had tried out a device and recommended a test in actual service, the department would permit such a road to use the said device in the regular mail service for six months, covering Winter and Summer conditions, after which test the department would decide as to whether it should be approved for general use in the Railway Mail Service.

There were more than three hundred different devices submitted from various cities and towns but only five were considered favorable. Out of those five only two were authorized for the final test, ours—the Sebree—and the Burr device of Atlantic, Iowa.

The supposition was that the Post Office Department would order the railroads to install an improved device approved by the department, because the former Postmaster General said as much in the invitation to submit proposals. But a new administration had come in and the new Postmaster General refused to issue the order, so there we were hung up as the railroads refused to install unless ordered by the Postmaster General; so that left us nothing to do but fold up and wait for another change in administration.

About this time I became interested in the Pitney Postage Meter. The inventor, A. H. Pitney, had shown me his first model when I was Postmaster, shortly after the big stamp robbery. When he placed it on my desk,

I thought it was a stamp vending machine, until he explained that he had a device that would prevent large stamp robberies in post offices, and smaller pilfering of stamps in business houses.

Then he explained that his machine would print impressions on envelopes and would print as many impressions as the meter would be set for, according to the amount of postage required, thus doing away with the attachment of adhesive stamps.

I thought at the time there was a great deal of merit in his idea, although the first machine he showed me was far from perfect.

So when he called on me five or six years after I was out of the post office, and showed me some photographic cuts of a more perfect mechanical device, I became interested.

He wanted me to become associated with him and showed me how I could make a lot of money if I would organize a company and introduce the subject to the Post Office Department at Washington.

I told him about my experience with the Sebree Device and tried to advise him that it would probably be a very long time before the government would be induced to make such a drastic change in the method of payment for letter postage; notwithstanding the fact that they were then handling second, third and fourth class mail at pound rates without stamps affixed.

Pitney was insistent and persistent—telling me that all of his associates were urgently advising him to get me to take hold of the promotion end of the enterprise.

When I asked him who they were, he gave me a list

of names including Clarence Wooley, one of the officials of the American Radiator Company; Alexander Revell, one of the leading furniture dealers of Chicago; B. A. Ekhart and a number of others—all friends of mine. He also informed me that some of the Chicago post office officials had given him a great deal of encouragement in the belief that the department would effect a great saving through the adoption of some such device as he had invented.

I finally, after looking things over pretty thoroughly, concluded to join in with Pitney and organized the American Postage Meter Company. I secured the capital, so as to perfect a working model to place before the Post Office Department for a practical demonstration.

As the adoption of such a device would require an act of Congress, it was also necessary to give an exhibition before the Congressional Committee on Post Office and Post Roads, which I did and made a favorable impression on the fifteen members of the committee who were present.

Then came the World War! That put a stop to everything in the way of innovations, and we were at a stand still.

There was nothing talked about but war. It was then that I concluded to join the army with my two sons.

Later on while I was stationed in Camp Beauregard my associates saw a chance to sell out to another company, which seemed to be favorable to all concerned, so I agreed to the terms and sold out.

The Postage Meter is now a going concern with machines working in all of the larger cities of the country.

CHAPTER VII

In 1914 a number of my old friends and political leaders in the Sixth Congressional District called on me and suggested that I become a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress.

While I was still determined to keep out of politics, I listened to what they had to say, because they had been friends of mine when I needed followers, and I had not forgotten their loyalty of former days. They now wanted a candidate and felt sure of winning at the primary election and were confident that I could win at the general election.

After several visits and conferences I was persuaded to make the run. I had received the information that Colonel Roosevelt had made the statement that if "Coyne became the Republican candidate there should be no Bull Moose candidate in that district". That meant of course a straight out fight between the Republican and Democratic candidates which I was willing to face.

I won the nomination by a vote of about five to one, which was encouraging.

I believe that the Bull Moose leaders in Chicago tried to keep out a candidate but the Progressives in one of the outlying wards brought one out and secured enough signers of petitions to put him on the ticket. So that made a three cornered fight.

There were plenty of signs to indicate that the democrats were helping the Bull Moose candidate, know-

ing that ninety per cent of his votes would be drawn from the republicans, thereby reducing my chances to win.

The National Congressional Committee refused to give me any financial assistance on account of the three cornered fight. The final result was that the Bull Moose received enough republican votes to elect my democratic opponent. While I was neither surprised nor disappointed, it was encouraging to see in the returns that I had run ahead of my ticket in the republican strongholds.

That ended my political career.

CHAPTER VIII

The end of the World War found me in Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, Assistant Camp Quartermaster.

I had been transferred from Camp Meiggs, Washington, D. C., in compliance with an order from General Pershing to send no more emergency officers over to France until they had at least two months experience in a field camp.

As I was on the list for overseas duty it became necessary for me and a lot of others to be transferred to outside camps to be eligible for foreign service.

That order was issued while I was in Walter Reid Hospital, Washington, with fractured ribs—where I was detained twenty-eight days because of the fact that I had an attack of pneumonia with my other disability. My order for transfer to Camp Beauregard came the day after my discharge from the hospital.

After my two months at Camp Beauregard were up, I was expecting an order for transfer to overseas duty, when a captain in charge of the subsistence warehouses, committed suicide. My commanding officer—Major Conrad, then advised me that I might as well abandon the hope of getting into the A. E. F. as he was going to put me in charge of the subsistence warehouses, adding that the war would be over soon anyway. So that settled any hope of getting over to France where my sons were.

After the flu broke out, we had over five thousand cases in all during the period, so with an eleven hundred bed base hospital, we were obliged to add to the capacity

by the use of pyramidal tents, around the hospital grounds, as we had at one time over fifteen hundred cases. Five hundred and twenty-three were fatal.

We had two lieutenants with two large Liberty trucks and details of men on duty, when the flu was at its worst, conveying coffins in wooden cases to the depots, as we did all the shipping at night.

The largest number shipped in one night was seventy-two. That did not mean the deaths of one day, for in many cases there were delays in ascertaining shipping directions, consequently there would be an accumulation of caskets for several days.

When I arrived at Camp Beauregard my annual hay fever attack was on with all of the aggravating symptoms and appearances of influenza, resembling the early stages of the flu; and as usual it continued until the first frost.

When the flu broke out, I was still suffering from hay fever, and before I realized it I was exposed to the danger of catching the dreadful disease, through my visits to the base hospital.

My case attracted the attention of the medical officer assigned to our area and he consulted with others on the subject. After a check up, so far as they were able to ascertain, other hay fever subjects—of which there were quite a few in the camp—seemed also to be immune. This was interesting to the medicos for the reason that they could not find a single case of a hay fever victim catching the flu.

Many of my friends could not understand how a man of my age could obtain a commission in the army; not

having had previous military service, so an explanation is in order.

My first son to enlist was Mason, who was a private in the old Second Infantry Illinois National Guard, had been to the Mexican border with his outfit in 1914—the war against Huerta. Our oldest son, F. E., Jr., enlisted in the First Illinois Engineers and was selected as First Sergeant of his company. Both boys were eager to go and were mobilized at Camp Logan, near Houston, Texas, with their respective outfits, to prepare for overseas duty.

While in Texas, F. E., Jr., had an opportunity to take an examination for a commission in artillery, which he passed and went overseas as a Second Lieutenant.

The two brothers were in the 33rd Division (The Prairie Division) and took part in several of the Marne engagements wherein Fred's artillery was supporting the brother's infantry, which was quite unusual. After one of these battles Fred was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant.

While the two boys were preparing for embarkation, I sat in my office one day thinking matters over. My mind reverted to the time when I, five years old, first saw my father, as far as my memory went. I was too young to remember what he looked like when he joined as a volunteer in the 22nd New Jersey Artillery to fight for the Union.

So when my oldest brother and I went to the depot to meet the train that was bringing home the troops I could have no idea of his identity until my brother picked him out.

All of those things passed through my mind, and then the thought occurred to me that I ought to preserve the family record, and get in somehow.

I consulted with Major Will Clark who told me that he thought the Quartermaster General could waive the age limit if he wanted me. He then added: "You know Bob Thorne, don't you?" I said, "Yes, very well indeed." All right said Clark, he has just been appointed as a "dollar a year" man to handle the business end of the Quartermaster Corps, why don't you go down to Washington, he knows you, and your experience in the restaurant and bakery business and can get you a commission, most likely as a Major. You ought to go at once, for they are putting on men every day.

That very day I wired Mr. Thorne to let me know if he was going to be in Washington for the next few days as I wished to see him in regard to a commission. He wired back that I could see him any time up to Saturday noon, and would be glad to see me. That settled that; I was on the train for Washington the next day and arrived there Friday morning.

Immediately after arrival, I got Mr. Thorne on the phone and he suggested I come over at once.

I ordered a taxi and in ten minutes was at the headquarters of the Quartermaster General where I found Mr. Thorne.

I was cordially received and got down to business in quick army style. Mr. Thorne was President of the Montgomery Ward mail order house and had volunteered his services to the cause. He mentioned that fact so I had to inform him that my circumstances were such that

I could not afford to take less than a Major's commission.

He pressed a button and sent an orderly to request the presence of Major Jacobson, Commissioned Personnel Officer.

I was introduced to the Major as former Collector of Internal Revenue, Postmaster of Chicago and business experienced in the wholesale bakery and restaurant business in Chicago. "He wants to apply for a commission, what can we do for him?"

The Major said there were no vacancies higher than captain at the present time. I forgot for the moment that this was not a business conference and said I could not get along on a captain's pay. I thought I saw an exchange of looks between Major Jacobson and Mr. Thorne, also after the Major left there seemed to be a slight east wind blowing from Mr. Thorne. He said he was sorry and picked up some papers from his desk which was enough to show me that the interview was over, especially when he informed me that perhaps later on "there might be vacancies in the higher ranks". I thanked him and started out on foot for the hotel.

I felt awfully disappointed and crestfallen, feeling all the time that there was something wrong so when I reached my room I threw myself down on my bed, lay on my back with my knees up—a favorite habit when I wanted to do some thinking.

Then said I to myself, "What went wrong over there so suddenly?" I thought first of the change in Bob Thorne. In the short time he had been there he had taken up the snappy ways of army officers. Then I saw the difference between the cordial manner in which he

greeted me and the snappy way that he finished the interview. Then all of a sudden I realized what a jackass I had made of myself! I jumped up, grabbed for the phone and got Mr. Thorne's secretary (who knew me) on the phone and asked him to see if Mr. Thorne could give me a couple of minutes if I should come right over. He answered that if I only wanted a few minutes to come at once as Mr. Thorne had an appointment with "General Wood, acting Quartermaster General at 12 o'clock".

I jumped in a cab, gave the driver a rush order and was over there in a jiffy and explained my mission. I wanted Mr. Thorne to know that I regretted my action at the former meeting and now wished to offer my services to "this man's army in any capacity from a buck private up". Mr. Thorne smiled, slapped his desk with a bang and said, "That's the stuff, Coyne, just wait a minute until I find if General Wood is in his office. If he is I want you to say to him just what you have now said to me".

We were ushered in to the General's office where I was presented to him in the same way Mr. Thorne had introduced me to Major Jacobson. Then Mr. Thorne said, "I wish you would say to the General what you said to me". I did so and the General snapped out "good"; your experience in the government service will be of use to you in the paper work of the army! What vacancies have we in the commission personnel? Mr. Thorne told him and he snapped out, "Have his appointment made out as a captain and when he has passed the medical examination bring his papers to me." Instinctively I stood at attention and said, "Thank you, sir".

When we returned to Mr. Thorne's office he congratulated me and sent for Major Jacobson, told him to take me in charge, to put me through the mill! The Major said there was to be a special re-examination for National Guard Officers at the Medical Arts Building that afternoon and he could put me through with them if I wished. Of course, I assented, was passed with such deficiencies as teeth, eyes and age, all of which could be waived by the Quartermaster General, if he "wanted me".

I returned to Chicago where my appointment as a captain in the United States Army was, and in due time my commission arrived from the Adjutant General's office with an order to report to the Quartermaster General. So I was in before our two sons had embarked for overseas. Our youngest boy Richard wanted to go in the navy and Senator Mason had sent his appointment to Annapolis Naval Academy, subject to examination.

The youngster was pretty young, but robust and anxious to go, so he felt pretty much disappointed when he fell down in his geometry and missed by only a slight margin.

He passed well enough, however, to be reappointed alternate and given a chance for re-examination but declined as the war was nearly ended.

Getting back to my record in Camp Beauregard; after the signing of the Armistice the work of cleaning up, consolidation of branches, shipping to other points all surplus supplies, etc. made plenty of work for the Quartermaster, and his executive officer, which position I held under Major Chappell.

With the assistance of three or four other officers,

I had plenty of work to perform. Principally on inventory and reports.

I finally, after trying to fight it off was obliged to go to the base hospital with bronchial pneumonia and a temperature of 103, which I was told was very high for a man of my age, and I had quit just in time.

I spent forty-one days there before they would let me out. I afterwards discovered that while I was under treatment in the hospital, Mrs. Coyne was going through a siege of pneumonia in Chicago, and our son Mason was having a hard time pulling through the same disease in a hospital in France. We had all kept it secret until after our recovery.

After I was given my discharge from the hospital and reported back to duty, I was appointed Camp Quartermaster and a short time after was appointed Camp Commander succeeding Major McConnell.

So for a few months I as Camp Quartermaster was making my morning reports to myself as Camp Commander.

After we had cleaned up Camp Beauregard, I was ordered, with a personnel of one civilian bookkeeper, Mr. H. E. Straughan, three clerks, one stenographer, two enlisted men, and all my records to the Zone Supply Office at New Orleans, where I remained until I received my discharge October 30th, 1919. I immediately joined the Officers Reserve Corps. I received my last commission for five years in March, 1940, as Captain, Inactive, under Section 37, National Defense Act.

CHAPTER IX

After my discharge from the army, the examining medical officer advised me to remain in the South for the Winter, on account of my asthmatic condition—following the hay fever and the conditions of my lungs following the pneumonia attack in Camp Beauregard.

I therefore rented a desk in the office of a friend in the real estate business with the intention of spending the winter months in New Orleans.

It was during that time that an old friend of mine put me in touch with a reclamation project out in the country that offered glowing inducements. I made a little money in the real estate business; enough to pull through the Winter, but not enough to encourage me with the idea of remaining in that line permanently so I became interested in the reclamation project.

I had formed the acquaintance of a fellow World War veteran who went out to investigate the reclamation project for a couple of days and came back with a favorable report.

Mr. Herbert Schmidt, the gentleman above referred to, had been brought up on a farm in Indiana, and taken a course in the Agricultural School of that state. He was a good judge of soil, and believed in the project, taking for granted that the statements presented to him were all true. While Mr. Schmidt was out there he discovered that another tract of the same sort, adjoining the project he was investigating, was under water; also that it belonged to some people that I knew in Chicago.

He advised me to get in touch with them for further investigation.

Acting on the advice of Mr. Schmidt, I took a run up to Chicago and secured an option on the other tract in the belief (based on assurances of reliable men) that there was merit in these reclamation projects.

Schmidt and I then formed a partnership for the purpose of exploiting and selling small farms on these two tracts on a commission basis.

I personally bought a place on the first tract and Schmidt was given a house to live in until he could arrange for its purchase. I still believed in his honesty of purpose, when he advised me to bring my family down there to live—at least for the winter.

It was nearly six months before we found out that most of the printed matter describing the project on which we settled were gross exaggerations or untruths. Promises made to us were unkept. Schmidt was convinced before I was and got out, while I, having invested over three thousand dollars, could not get out so easily. At all events we both considered it criminal to try to sell the properties on the misrepresentations made to us and dissolved our partnership.

I hung on for a while hoping that I might get at least a part of my money back but finally, as the result of rotten levees, I was surrounded by five feet of water and was obliged to get out and leave the place to the bull frogs, alligators and other wild life, to whom it properly belonged.

By some good fortune—through the grace of God, I came in contact with the Reverend E. A. Ford at a critical

time in my period of discouragement and depression.

Mr. Ford—with his good wife—had recently returned from missionary work in darkest Africa and was assigned to similar duty in South Louisiana. When we became better acquainted I found that he was a brother to Charles Ford who had been Principal of Calhoun School in Chicago where all our children received their early education.

Mr. Ford and I became great friends and worked together to build up a small congregation for Sunday service at Larose. It was through his good offices that I became a member of the Thibodeaux Presbyterian Church.

Through Mr. Ford I was appointed local agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company in Lafourche Parish, under Mr. Ballard.

For a while I did quite well in the insurance business and made many friends and acquaintances. I organized the Louisiana Gulf Coast Boosters, an association with members in ten parishes, the main object being to secure a road to Grand Isle, a beautiful spot on the Louisiana Gulf Coast. It took some time to accomplish our objective but we did finally succeed. I made many friends in my neighborhood and other sections.

I lived in Larose about eight years—boarding at the home of Pierre Breaux—where I was very nicely treated. Among the friends I enjoyed in Larose were the Straughans, the Mitchells, the Bells at Delta Farm and the Morrissons of Clovely. In Larose were Doctor and Mrs. Boulet, the Bordelons, Bienvenues, Ducos, Lubin

Mire, Richard Lorio, Richard Owen and many others, including Doctor Blanchard.

It was with Professor Bienvenue and wife that I visited the grave of Evangeline—immortalized by Longfellow—at St. Martinville, Louisiana. That was a visit I enjoyed very much, as I met relatives of the real Evangeline. An account of my residence in Louisiana would be far from complete without reference to my contact with Governor Huey P. Long.

The main object of the Louisiana Gulf Coast Boosters was to obtain a road to Grand Isle. After a conference with the new Governor, I was convinced that if he could see a widespread demand among the people of the lower parishes he would favor the movement, for the reason that he was desirous of making friends “down among the Cajens”.

After the Governor made a personal investigation, he became convinced that it would be a good political move to do something for the people in that section, so he gave orders to build the Grand Isle Road from Bayou Lafourche to the Gulf of Mexico. The road was completed in a little over two years.

CHAPTER X

Beginning with the Iroquois Theatre fire, the twentieth century started out with a record of disasters with loss of human life that was appalling.

Following the theatre fire (referred to in a former chapter) came the San Francisco earthquake and fire in 1906. Then came the sinking of the Titanic, April 25, 1912, then the Lusitania on May 7, 1915 and after that the most terrible of all—the capsizing of the excursion Steamship Eastland at the Chicago dock on July 24, 1915. Then came the World War—more horrible than all, the effects of which are felt today throughout the world.

The Steamship Eastland had been chartered by a committee of employees of the Western Electric Company at Cicero, a suburb of Chicago, for an excursion to Michigan City on the date above mentioned. There were several other boats at hand to take care of the crowd. There were 7100 tickets sold including 250 for children under twelve years of age. It was understood that one adult ticket could be used for two children—babes in arms were free. It was therefore a difficult matter to ascertain the exact number of adults, children and babes that were lost. The total loss was 812.

The Eastland was to leave at 7:30 in the morning to be followed by two other boats that were nearby. The Petoskey was to start at 8 o'clock and the Racine two hours later. Another ship was at hand if needed.

The Eastland was allowed to carry 2650 passengers and was practically loaded to capacity when without

more than a minute's warning she tilted over to one side and three to five minutes later was lying on her side in the bottom of the river with the steel plates of the hull showing about three feet above water, and more than half her passengers struggling against a two mile current.

At about the time the boat turned over, my son Mason was crossing the Clark Street bridge, not more than a few hundred feet from the scene. He could not swim and was unable to help as others did by plunging into the river to the rescue of those struggling in the water.

Many were rescued from the middle deck where they were imprisoned but able to keep their heads above water but some in like positions died by suffocation before the firemen could cut through the steel plates on the side of the boat above water, by oxyacetylene gas torches that arrived shortly after the disaster.

Mason called me on the telephone and I arrived there about twenty minutes after. By that time word had been sent to Joliet to close the dam of the drainage canal, the effect of which in a short time stopped the current, thereby making it much easier to rescue those who were drifting away, clinging to hen coops, egg cases and other floating articles that had been thrown in by commission merchants on South Water Street.

It was a pitiful sight to see the procession of stretcher bearers with bodies from the wreckage, streaming across the bridge to the basement of Reid Murdoch & Company's large building which had been converted into a temporary morgue.

The Eastland calamity recalls the tragic fate of the Titanic in 1912 and the sinking of the Lusitania in 1915.

There were a number of people in Chicago who had relatives in all three of those heartrending disasters, notably the Plamondons, one of the most prominent families of the city. I believe the same family had relatives in the Iroquois Theatre fire in 1903.

In all of these cases the unexpected happened. The Titanic was planned and constructed by the White Star Company as a ship that would be "absolutely unsinkable", because of its unusual system of water-tight compartments. If she were to be struck in the side and cut part way through the middle, the forward and after compartments would keep her afloat. If, on the other hand, she should run bow on into another ship or an iceberg, smashing the bow to the second compartment, she would still remain afloat until help would reach her. There was one source of danger that they did not figure on.

All of the time they were approaching the day for launching, a mountain sized iceberg, having broken away from the arctic regions, was slowly floating on its way towards the point where the Titanic would cross on her first trip, thousands of miles away. I cannot recall the name of the writer who wrote the iceberg story, but acknowledge that the thought did not originate in my mind.

That mountain of ice, four-fifths under water, had been so lapped by the waves as to form a slanting edge that allowed the Titanic to mount up towards the top of the berg and present a vital point not considered—the bottom of the ship. Crushed in by its terrible weight, the water-tight compartments were all thrown into one, and were of small value to the safety of the vessel.

The total loss of life on the Titanic amounted to 1517

including passengers and crew. If she had been built with a double bottom, as ships of that kind are now constructed, there might have been no lives lost at all. Furthermore, if it were not for the feeling of security that seemed to possess the owners, there would have been more life boats on the ship and consequently more passengers saved.

If the Iroquois Theatre had been equipped with a steel roller curtain and exit doors opening out instead of in, the number of lives lost would have been small, if any.

If the Eastland had been condemned as an excursion boat when overhauled some time before, as she should have been, that terrible accident could not have happened.

The Cunard Liner, Lusitania (English owned) was torpedoed by a German submarine on May 7, 1915 with 1918 passengers on board, including 114 Americans. The total number of lives lost, passengers and crew, numbered 1154 of whom 100 were Americans. This was an act of strategy of the German Government, in keeping with its war of frightfulness against enemy ships.

Warnings had been sent out by German officials that the ship would be torpedoed and Americans were advised to keep off the Lusitania. The warnings were ignored by many but accepted as a challenge by some.

It is quite likely that if there were no Americans on the ship she would not have flown the United States flag and our country might have kept out of the World War. At all events Congress did not declare war until nearly two years after the sinking of the Lusitania.

Does it not seem at times that too little thought is given to the value of human life?

Appendix

I am adding this supplement in order to bring my notes up to date and give my impressions of the State of Texas, as I have seen it after travelling over a considerable part of its territory, visiting most of its principal cities and many minor towns.

For more than two years, I have spent most of my time in Randolph Field and San Antonio. I have been twice across the state from its eastern boundary to the Rio Grande on the west. I have met many nice people connected directly or remotely with the history and up-building of this marvelous state. I might add that Texans are all nice to those who are really interested in the desire to make Texas truthfully known to the world.

San Antonio is a good point of view from which to judge the whole state, for here can be found many traces of the colorful history connected with the making of an "Empire" that has flourished under six flags—French, Spanish, Mexican, Lone Star of Texas, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy and the Stars and Stripes of the United States. So, considering the territory I have covered and the people I have interviewed—adding hours of library research—I feel qualified to say a few words about Texas, the most interesting of all our states.

To anyone familiar with the making of Oriental rugs it should not be a difficult matter to work up a mind's eye view of the history and the making of the State of Texas as it now stands.

Spread out a Turkish or Persian rug, study the pat-

terns and colors on the right side, then turn it over and marvel over the knots and intricate maze of inter-woven threads, bearing in mind the difficult work and time expended by a whole family to complete the work—you will have before you a vision of the Empire State of Texas.

There are rug makers in Persia today whose genealogy traces back to the fifteenth century—perhaps farther—whose forbears, generation after generation have handed down the secrets of rug making without any printed pattern or design, each family following the plans of their forbears.

The early adventurers who invaded Mexico were of a kind quite different from those who sought their fortunes later, after Mexico had won her freedom from Spain, and Texas was beginning to yearn for independence from Mexico.

The early invaders of Mexico were largely made up of filibusters, soldiers of fortune, and in many cases fugitives from justice, out of other states and territories.

The real pioneers who subdued the forests, tilled the soil and established the great cattle ranches of Texas were of a different sort, mostly from the southern states, bringing their slaves with them, also their traditions of a proud ancestry, tracing back to the early struggles of revolutionary days, indeed many of those who came in the beginning of the nineteenth century were sons and daughters of the American revolutionists and some had participated in the war of 1812.

Those were an adventurous people whose forebears were settlers of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, coming mostly from Virginia. All

in all they were a hardy people, strong in mind and body, with all the pride of ancestry that has marked the descendants of the early Pilgrims, with the same respect for religion expressed by Ethan Allen when he advised his followers to put their trust in the Lord, "but keep your powder dry".

The population of Texas grew rapidly after it became a sovereign state, following the defense of the Alamo in 1836, the most colorful event in the state's proud history.

As a health resort, Texas is different from any state in the Union. One can choose between the sea shore on the south, the mountain scenery of Guadeloupe Peak, 9,500 feet above sea level, or the dry lands of "Llano Estacado" in the Pan Handle.

The distance between Texhoma, the farthest north town, to south Point on the Gulf Coast is about the same as the distance from Chicago to the Gulf at Biloxi. The distance between the east and west boundary of Texas, is about the same as from the east boundary to the Atlantic Ocean, at Savannah, passing through Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. The distance from El Paso to Texarkana is greater than from Chicago to New York City. Texas may well be called the state of magnificent distances. All of these comparisons refer to air lines.

Thirty years ago or more this writer heard a typical Texan remark that many of those who migrated to Texas did so on account of "busted health, busted wealth or busted reputation". There was much truth in that remark and many seem to have gotten what they came for. There were failures, of course, especially when some rustler became color blind and was caught riding a horse

that did not belong to him. In that case his health failed when a horse slid out from under him leaving him suspended by a hemp rope from the limb of a hackberry tree.

As near as I have been able to judge, the real Texan can trace his ancestry back to England, Ireland or Scotland which accounts for the sturdy character of those early settlers. Then too a great many Germans came and built up some fine community centers.

In politics, the average Texan stands true to the standards and traditions of the Democratic Party; yet, as the last few years have shown, he has exercised an independence in his voting, when his convictions guided him in taking a stand for what he considered was best for his state, and the nation.

I believe that San Antonio is about as good a view point from which to study Texas as one could find. Geographically it is near the south central part, and is the oldest city in the state. Its population, aside from the Mexicans, is made up largely of good old Texan stock. Retired ranch men, some of whom are living on the proceeds from oil discovery on their lands. Some still have their ranches as well as houses in the city. There is a fair sprinkling of retired business men from the north and quite a few retired Army men.

There is much to be seen in San Antonio in the way of historical records and relics of interest connected with the events of its early days.

The first and most interesting of all is the Alamo. In this limited space it would be impossible for me to do full justice to the story of the Alamo, which is the Shrine of all Texans and the first place of interest sought by

tourists from all parts of the world. There you will learn more about the battle of the Alamo and the heroes who died there than could be told in twenty times the space that I can give it in this brief description. One could spend a full day there and then wish for more time.

The Witte Museum in Brackenridge Park is rich in exhibits, showing much of the story of Texas, besides art treasures that have been donated by patriotic citizens. Then there is the Governor's Palace, a low one story building of old Mexican style preserved and furnished just as it was then occupied by the Governor of Tejas (Texas) under Spanish rule. About two blocks away is the famous "San Fernando Cathedral" built in 1731

Outside of the city only a few miles are the famous Jesuit Missions. There are four of these and they are well worth a days time to study the construction work and the arts of centuries long gone by.

The drives around San Antonio are attractive, owing to excellent roads and because of the varied scenery. The "Scenic Loop" is a revelation. This is often referred to as the "Colorado of Texas", and is well deserving of that name. It should not be missed by tourists.

Then there is Corpus Christi on the Gulf of Mexico on the south about 150 miles from San Antonio and Laredo on the Rio Grande about the same distance to the southwest. One can cross the International Bridge to Nueva Laredo and see a part of Mexico, or drive another 150 miles to Monterrey, taking another day, and get a good idea of Old Mexico as she is.

Reverting to the simile of the Oriental rug, the vision before me of the knots and toil of the makers, as well as

the beauty of the finished rug, flanked by the profusion of wild flowers along the roadside, inspires me to say of the State of Texas—it is wonderful.

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE FORTY CLUB

While visiting in Chicago recently, I had the good fortune to receive an invitation to the “Forty Club Christmas Dinner”, as the guest of its president, Charles H. Burras, than whom I can think of no better friend, of over forty years standing.

None but those who have enjoyed the privilege of a Forty Club dinner can form any conception of my feelings over meeting again at that festive board after nearly 30 years absence.

Many old faces were missing—as one could expect—but others were there who in spite of years were in the old spirit of good fellowship which has always smoothed out the marks of time at a Forty Club dinner.

As I sat there taking it all in, my mind went back to March 1901 and the night I was initiated as the “baby member”. Two weeks after my initiation, I received a letter from “Biff” Hall that read as follows: “Dear Coyne: Here is a certificate that I think you ought to sign. This is to certify that I have partaken of the famous Forty Club baby food for the last two weeks and now I am Postmaster.”

The day he wrote the letter the news had come out from Washington that I had been appointed Postmaster of Chicago by President McKinley.

When “Biff” had made final plans for his departure

to the Southwest, Joe Coyne was making fame as an English comedian. Joe was a friend and distant relative of mine, and as he was in the city "Biff" had expressed a desire to meet him so I arranged for a luncheon at the Union League Club, where we spent an enjoyable hour or two. That was the last lunch "Biff" ate in Chicago, for he was leaving the following day.

In the "Forty Club Gavel" dated December 18, 1923, there are three outstanding articles which are as true to form and spirit of the "Forty Club" today, as they were at the time they were written twenty-seven years ago, by men who had been members almost since its beginning and are as lively today in carrying on the reputation of the "Forty Club"—the oldest dinner club in America. The articles are as follows:

GEORGE ADE IN MEMORY WORDS OF "BIFF" HALL

Early Member Tells of Kindly Character of
Our Club's First Toastmaster

By GEORGE ADE

No review, reunion of, or reference to, the Forty Club should overlook the mention of "Biff" Hall. He was the Nesbit of the nineties. During the years he presided, he was the animating spirit of the organization.

Of a quiet and different nature, with a restrained and almost apologetic sense of humor, he had the faculty of making friends and keeping them, of doing the right thing at the right time without ostentation or pretense, and the club under his leadership acquired and maintained that unique distinction which has always been its chief asset.

“LADIES ARE ALWAYS PRESENT”

He was very strong for the rule that “Reporters are never present, but the ladies are always present”. And how gently but effectively he could squelch any attempt to introduce the “stag” brand of entertainment into the proceedings.

As a toastmaster, he was not as coruscating as some of his successors, but he always made a pleasant impression and no mistakes.

The guests of the Forty Club, while “Biff” Hall was president, included just about all of the luminaries of the English-speaking stage. He made them feel at home and they came to learn that an invitation from the Forty had almost the significance of a laurel wreath.

“GOOD FRIENDS; BAD ACTORS

When “Biff” was on the Tribune, Joseph Medill offered him the position of dramatic editor. It was a promotion, but “Biff” declined it. He said: “Mr. Medill, I could never be a dramatic editor. I have too many good friends who are bad actors”.

He had a host of friends in the theatrical profession and, as correspondent of the old Dramatic Mirror, he could never find it in his heart to write one disparaging word about an actor. He had fun with the world, but he never scolded any one.

After a long and brilliant service on the newspapers (his Turnover Club was one of the early departments of local journalism), he was appointed a police magistrate.

JOURNALIST AND JURIST

In his court many a prisoner became a "source of innocent merriment," the same as in "The Mikado".

He was taken from us by some galloping ailment which wrecked him in a few short weeks. He came to the meetings, even after the seal of death was on him, and smilingly told us that he was suffering from a slight attack of "Harrisonstreetis."

JOVIAL SPIRITS OF FORTY CLUB LIVE FOREVER

Secretary Peers into Future with Visions
of Even Greater Work

By ADELOR J. PETIT

Thirty-four years of fun and frolic
Dispersing each month all thoughts melancholic,
At least at our dinners so oft symbolic of the lives
we live—But what of the future?

Are we content to let The Forty Club die out with
this generation?

We all say "No", but how shall we provide for the
next generation?

Can there be any better way than to begin now to
interest the sons of The Forty Club members in the per-
petuation of this unique organization?

LET SONS PERPETUATE CLUB

Methinks such clever witty fathers as we have
among us may have begotten sons who in their time will
far out-shine even them.

And who knows but what when we "old fogies" give
over our activities one by one, the younger men, who take

our places, will have a vision of what the Forty Club might be made in greatness and in service.

SPIRIT CAN NEVER DIE

The last few years have taught us that the Forty Club can never die and even when it was almost abandoned, the Forty Club spirit revived it and gave it a new lease on life and new inspirations.

Perhaps habits of thirty-four years cannot be shaken off by us, but our sons, if given the opportunity, may see the possibilities for achievement which now lie dormant.

It has always been my thought that in late years the Forty Club has not been living up to its full measure of usefulness, but has been content with pleasuring itself rather than seeking out means of being of use in the community.

EQUIPPED FOR BIG THINGS

No Dinner Club in the Country has a membership better fitted to do things and big things for its city.

Of course, we do not want to give up our good times and the enjoyment of each other's companionship, but could we not benefit by getting the opinions of all the members on the question:

What can the Forty Club do?

The Secretary will be the goat. Send him some suggestions for the future of the Forty Club. They will be appreciated by the officers and, if they are not, the Secretary will take the blame.

CANVASS OF GROWN SONS

The Secretary has a proposal to make in the near future, but in order to do so must know how many of the members have grown sons.

Will the members kindly send in the name, age, residence, and business or school address of his son or sons, with some data as to his or their vocations, training, accomplishments, etc.?

NO LIMIT TO USEFULNESS

The innovation of delegating individual members of the Club to have charge of the dinners has opened the door for making of the Forty Club a club "for the members by the members and of the members".

If we can only arouse the members to an appreciation of what can be made of the club by every member taking a live, hearty, working interest in its future, there is no limit to our usefulness, no task too great for our accomplishment and no end to our achievements.

FULL TREASURY A JOY OCCASION FOR TREASURER

Anecdote of Father Dorney's Ready Wit

When Guest of The Club

By CHARLES H. BURRAS

[Ex-Master of Hounds (Loop)]

Many, many years ago when George Ade was president of the club, we had as guest of honor of the evening that genial cleric, Father Dorney.

The Forty Club on this fortuitous occasion being entirely out of debt, the hard working treasurer who shall be nameless, took it upon himself to celebrate on behalf of the entire club. He had risen several times during the evening and announced the happy condition of the club's finances but selected the most inopportune moment each time.

REPARTEE BY FATHER DORNEY

Finally in the midst of Father Dorney's well-timed remarks in response to the introduction of the president, the treasurer again arose and in a loud, if not particularly clear voice announced, "Mishter Preshident, I wish to announsch that the For Club ish absholutely out of debt and we have 'leven dollarsh and shixty shents in the teshery.'" and sat down.

Father Dorney, with that ready wit for which he was so justly famous, turning to Mr. Ade, said, "Mr. President, I am at a loss to know which the Forty Club is to be most congratulated upon, its full treasury or its full treasurer."

PAGING THE GOLF TROPHY

Some days ago, I met George Jenney on the avenue in front of the Chicago Athletic Association. George stopped me and demanded, "Where is the Forty Club golf cup?" "I said, "When is the tournament?"

Then it developed that George had won the last two golf events of the club and wanted his name engraved twice on the cup. I told him that the last I knew of the cup, Charlie Healy had it and had probably turned it over to Bill Juergens, his successor as treasurer.

NOW A BULLION CUP

I tried to console George with the idea that as the club was hard up Bill had probably melted the cup into bullion and put it in the treasury. By the way, Bill, where is the cup?

Thus ends my book, like a Forty Club dinner—with the sound of the "gavel".

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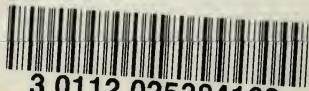
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